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White House

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TEN YEARS IN WASHINGTON.

LIFE AND SCENES

IN

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL,

AS A WOMAN SEES THEM.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES,

Author of "Eirene, or a Woman's Right," "Memorials of Alice and Phœbe Cary," "A Woman's Letters from Washington," "Outlines of Men, Women and Things," etc.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED WITH THIRTY FINE ENGRAVINGS,

AND

A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR ON STEEL.

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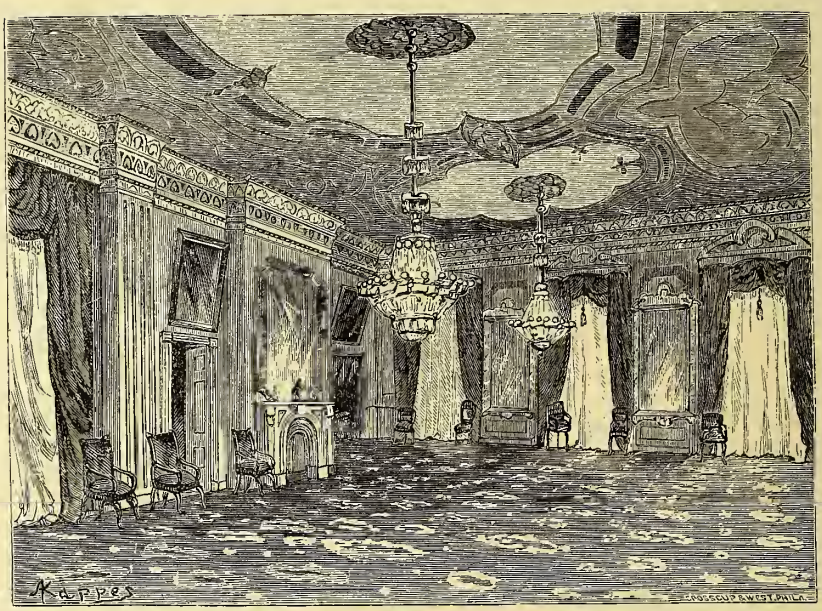
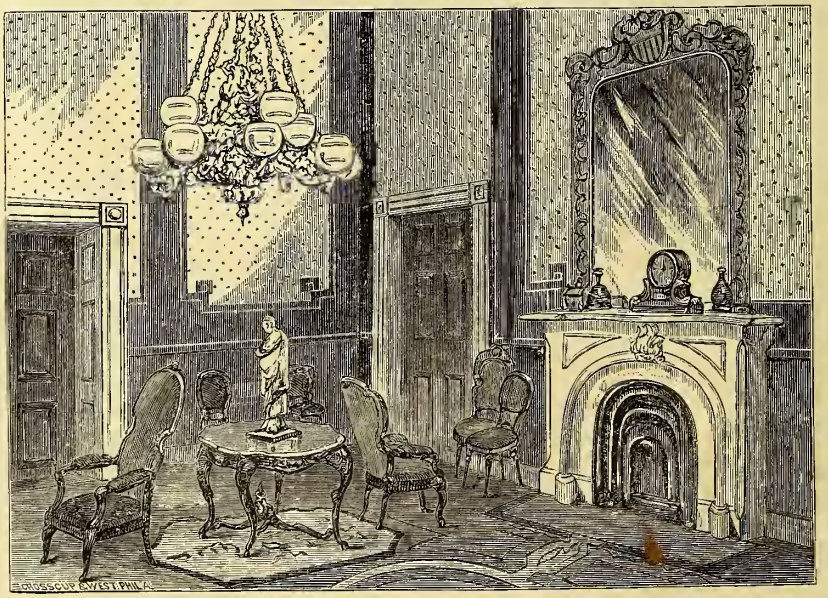


THE GREAT EAST ROOM.



THE GREEN ROOM.

INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE.—WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WHITE HOUSE, *i. e.* THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

Haunted Houses—Shadows of the Past—Touching Memories—The Little Angels Born There—Building of the Presidential Mansion—A State of Perpetual Dampness—Dingy Aspect of a Monarch's Palace—Outside the White House—A Peep Inside the Mansion—The Emperor of Japan Supersedes the Punch-Bowl—The Unfinished "Banqueting Hall"—Glories of a *Levée*—Magnificent Hospitalities—A Comfortable Dining-Room—Interesting Labors of Martha Patterson—A Lady of Taste—An American "Baronial Hall"—The Furniture of Another Generation—A Valuable Steward—A Professor of Gastronomy—Paying the Professor and Providing the Dinner—Feeding the Celebrities—Mrs. Lincoln's Unpopular Innovations—Fifteen Hundred Dollars for a Dinner—How Prince Arthur, of England, was Entertained—Domestic Economy—"Not Enough Silver"—A Tasty Soup—The Recipe for an Aristocratic Stew—Having a "Nice Time"—Mrs. Franklin Pierce Horrified—"Going a Fishing on Sundays"—Hatred of Flummery—An Admirer of Pork and Beans and Slap-jacks—A Presidential Reception—Ready for the Festival—"Such a Bore!"—Splendor, Weariness, and Indigestion—Paying the Penalty—In the Conservatory—Domestic Arrangements—The Library—Statue of Jefferson—Pleasant Views—Reminiscence of Abraham Lincoln.

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors."

"There are more guests at table, than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall."

THESE lines were never truer of any human habitation than of the White House at Washington.

The Nation's House! The procession of families which the people have sent to inhabit it, in moving on to make

place for others, have left memories behind which haunt these great rooms and fill staircase, alcove, and pictorial space with historic recollections. Here human life has been lived, enjoyed, suffered and resigned, just as it is lived every day in any house wherein human beings are born, wherein they live and die. Within its walls children have first opened their eyes upon this tantalizing life, and here children have died, leaving father and mother desolate amid all the pomp of place and state. In this room the hero Taylor laid his earthly burdens and honors down; here, by this eastern window, stood a girl-bride crowned with beautiful youth and marriage flowers. In this east room the supreme martyr of freedom, white, still and cold, received the nation who wept at his feet; in this dim chamber a woman-saint read her Bible and communed with God, while pardon crokers crept into secret door-ways, and passion and treason ran riot in the great rooms which she never entered.

The first child born in the White House was the grandson of Jefferson—James Madison Randolph; and the last child who died here was "Willie" Lincoln. Here, also, President Harrison, President Taylor, and Mrs. Tyler passed through death unto life.

The corner stone of the President's house was laid October 13, 1792. We have seen how anxious Jefferson was that it should be modelled after some famous modern palace of Europe. The one, at last selected, was the country house of the Duke of Leinster. It was designed by James Hoban, and open, though not ready for occupancy, in the summer of 1800. The house is built of porous Virginia freestone, which accounts for the fact of its perpetual dampness, and the more expensive fact

that no amount of money and white-lead can make it a dry and desirable abode. And yet it is always pleasant and restful to the sight when the eyes fall upon its Ionic columns, peering pure and softened through the sea of greenery which sways and dips around it. One front alone of Buckingham Palace, cost more than the entire White House. Yet, to behold it, the palace is a black and ugly pile, and in simplicity and purity of outline bears no comparison with the Nation's White House. This is 170 feet broad and 86 feet deep. Its north front has a lofty portico with four Ionic columns and a projecting screen of three columns. Between these columns pass the carriages which form a perpetual line moving on and round forever through the gay season. The house is three high stories, with the rusticated basement which reaches below the Ionic ordonnance.

The portico opens upon a spacious hall forty by fifty feet. It is divided by a row of Ionic columns, through which we pass to the reception-room opposite. This is the Red Room. Its light is dim and rosy. Its form is elliptical, and its bow window in the rear looks out on the park and away to the Potomac, as do the windows of all the corner parlors. In this room the President receives foreign ministers and the officers of the republic. The space over the marble mantel is entirely occupied with a life size painting of President Grant and his family. We pass through the Red Room into the Blue Room. All is cool azure here. The chairs, the sofas, the carpet, the paper on the wall, all are tinged with the celestial hue, flushed here and there with a tint of rose. In the Blue Room the President's wife holds her morning receptions. Here, with the daylight excluded, soft rays falling from the chandelier

above, flowers in mounds and vases everywhere pouring out fragrance, surrounded by a group of ladies, chosen and invited to "assist," decked in jewels and costly raiment. One day of each week of the season, from three to five P. M., the President's wife receives her critic—the public.

The Blue Room opens into the Green Room, the most cosy and home-like of all the public parlors. It is vividly emerald, softly malachite, all touched and gleaming with gold. A large mirror covers the space above the mantel. Beside vases in the centre of the marble mantel-piece stands an exquisite clock of ebony and malachite; tall vases filled with fresh flowers rise from the carpet. On the centre table used to stand the immense punch-bowl, presented to the White House by the Emperor of Japan. It is now supplanted by a statue in bronze. The furniture is of rose-wood, cushioned with brocatelle of green and gold, while the same in heavy hangings are looped back from the lace curtains on the windows.

From the Green Room we enter the famous East Room, extending the entire eastern side of the house. It is eighty-six feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty-eight feet high. Three immense chandeliers hang from the ceiling. It has already taken on the mellowness, not of age but of use, and in aspect bears no kin to the unfinished "Banqueting Hall" in which Mrs. Adams dried the family linen, and Mrs. Monroe's little daughters played. Now, on a *levée* night, the East Room presents a sight never to be forgotten. The enormous chandeliers seem to pour the splendor of noon upon the glittering and moving host below. Satins, velvets, diamonds, plumes and laces rise and fall, and sway beside the gleaming gold lace of American officers, and the jewelled decorations of Foreign ministers.

Eight mirrors repeat the glory of the sights. Eight Presidents, from their golden frames on the wall, seem to gaze out of the past upon the feverish splendor of a new generation. The most exquisite carpet ever on the East Room was a velvet one, chosen by Mrs. Lincoln. Its ground was of pale sea green, and in effect looked as if ocean, in gleaming and transparent waves, were tossing roses at your feet.

Coming back to the Red Room, we pass into a narrow corridor, at the opposite end from which, on either side, open the family and state dining-room. The state dining-room is a staid and stately apartment, touched equally with new grace and old time grandeur. Martha Patterson, the daughter of President Johnson, redeemed it from wreck, and instead of ruin, adorned it with the harmony of her own artistic nature. The neutral-tinted walls and carpet, the green satin damask hangings on the windows, and covering of the quaint furniture, are all her choice. An antique clock and grim candlesticks, from the Madison reign, stand stiffly on the marble mantels. With the exception of a pair of modern sideboards, the furniture of this "baronial hall," solid and sombre, has descended from the eras of Washington and Jefferson.

The state dining-room, and its state dinners, are controlled entirely by "Steward Melah, the silver-voiced Italian," who was graduated from the Everett House, the Astor House, and the St. Charles, New Orleans, to the higher estate of superintending "goodies" for the palates of Diplomatists, Princes, and Members of Congress in the White House at Washington. The government pays Professor Melah for his services, but the President pays for the dinners, and he is expected to continue giving

them till every foreign dignitary and home functionary, from the highest Diplomat to the most obscure Member of Congress, is invited. Mrs. Lincoln's presuming to abolish the time-honored but costly state-dinner of the White House, increased her personal unpopularity to an intense degree.

The average state-dinner costs about seven hundred dollars, the special state dinner may cost fifteen hundred dollars. The one given to Prince Arthur, of England, cost that sum, without including the wines and other beverages. The dinner proper consisted of twenty-nine courses. The President puts a sum of money into the hands of the steward, and his expenditure is supposed to be in proportion to the official rank and grandeur of the invited guests. It is said that Professor Melah wrings his hands in distress when he is about to set the State table for a supreme occasion, and exclaims to the lady of the White House, who may be looking on: "Why Madam, there is not silver enough in the White House to set a respectable free-lunch table."

At a state dinner the table is always profusely decorated with flowers, and the "first course" is invariably a soup of French vegetables, which Miss Grundy says has "never been equalled by any other soup, foreign or domestic." "It is said to be a little smoother than peacock's brains, but not quite so exquisitely flavored as a dish of nightingales' tongues; and Professor Melah is the only man in the nation who holds in his hands the receipt for this aristocratic stew." No general conversation prevails at the state dinner. If the lady and gentleman elected to go in together happen to be agreeable to each other, they have a "nice time." If not, they have a stiff and tire-

some one. Exquisite *finesse* is needed to fitly pair these mentally incongruous diners. Mike Walsh once horrified the shrinking and saintly Mrs. Franklin Pierce at a state-dinner by the story of his going "a fishing on Sunday;" while Hon. Mr. Mudsill, of Mudtown, has been known to regale dainty Madame Mimosa, of Mignonnette Manor, between the courses, with his hatred of flummeries and French dishes, and his devotion to pork and beans and slapjacks.

The President and his wife receive the guests in the Red Room at seven o'clock. Mrs. President is always attired in full evening dress, with laces and jewels, and her lady guests likewise, while each gentleman rejoices in a swallow-tail, white or tinted gloves, and white necktie. The President leads the way to the state-table with the wife of the senator the oldest in office, while Mrs. President brings up the rear of the small procession with the senatorial husband of the President's lady companion. Six wine glasses and a *bouquet* of flowers garnish each plate. From twelve to thirty courses are served, and the middle of the feast is marked by the serving of frozen punch. After hours of sitting, serving and eating, the procession returns to the Red Room in the order that it left it. Then, after a few moments of conversation, it disperses,—its honored individuals more than once heard to say in private, "Such a bore." Yet what an ado they would make if not invited to discover for themselves the tiresome splendor and fit of indigestion attendant upon a state-dinner.

Leaving the state dining-room behind, we pass through the western wing into the conservatory, one of the largest in the country. It is a favorite resort for lady and gen-

tlemen promenaders on reception days, lined, as it is, on either side with the bloom and fragrance of rare exotics. A large aquarium stands at one end, and a short passage and flights of steps lead down to a greenhouse and grapery filled with flowers and luscious fruit. Three other greenhouses flourish in the gardens west of the mansion.

The White House contains thirty-one rooms. Excepting the family dining-room, every one on the first floor is devoted to state purposes. The basement contains eleven rooms, used as kitchens, pantries and butler's rooms. These are open, spacious, comfortable and cheerful to the sight. On the second floor, the six rooms of the north front are used as chambers by the Presidential family. The south front has seven rooms—the ante-chamber, audience room, cabinet room, private office of the president, and the ladies' parlors. The ladies' or private parlor is furnished with ebony, covered with blue satin, with hangings of blue satin and lace. The daughter of the house has a blue boudoir lined with mirrors—its pale blue carpet strewn with rose-buds. The state bedroom of this floor is a grand apartment, furnished with rose-wood and crimson satin; its walls hang with purple and gold. The bedstead is high, massive, carved and canopied, its damask curtains hanging from a gilded hoop near the ceiling. Before the bed lie cushions for the feet; against the walls stand two stately wardrobes, with full length mirrors lining their doors, while arm-chairs and couches, deeply cushioned, are scattered over the velvet carpet. Its articles of furniture are stained with purple devices—national, historical scenes, and have for their arms the American Eagle. The ceiling is profusely frescoed, and hung with a central chandelier,

while in the winter a coal fire, under the marble mantle, suffuses the sumptuous room with a genial glow. One of the curiosities of the chamber is a cigar-case, inlaid with pearls and mosaics of wood from China, presented to President Grant by Captain Ammon, of the United States Navy.

The Secretaries' room, on this floor, is a large airy apartment, with mahogany furniture, set there in Martin Van Buren's time, with green curtains, twenty-five years old, on the windows. The President's business and reception-room is a large apartment, looking out on the southern grounds, and carpeted with crimson and white. A large black walnut table, surrounded with chairs, stands in the centre of the room. It is furnished with black walnut desks and sofas. On the mantel stands a clock which tells the time of day and the day of the month, and which is a thermometer and barometer besides. The walls are high, and frescoed on a yellow ground tint. Tapestry and lace curtains are looped back from the windows, which look down upon the lovely southern grounds, and to the river, gleaming at intervals through the foliage beyond.

The stateliest room on this floor is the library, used in Mrs. John Adams' time as a reception-room, furnished then in crimson. It was almost bookless till Mr. Filmore's administration, when it was fitted up as a library, and many books were added during the administration of President Buchanan. It is now lined with heavy mahogany book-cases, finished with solid oak, covered with maroon. It is sometimes used by the President as an official reception-room, and sometimes as an evening lounging-place for the Presidential family and their guests.

On the north lawn of the President's house, which in

Jefferson's time was a barren, stony, unfenced waste, under the green arcade made by glorious trees, now stands a bronze statue of Jefferson. It was presented to the government by Captain Levy, of the United States' army, who in 1840 owned Monticello.

From the great portico, we look beyond this statue, across Pennsylvania avenue, to an equestrian image of Jackson, rearing frantically and preposterously in the centre of Lafayette square. Lovely Lafayette square, laid out by Downing—perfect in blending tint and outline, flower of mimic parks! Beyond its trees we catch a glimpse of its encircling historic houses, and of the brown ivy-hung walls of St. John's venerable church, its tiny and old time tower showing so picturesquely against the evening sky.

The avenue of lofty trees on the west side of the President's house—beneath whose shade, in the dimness of the night, Lincoln used to take his solitary walk, and carry his heavy heart to the War Department—were planted by John Quincy Adams. No swelling tree-crowned knolls, no grassy glades could be more restful to the sight than the southern grounds of the President's house. From its height it looks down upon this rolling park, reaching now to the Potomac, bounded by its gleaming waters, on which so many white sails drift, and doze, and dream in the languid summer weather.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WHITE HOUSE DURING THE WAR.

Under a Cloud—"A Woman Among a Thousand"—Revival of By-gone Days—Another Lady of the White House—A "Golden Blonde"—Instinct Alike with Power and Grace—A Fun-Loving Romp—Harriet with her Wheelbarrow of Wood—A Deed of Kindness—The Wheel Turns Round—An Impression Made on Queen Victoria—In Paris and on the Continent—An American Lady at Oxford—Gay Doings at the Capital—Rival Claims for a Lady's Hand—Reigning at the White House—Doing Double Duty—Visit of the Prince of Wales—Marriage of Harriet Lane—As Wife and Mother—Mrs. Abraham Lincoln—Standing Alone—A Time of Trouble and Perplexity—Conciliatory Counsels Needful—Rumors of War—the Life of the Nation Threatened—Whispers of Treason—Awaiting the Event—Peculiar Position of Mary Lincoln—A Life-long Ambition Fulfilled—The Nation Called to Arms—Contagious Enthusiasm—What the President's Wife Did—Nothing to do but "Shop"—Sensational Stories Afloat—Stirring Times at the Capital—What Came from the River—The Dying and the Dead—Churches and Houses Turned into Hospitals—Arrival of Troops—"Mrs. Lincoln Shopped"—The Lonely Man at the White House—Letters of Rebuke—An Example of Selfishness—Petty Economies—The Back Door of the White House—An Injured Individual—Death of Willie Lincoln—Injustice which Mrs. Lincoln Suffered—The Rabble in the White House—Valuables Carried Away—Big Boxes and Much Goods—Going West—Mrs. Lincoln Disconsolate—False and Cruel Accusations—Considerable Personal Property—Missing Treasures—Mrs. Lincoln as a Woman—Tears and Mimicry—The Faults of a President's Wife.

MRS. FRANKLIN PIERCE entered the White House under the shadow of ill-health and sore bereavement, having seen her last surviving child killed before her eyes on a railroad train, after the election of her husband to the Presidency of the United States.

Mrs. Pierce was remarkable for fragility of constitution, exquisite sensitiveness of organism, and deep spirituality of nature. She instinctively shrank from observation, and nothing could be more painful to her in average life than the public gaze. She found her joy in the quiet sphere of domestic life, and herein, through her wise counsels, pure tastes, and devoted life, she exerted a powerful influence. One who knew her writes:

"Mrs. Pierce's life, as far as she could make it so, was one of retirement. She rarely participated in gay amusements, and never enjoyed what is called fashionable society. Her natural endowments were of a high order. She inherited a judgment singularly clear, and a taste almost unerring. The cast of her beauty was so dream-like; her temper was so little mingled with the common characteristics of woman; it had so little of caprice, so little of vanity, so utter an absence of all jealousy and all anger; it was so made up of tenderness and devotion, and yet so imaginative and fairy-like in its fondness, that it was difficult to bear only the sentiments of earth for one who had so little of life's clay."

It was but natural that such a being should be the life-long object of a husband's adoring devotion. Nor is it strange that the husband of such a wife, reflecting in his outer life the urbanity, gentleness, and courtesy which marked his home intercourse, in addition to his own personal gifts, should have been, what Franklin Pierce was declared to be, the most popular man, personally, who ever was President of the United States. Notwithstanding her ill health, her shrinking temperament, and personal bereavement, Mrs. Pierce forced herself to meet the public demands of her exalted station, and punctually presided at receptions and state dinners, at any cost to

herself. No woman, by inherent nature, could have been less adapted to the full blaze of official life than she, yet she met its demands with honor, and departed from the White House revered by all who had ever caught a glimpse of her exquisite nature. She died December, 1863, in Andover, Massachusetts, and now rests, with her husband and children, in the cemetery at Concord, New Hampshire.

During the administration of Mr. Buchanan, the White House seemed to revive the social magnificence of old days. Harriet Lane brought again into its drawing-rooms the splendor of courts, and more than repeated the elegance and brilliancy of fashion, which marked the administration of Mr. John Quincy Adams.

Harriet Lane, the adopted daughter of James Buchanan, and "lady of the White House" during his administration, was one of those golden blondes which Oliver Wendell Holmes so delights to portray. "Her head and features were cast in noble mould, and her form which, at rest, had something of the massive majesty of a marble pillar, in motion was instinct alike with power and grace." Grace, light and majesty seemed to make her atmosphere. Every motion was instinct with life, health and intelligence. Her superb *physique* gave the impression of intense, harmonious vitality. Her eyes, of deep violet, shed a constant, steady light, yet they could flash with rebuke, kindle with humor, or soften in tenderness. Her mouth was her most peculiarly beautiful feature, capable of expressing infinite humor or absolute sweetness, while her classic head was crowned with masses of golden hair, always worn with perfect simplicity.

As a child she was a fun-loving, warm-hearted romp.

When eleven years of age she was tall as a woman, nevertheless Mr. Buchanan, one day looking from his window, saw Harriet with flushed cheek and hat awry, trundling through the leading street of Lancaster a wheelbarrow, full of wood. He rushed out to learn the cause of such an unseemly sight, when she answered in confusion, "that she was on her way to old black Aunt Tabitha with a load of wood, because it was so cold." A few years later this young domestic outlaw, having been graduated with high honor from the Georgetown convent, was shining at the Court of St. James, at which her uncle was American Minister. Queen Victoria, upon whom her surpassing brightness and loveliness seemed to make a deep impression, decided that she should rank not as niece or daughter, but as the wife of the United States Minister. Thus the youthful American girl became one of the "leading ladies" of the diplomatic corps of St. James.

On the continent and in Paris she was everywhere greeted as a girl-queen, and in England her popularity was immense. On the day when Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Tennyson received the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws at the University of Oxford, her appearance was greeted by loud cheers from the students, who arose *en masse* to receive her. From this dazzling career abroad, she came back to her native land, to preside over the President's House. She became the supreme lady of the gayest administration which has marked the government of the United States. Societies, ships of war, neck-ties were named after her. Men, gifted and great, from foreign lands and in her own, sought her hand in marriage. Such cumulated pleasures and honors probably were never heaped upon any other one young woman of the United States.

At White House receptions, and on all state occasions, the sight of this golden beauty, standing beside the grand and gray old man, made a unique and delightful contrast, which thousands flocked to see. Her duties were more onerous than had fallen to the share of any lady of the White House for many years; the long diplomatic service of Mr. Buchanan abroad involving him in many obligations to entertain distinguished strangers privately, aside from his hospitalities as President of the United States. During his administration the Prince of Wales was entertained at the White House, who presented his portrait to Mr. Buchanan and a set of valuable engravings to Miss Lane, as "a slight mark of his grateful recollection of the hospitable reception and agreeable visit at the White House."

During the last troubled months of Mr. Buchanan's administration, he always spoke with warmth and gratitude of Miss Lane's patriotism and good sense. Neither he nor her country ever suffered from any conversational lapse of hers, which, in a day so rife with passion and injustice, is saying much. In 1863, Miss Lane was confirmed in the Episcopal church at Oxford, Philadelphia, of which her uncle, Rev. Edward L. Buchanan, was the rector.

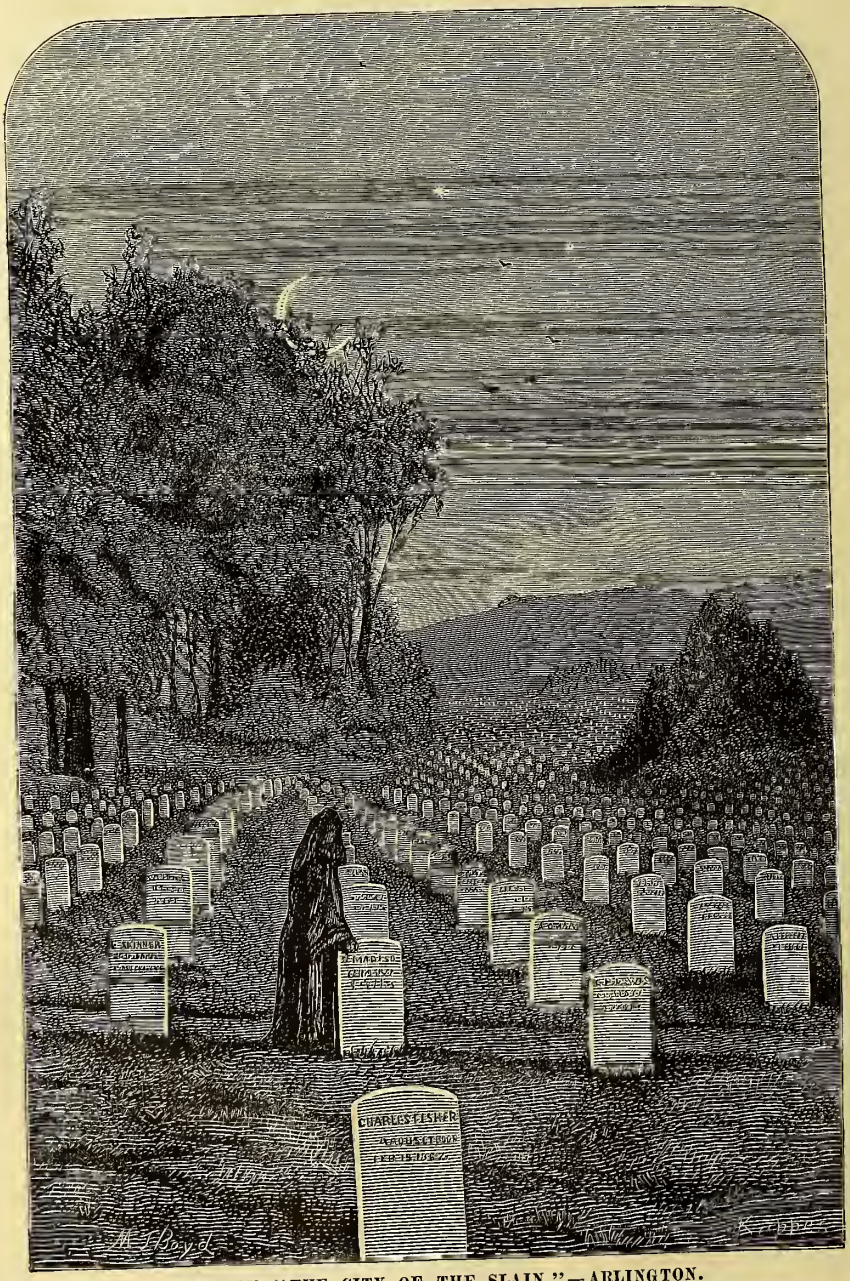
In 1866, Miss Lane was married, at Wheatland, to Mr. Henry Elliott Johnston of Baltimore, a gentleman who had held her affections for many years. The congenial pair now abide in their luxurious home in Baltimore, and in private life, as wife and mother, she is as beautiful and more beloved than when, as Miss Lane, she was the proud lady of the President's House.

It was the misfortune of Mrs. Lincoln to be the only

woman personally assailed who ever presided in the White House. She entered it when sectional bitterness was at its height, and when the need of her country for the holiest and highest ministry of women was deeper than it had been in any era of its existence, even that of the Revolution. In that troubled hour, the White House needed a woman to preside over it of lofty soul, of consecrated purpose, of the broadest and profoundest sympathies, and of self-forgetting piety.

The life of the Nation was threatened. The horror of war was imminent. The capital was menaced, as it had never been before, by the treason of its own children. Wives, mothers and daughters, in ten thousand homes, were looking into the faces of husbands, sons and fathers, with trembling and with tears, and yet with sacrificial patriotism. They knew, they felt that the best-beloved were to be slain on their country's battle-fields. With what supreme devotion and consecration would Abigail Adams, or a thousand women of her heroic type, have approached the Nation's House as the wife of its President in such an hour. It was the hour for self-forgetting—the hour of sacrifice. Personal vanity and elation, excusable in a more peaceful time, seemed unpardonable in this. Yet, in reviewing the character of the Presidents' wives, we shall see that there was never one who entered the White House with such a feeling of self-satisfaction, which amounted to personal exultation, as did Mary Lincoln. To her it was the fulfillment of a life-long ambition, and with the first low muttering of war distinctly heard, on every side, she made her journey to Washington a triumphal passage.

A single month, and the President's call for troops to



VIEW OF "THE CITY OF THE SLAIN."—ARLINGTON.

The remains of over 8,000 soldiers, killed during the war, lie buried in this Cemetery: — the name, regiment, and date of death of each is painted on a wooden head-board.

protect the capital had penetrated the remotest hamlet of the land. All the manly life-blood of the Nation surged toward its defence. All the heart of its womanhood went up to God, crying for its safety. In the distant farm-house women waited, breathless, the latest story of battle. In the crowded cities they gathered by thousands, crying, only, "Let me work for my brother: he dies for me!"

With the record of the march and the fight, and of the unseemly defeat, the newspapers teemed with gossip concerning the new lady of the White House. While her sister-women scraped lint, sewed bandages, and put on nurses' caps, and gave their all to country and to death, the wife of its President spent her time in rolling to and fro between Washington and New York, intent on extravagant purchases for herself and the White House. Mrs. Lincoln seemed to have nothing to do but to "shop," and the reports of her lavish bargains, in the newspapers, were vulgar and sensational in the extreme. The wives and daughters of other Presidents had managed to dress as elegant women, without the process of so doing becoming prominent or public. But not a new dress or jewel was bought by Mrs. Lincoln that did not find its way into the newspapers.

Months passed, and the capital had become one vast hospital. The reluctant river every hour laid at the feet of the city its priceless freight of lacerated men. The wharves were lined with the dying and dead. One ceaseless procession of ambulances moved to and fro. Our streets resounded with the shrieks of the sufferers which they bore. Churches, halls and houses were turned into hospitals. Every railroad-train that entered the city bore fresh troops to the Nation's rescue, and fresh mourners

seeking their dead, who had died in its defence. Through all, Mrs. Lincoln "shopped."

At the White House, a lonely man, sorrowful at heart, and weighed down by mighty burdens, bearing the Nation's fate upon his shoulders, lived and toiled and suffered alone. His wife, during all the summer, was at the hotels of fashionable watering-places. Conduct comparatively blameless in happier times, became culpable under such exigencies and in such shadow. Jarred, from the beginning, by Mrs. Lincoln's life, the Nation, under its heavy stress of sorrow, seemed goaded at last to exasperation. Letters of rebuke, of expostulation, of anathema even, addressed to her, personally, came in to her from every direction. Not a day that did not bring her many such communications, denouncing her mode of life, her conduct, and calling upon her to fulfil the obligations, and meet the opportunities of her high station.

To no other woman of America had ever been vouchsafed so full an opportunity for personal benevolence and philanthropy to her own countrymen. To no other American woman had ever come an equal chance to set a lofty example of self-abnegation to all her countrywomen. But just as if there were no national peril, no monstrous national debt, no rivers of blood flowing, she seemed chiefly intent upon pleasure, personal flattery and adulation; upon extravagant dress and ceaseless self-gratification.

Vain, seeking admiration, the men who fed her weakness for their own political ends were sure of her favor. Thus, while daily disgracing the State by her own example, she still sought to meddle in its affairs. Woe to Mr. Lincoln if he did not appoint her favorites. Prodigal

in personal expenditure, she brought shame upon the President's House, by petty economies, which had never disgraced it before. Had the milk of its dairy been sent to the hospitals, she would have received golden praise. But the whole city felt scandalized to have it haggled over and peddled from the back door of the White House. State dinners could have been dispensed with, without a word of blame, had their cost been consecrated to the soldiers' service; but when it was made apparent that they were omitted from personal penuriousness and a desire to devote their cost to personal gratification, the public censure knew no bounds.

From the moment Mrs. Lincoln began to receive recriminating letters, she considered herself an injured individual, the honored object of envy, jealousy and spite, and a martyr to her high position. No doubt some of them were unjust, and many more unkind; but it never dawned upon her consciousness that any part of the provocation was on her side, and after a few tastes of their bitter draughts she ceased to open them. Even death did not spare her. Willie Lincoln, the loveliest child of the White House, was smitten and died, to the unutterable grief of his father and the wild anguish of his mother. She mourned according to her nature. Her loss did not draw her nearer in sympathy to the nation of mothers that moment weeping because their sons were not. It did not lead her in time to minister to such, whom death had robbed and life had left without alleviation. She shut herself in with her grief, and demanded of God why he had afflicted *her!* Nobody suffered as she suffered. The Nation's House wore a pall, at last, not for its tens of thousands of brave sons slain, but for the President's

child. The Guests' Room, in which he died, Mrs. Lincoln never entered again; nor the Green Room, wherein, decked with flowers, his fair young body awaited burial.

In the same way, Mrs. Lincoln bewept her husband. And there is no doubt but that, in that black hour, she suffered great injustice. She loved her husband with the intensity of a nature, deep and strong, within a narrow channel. The shock of his untimely and awful taking-off, might have excused a woman of loftier nature than hers for any accompanying paralysis.

It was not strange that Mrs. Lincoln was not able to leave the White House for five weeks after her husband's death. It would have been stranger, had she been able to have left it sooner. It was her misfortune, that she had so armed public sympathy against her, by years of indifference to the sorrows of others, that when her own hour of supreme anguish came, there were few to comfort her, and many to assail. She had made many unpopular innovations upon the old, serene and stately *régime* of the President's house. Never a reign of concord, in her best day, in her hour of affliction it degenerated into absolute anarchy. I believe the long-time steward had been dethroned, that Mrs. Lincoln might manage according to her own will. At-any-rate, while she was shut in with her woe, the White House was left without a responsible protector. The rabble ranged through it at will. Silver and dining-ware were carried off, and have never been recovered. It was plundered, not only of ornaments, but of heavy articles of furniture. Costly sofas and chairs were cut and injured. Exquisite lace curtains were torn into rags, and carried off in pieces.

While all this was going on below, Mrs. Lincoln, shut up in her apartments, refused to see any one but servants, while day after day, immense boxes, containing her personal effects, were leaving the White House for her newly-chosen abode in the West. The size and number of these boxes, with the fact of the pillaged aspect of the White House, led to the accusation, which so roused public feeling against her, that she was robbing the Nation's House, and carrying the national property with her into retirement. This accusation, which clings to her to this day, was probably unjust. Her personal effects, in all likelihood, amounted to as much as that of nearly all other Presidents' wives together, and the vandals who roamed at large through the length and breadth of the White House, were quite sufficient to account for all its missing treasures.

The public also did Mrs. Lincoln injustice, in considering her an ignorant, illiterate woman. She was well-born, gently reared, and her education above the average standard given to girls in her youth. She is a fair mistress of the French language, and in English can write a more graceful letter than one educated woman in fifty. She has quick perceptions, and an almost unrivalled power of mimicry. The only amusement of her desolate days, while shut in from the world in Chicago, when she refused to see her dearest friends and took comfort in the thought that she had been chosen as the object of pre-eminent affliction, was to repeat in tone, gesture and expression, the words, actions and looks of men and women who, in the splendor of her life in Washington, had happened to offend her. Her lack was not a lack of keen faculties, or of fair culture, but a constitutional

inability to rise to the action of high motive in a time when every true soul in the nation seemed to be impelled to unselfish deeds for its rescue. She was incapable of lofty, impersonal impulse. She was self-centred, and never in any experience rose above herself. According to circumstance, her own ambitions, her own pleasures, her own sufferings, made the sensation which absorbed and consumed every other. As a President's wife she could not rise above the level of her nature, and it was her misfortune that she never even approached the bound of her opportunity.

Washington as It Appeared in March, 1862.

Victories and Obsequies—The President's Family Affliction—His and McClellan's Attendance at Lander's Funeral—Office Seeking at the White House—Lincoln's Irrepressible Humor in Speech and by Wire—Some Interesting Telegrams from His Pen.

Those who had occasion to travel to Washington in the Winter of 1861-2 will remember a good many things incidental to the state of war in which the country was laboring at the time and the state of semi siege in which Maryland and Washington seemed to be. The trains, to begin with, were hardly ever free from the military element, which often cumbered the car floors as well as seats. The somewhat bare and waste looking fields of Maryland were diversified with the blue coated guards along the railway line. Baltimore looked peaceful enough after its experience in the mobbing of troops the Spring before. Washington, which was then entered not as now, with a sweep around the Capitol, but right under the imminent, towering bulk of the lately finished Capitol dome, presented very little that was attractive to the tourist. There were then none of the fine asphalted streets, the rows of beautiful, growing trees and the handsome villas of late years. The "magnificent distances" were accomplished by the poor pedestrian, or the mounted officer, or the comparatively rare carriage, or the frequent army wagon with its extended mule team, through rivers of liquid mud, which gave a still more dismal cast to the warlike state of things, suggesting the mud across the Potomac in which the army lay encamped. That same army, which had its reputation yet to make, was active only in preparation, by drill and camp duty, and with all its faith in its young creator, McClellan, was probably the most impatient body in the country to be put to work.

At the time that I saw Washington in that, its Winter of discontent, events had begun to happen with somewhat more of that rapidity which the impatient public had long been chafing for, and mostly with good augury for the Union cause. General Thomas had won the victory of Mill Spring in January, and Fort Henry and, more important than all the successes of the new year, Fort Donelson had surrendered in February, throwing Nashville open to the Federal army. The rejoicings over this latter achievement, set down for celebration specially on Washington's birthday, were sadly broken in upon by the death of the President's son Willie, a day or two before, and early in March another funeral occasion occurred which interested the country hardly less, at which I saw Mr. Lincoln in the character almost of chief mourner. General Frederick Lander, a brave and pushing officer, the husband of Jean Davenport, of "Peg Woffington" and other delightful histrionic memories, had just died from, overwork against the Confederates on the upper Potomac when he should have been in hospital for a wound in the leg. He was buried from Secretary Chase's house, with as much military and civic display as the presence of Congress and the proximity of the young Army of the Potomac would suggest.

No one who had witnessed the arrival of President Lincoln at the Secretary's residence would ever forget the scene. As he alighted from his carriage at the foot of the long flight of steps the first thing that struck the respectful throng present was the crape on his hat, expressive of his own recent bereavement—a grief, as he told Dr. Vinton, of Grace Church, Brooklyn, harder for him to accustom himself to than any of his cares of war or of state. For myself, I certainly never saw a more impressive picture of sorrow. But for his stature and the bold yet kindly features, I should never have recognized, beardless as he was, the cheerful, confident, bearded, and, in his pleasant courtesy, almost handsome man who had passed through New York to his trials—and ultimately his sacrifice—a little more than a year before. So small a circumstance as a button missing from his overcoat had the effect of emphasizing, to my mind, the sense of the joyless life he must be leading. There seemed to be none of the light of the recent victories in his pale, cadaverous face. He hesitated as he stepped down, as if about to stagger back into the carriage, and then seemed to collect himself for the duty at hand, with a fatigued air, which seemed to say, "What will come next?" and then strode up the steps with a long, awkward, almost camel like tread.

Mr. D'Orsay met him once after that, at Sandwich, Mass., where Webster and Sam Tisdale, the iron merchant of Water street, who also died a quarter of a century ago, were in the habit of coming each year for good fishing. Tisdale paying the bills, including $5.00 to the chief of the Marshpee Indians for the privilege of fishing. D'Orsay was seated at the supper table when the two came in, and Webster saluted him cordially and asked him if he was still working at churches. Seated opposite were three young sports from Boston, clerks that had come down and expressed the intention to Squire Pope, the landlord, of fishing the stream dry. One of the fellows looked up as Webster took his seat and said to his companions, "Why that's the old cockie that pick-a-backed us across the creek! I wonder who he is?" Calling the servant girl to him he asked her in a whisper, and in another whisper he got an answer that startled him and his companions: "Daniel Webster and Sam Tisdale," said the girl. The The young fellows didn't stay to finish the meal, but got out of the room as soon as possible.

D'Orsay was puzzled by their sudden leaving, and when he further learned that they had hired a carriage and left for Wareham in great haste he asked the landlord the cause, whereupon Squire Pope told him the story as Sam Tisdale had told it to him with great glee. It seems the fishing tramp of the young fellows had brought them to a place where they wanted to cross, but being dressed in clothes too fine to be recklessly dampened, they looked about for means to cross dryshod. They soon descried Webster and Tisdale on the other shore and one of them cried out: "Say, old cockie, how much will you take to carry us across pick-a-back?" "Twenty-five cents apiece," sung out Webster, in his most majestic tones. "All right." No sooner said than Webster plunged in and, picking up one of them, carried him on his back across. Returning, he pick-a-backed the other two to the further bank and, pocketing the three quarters, calmly resumed his fishing.

I turned with a certain sense of relief to the carriage containing General McClellan and a member of his staff, and again experienced some surprise, and, to make a confession, a degree of disappointment, in view of the general faith in, almost worship of, him at the time. It was at about this period that the long contention between McClellan and the War Department concerning the use to be made of the Army of the Potomac was becoming bitter. General McClellan had not had opportunity to acquire that advantage in such a contention with the imperious Secretary Stanton that Grant's experience—and perhaps native stubbornness—afterward gave him, and I fancied that I saw the wear and tear of the struggle in McClellan's face. He sat withdrawn on the back seat of the carriage, seeming desirous of avoiding the public gaze, and with an expression which some might have called care, while others would have called it discontent. There was a strong suggestion of West Point, I remember, about both him and his subordinate. They were in very plain military dress, however, and wore lavender kid gloves, which I took to be the proper thing in a mourning way. There was, however, no appearance of "fuss and feathers," if there was a suggestion of martinetism about the two.

But I was favored with another sight of Mr. Lincoln, and the usual introduction, which the thoughtless public was always ready for if he was not. It was in his office at the White House, whither I went with a Senator who had some business with the President. There was the usual crowd in waiting, either seeking office or to gratify mere curiosity. Before we could get near I heard Mr. Lincoln say, at the end of some application for a place: "So you want me to put a horse in a stall where there is one already?" And yet he looked as though he would be as willing as not to oblige the infatuated office seeker and his office holding backer, whoever this might have been. A more amusing case, however, in which the President's humor seemed to revive for a moment in its normal force, concerned a lady, from New Jersey I think, who wanted a commission in the Army for her son. She made a regular set speech at the President, in which her grandfather figured as having fought in the War of the Revolution, her father in the War of 1812, her brother in the Mexican War and her son as standing ready to die for the Union in the cruel war not yet over. Mr. Lincoln beamed on her a moment and then, repeating her threefold claim to recognition, asked her quietly if she did not think her family had had enough glory to justify her in returning home and studying the things that make for peace. Those present found great difficulty in maintaining a decorous gravity just then.

If the mental burdens of the numerous campaigns going on at once throughout the Union's extended domain could not long at a time depress Mr. Lincoln, and if a father's grief equally failed to altogether restrain the deep, natural spring of humorous and, it must be allowed, often logical, practical, useful mirth in him, it is not to be wondered at that it should have welled up freely on special occasions of relief from care. Such occasions, of course, began to multiply toward the end of the war. More than any one victory, or series of victories probably, the coming of Grant to the East to take charge of the gigantic job of extinguishing the Rebellion must have brought him such relief of mind. The little man of whom he used at first to speak as being so quiet that one was for a while hardly aware of his presence in the room when calling at the White House must have rapidly composed the President's anxieties and reassured his hopes, even by the firm demands he could make, instead of the impracticable or comparatively trivial ones so often made by commanders of the Army of the Potomac. To this latter effect also Mr. Lincoln is on record.

It seems quite natural, therefore, to read documents like the following, coming to light as so many of such war mementoes continually do in the researches of peace, private as well as official. I believe they have never before been published. They certainly have internal evidence of authenticity sufficient to preclude the necessity of my giving any history of them other than what comes on their face as they were communicated to me. The first telegram to Mrs. Lincoln, it will be observed, is dated in April, 1864, but a few days before the great Rapidan campaign commenced, with the Battle of the Wilderness, to end only with the "chewing" up and "choking" of the Rebellion at Petersburg, Richmond and Appomattox. The second is of a later date, when, perhaps, the hopes of the writer were not quite so high for the moment. August, 1864, was certainly not a hilarious month for Union dwellers in Washington, considering the Confederate activity around it. The two telegrams to General Grant mark the period when he had just accomplished his last great movement flanking Lee, and had at least a firm position of assault upon the citadel of the Confederacy to show for the rivers of blood that had been shed during the previous six weeks. The original dispatches, it will be seen, were in Mr. Lincoln's own handwriting, and the copies read as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington City.

Copy of Telegrams from Mr. Lincoln's Own Handwriting:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, April 28, 1864.

Mrs. A. Lincoln, Metropolitan Hotel, New York:

The draft will go to you. Tell Tad the goats and father are very well, especially the goats.

A. LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, August 17, 1864.

Mrs. A. Lincoln, Manchester, Vt.

All reasonably well. Boh not here yet. How is dear Tad?

A. LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, June 15, 1864.

Lieutenant General Grant, City Point, Va.

Have just read your dispatch of 1 P. M. yesterday. I begin to see it. You will succeed. God bless you.

A. LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, June 17, 1864.

Lieutenant General Grant, City Point, Va.:

I have seen your dispatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are; neither am I willing. Hold on with a bulldog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible.

A. LINCOLN.

This will do for one installment at least of Mr. Lincoln's humor, both of the grim and the gay sort.

LE B.

The Brooklyn Eagle
Dec 22 1886

CALLERS AT WHITE HOUSE.

I cannot say that I was intimately acquainted with Lincoln, but can truly say I knew him well.

Early in the '50s he did some business at Springfield for the law firm of Brackett & Waite, which brought us into correspondence with him. Afterward I used to meet him in the United States courts.

I remember attending a session of one of those courts in the upper story of a building on the east side of Clark street, near the center of the city. It was in the summer or fall of 1860, after his nomination. We were sitting in front of the building on a veranda, and Mr. Lincoln, surrounded by a company of interested and admiring lawyers, was relating stories and anecdotes. Suddenly, raising his hand, he said: "Stop a moment. I must look after that fellow in there," referring to a lawyer who was making an argument on the opposite side of a case which Lincoln had just been trying. He went in, and in two or three minutes came out again, saying:

"It's all right. I thought, perhaps, from a word or two I heard, that he was getting on to something; but it's all right." And he went on with his stories.

After his accession to the Presidency I was one day at his private reception room at the White House, and, having been requested to remain awhile, I took a seat across the room, and, knowing something of his eccentricities in receiving people, I took that occasion to observe what should take place, and found myself fully repaid for so doing.

Among the callers was a gentleman from Kentucky, accompanied by a Frenchman, whom he said he wished to introduce.

"Very well," said Lincoln. "Introduce him." As the Kentuckian did so, the Frenchman advanced with three or four measured steps, and, squaring himself off and spreading out his right hand, made a bow that would have graced any court in Europe. Lincoln was grinning from ear to ear. He had a little conversation with them both, in course of which he asked them when they left Kentucky. Having been given the date, he said:

"Let me see. Wasn't that rather a poor time to leave the State? General Prentiss had just arrived there."

Noticing that this embarrassed the Kentuckian a little and the Frenchman a good deal, he turned the conversation, and in a few moments they left.

The next interviewer was an old woman who wished to get her son into West Point. Lincoln said he didn't think there was any vacancy.

"I am satisfied there is," replied the old woman. "Other people get their sons there; if it's because they have money, I've got money, too."

"O!" said Mr. Lincoln, raising his voice to that peculiar tenor pitch in which he nearly always indulged when about to utter something pointed. "You want to buy a place, do you? Well, I haven't any to sell. Go to Adjutant General Thomas; maybe he'll sell you one."

"I have been to General Thomas."

"Well, what does he say?"

"Ha, too, says there's no place," said she, "but I believe there is."

The President seemed to be hugely pleased by her persistence, and finally gave her a letter of some sort, which appeared to be satisfactory.

I could relate many more such incidents, but these will suffice.

After having been appointed by Mr. Lincoln Associate Justice for Utah Territory, I found, upon arriving there, that the federal laws could not be executed. I communicated the fact to Senator Browning of this State, who had an interview with the President as to the expediency of sending a military force there. Lincoln's reply to Browning was characteristic:

"I've got the negroes on my hands now," said he. "When I get through with them I'll attend to the Mormons."

This light phase of Lincoln's character is known to all the world. Perhaps the more serious phases are not so well understood.

His extreme carefulness on all occasions to do what he thought was right, and not to go beyond the right thing, sometimes caused him to deliberate until he appeared to lack, and perhaps to some extent he did lack, decision of character; but when he had once made up his mind—when he had "put his foot down"—he was as firm as the rock of ages.

CHARLES B. WAITE.

Chicago Dispatch 2/10/1900

Col. W. H. Crook Completes Fifty Years At the White House, Serving Under Every President Since the Days of Lincoln

Two Letters, Written Decades Apart, Testify to Efficient Performance of Duty.

Treasures Memory of "Good-by" Spoken by Great Martyred Chief.

By JOHN EDWIN NEVIN.

"Two of my men, Crook and Alexander, have been drafted, and I cannot spare them."—A Lincoln.

"Your long service in the office of the President is a testimonial to your fidelity to duty."—William H. Taft.

Stretched between the periods of the two notes above is a noteworthy career of a typical American citizen. They both refer to Col. William H. Crook, chief disbursing officer at the White House. Tomorrow Colonel Crook will round out a complete half century in the service of the Government. During that entire period he has been on duty at the beck and call of Presidents. All he has served well, and among his most prized souvenirs are letters attesting to this fact in their own handwriting.

Crook has had an active part in writing the history of the last fifty years of the Executive department. Today, straight as an arrow, his white beard squarely cut, his eyes sparkling with the vim and vigor of youth, he appears younger than many of his associates. And he takes as deep an interest in current affairs as the youngest appointed clerk.

War Drives Him From Home.

The colonel was born in Prince George county, Md. In the troublous days before the war, between the States, he espoused the cause of the North. As a result he was driven from home on January 1, 1861, taking refuge in York, Pa. He came to Washington on Washington's Birthday of that year, and following President Lincoln's first call for troops enlisted on April 16, 1861. Colonel Crook served as a member of the First District of Columbia Volunteers, doing duty along the railroad lines at Alexandria, Va., and on the Long bridge, across the Potomac, over which, a short time later, the defeated army of the North retreated from Bull Run. Immediately after he was discharged from the army Crook was appointed a member of the Metropolitan police, as the District of Columbia police were then known. He served with distinction for some time. Finally the White House issued a requisition for policemen to act as special guards to President Lincoln, and Crook was one of those detained. There were four of these men, and their orders were that they were not to permit the President to go out of their sight.

Last Good-by to Lincoln.

It was on January 5, 1865, that Colonel Crook began his duties in the White House. At that time the President had an office on the second floor, composed of two rooms. One of these President Lincoln used. The other was utilized by his secretary.

On the day of the night that President Lincoln was assassinated, Crook was on duty. He told of that day as follows:

"I was with the President all day. Late in the afternoon we went to the War Department, where I sat for two hours in Secretary Stanton's office while the President discussed events with him. When we left there we walked across to the White House. The President told me that he was going to the theater that night. I asked him whether in view of the danger I ought not to go with him. He said there was no need. As we reached the door leading into the White House he turned to me and extending his hand, said:

"'Good-by, Crook!'."

"It was the first time that he had ever said that to me, and for some reason, then unexplained, I felt depressed. I left him there, and that was the last time that I ever saw him alive.

"I lived out in the suburbs at that time, and as I was en route to the White House the next morning I heard the newsboys crying their extras. I cried as I read the sad news. I have always felt that if I had obeyed my original impulse to acompany the President the tragedy would not have taken place."

Few He Knew Now Live.

Of the thirteen Presidents and twenty-nine secretaries to Presidents who have occupied the White House since then only President Wilson, former Presidents Taft, and Roosevelt, and Secretaries Horace Porter, R. M. Douglas, and U. S. Grant, jr., are still alive. And not one of the men that surrounded Lincoln during those tragic days that perpetuated the United States is now alive. Crook is the sole survivor.

President Johnson on succeeding the lamented Lincoln selected Crook as his personal bodyguard. He accompanied the President throughout the city on his walks and his drives. He sat inside of the office during all of the time that the President received callers. At the request of the President he followed the impeachment proceedings in the Capitol. When the verdict was rendered he ran all the way from the Capitol to the White House, distancing all others, and was the first to break the news to the President and his wife that the impeachment had failed.

"I was something of a runner in those days," said the colonel, "but I think on that day I hung up a record that stands even yet. You know there were no trolley cars then, only busses. And they were too slow for me. When I told the President he looked at me for a minute; sort of gulped when I told him the vote. Then the tears came into his eyes, and he shook my hand and walked away. Mrs. Johnson thanked me for my trouble."

President Johnson gave Crook a clerkship in the White House. And when President Grant came into office he wrote him a letter in which he asked that the young soldier be retained in the job. So soon as General Grant found out that Crook was a veteran of the war he ordered him kept on the force. The relations between Crook and his chief were peculiarly close under General Grant. The latter was attracted by the efficient manner in which Crook discharged his duties and on several occasions, in the absence of Secretary Robert T. Lincoln, he detailed young Crook as acting secretary. It was in this way that he received the title of colonel. In the days after the war all persons close to the President received military titles and Crook was no exception.

"They simply called me Colonel and it stuck," said Crook today. "Now everyone gives it to me as a right and I have long since stopped trying to explain that it is only an honorary distinction."

When President Garfield was assassinated Crook was in the windw of the White House as he was carried into the building.

"The President recognized us, and, although suffering excruciating pain, he waved his hand to us," said Crook. "When I saw Guiteau I recognized him as a man I had barred from the White House some weeks ago. He had been accustomed to come into the reception room, which I was then in charge of, to write letters. One day I gave him some old English note paper of a peculiar light blue tint on which to write. He left, only to come back and demand more. I told him that I did not have any more. He became very mad and demanded:

"'You don't know who I am, I guess.'

"I said: 'I didn't know that you were anyone in particular.'

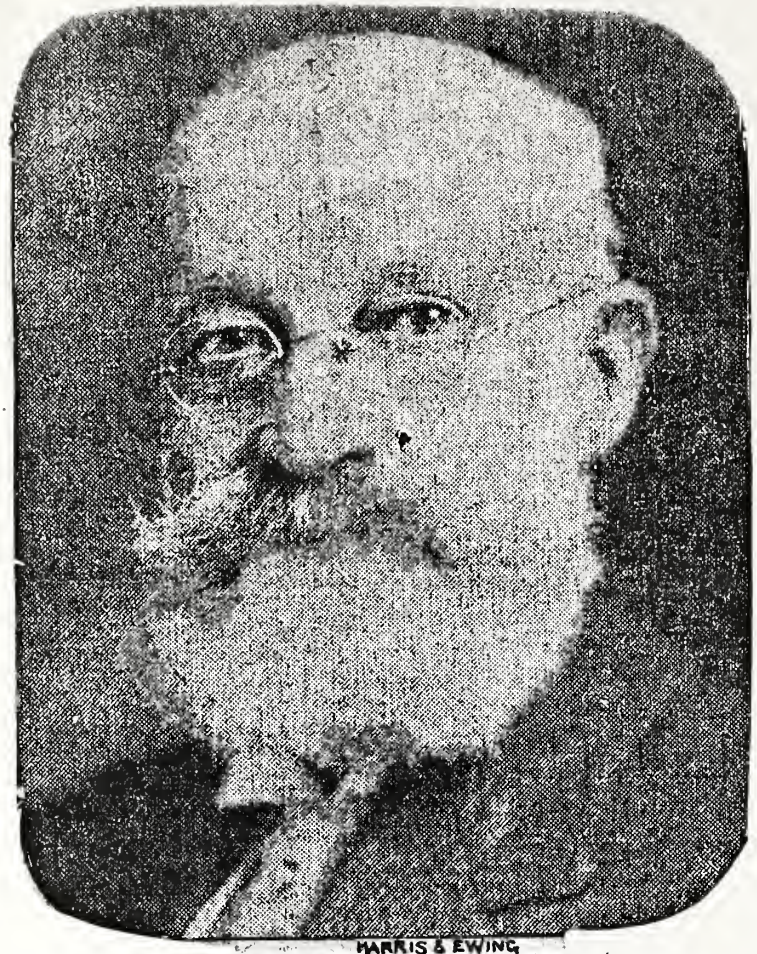
"'Well, I am the man that made Garfield President,' he said.

"'Which one,' I asked, and he left very angry. I reported the affair to the secretary, and he told me that thereafter Guiteau was to be kept out of the White House. I had a custom then of making rough sketches of peculiar characters, and it was one of my sketches of Guiteau that was first printed in the New York Graphic, it being the only picture or sketch available that night."

Colonel Crook saw five White House brides united in marriage. They were Miss Nellie Grant, Miss Platt, niece of Secretary Hay, who married General Hastings; Miss Frances Folsom, who married President Cleveland; Miss Alice Roosevelt, and the Misses Jessie and Eleanor Wilson. He was in the White House when two White House babies, daughters of General Grant and President Cleveland, were born.

He was made disbursing officer of the Executive offices on March 3, 1877, and has held that position up to the present time.

HINGTON TIMES, JANUARY 4, 1915.



HARRIS & EWING

COL. WILLIAM H. CROOK.

SORROW OF LINCOLN RECALLED BY DEATH

Young Coolidge's Demise Reminds of Tragedy Endured by "Great Emancipator."

Memories of sixty-two years ago, when at the White House occurred a tragedy that bowed the already grief-burdened President Lincoln — the death of his son—is recalled in the death of Calvin Coolidge, jr.

Similar to President Coolidge, at the time of the death of his second son, twelve-year-old Willie Lincoln, the "great emancipator" was torn between the emotions of his own great loss and struggling with the greatest problems that had ever beset the occupant of the Executive Mansion up to that time.

Previous Sorrowful Events.

This is the second time the residence of America's chief has witnessed the loss of a President's son; and if the inauguration of President Pierce had been but a few days earlier there would have been another sad event to add to the list of tragedies of the White House. A few days before his inaugural President Pierce's son was killed in a railroad wreck before the eyes of his parents.

The President was en route to Concord from Boston when the axle of one of the cars broke and the train dashed down an embankment. His son was killed in the wreckage.

Both Boys Favorites.

Abraham Lincoln held his dying son in his arms until life expired. Like Calvin, jr., the young Lincoln was a great favorite with all the White House officials and those with whom he came in contact, and his untimely death was deeply mourned.

JUL 8 1924
STAR

A White House Wedding Arranged By Lincoln

(As Described by Bride of 65 Years Ago.)

Anderson, Ind., Feb. 11.—There's only one living woman—so far as known—who can boast of having been married in the White House during President Lincoln's administration. This is Mrs. Elizabeth Chandler, 85, a resident of Anderson.

She recalls vividly when, in 1862, she and her youthful suitor, James Henry Chandler, after several months of secret courtship, eloped from their homes near Mount Sidney, Virginia, and went to Harper's Ferry, W. Va., to be married. Upon learning that there was trouble at Harper's Ferry, and that they would not be allowed to enter the town, they took the next stage to Washington.

"We were just a couple of green Virginians from down in the hills and, not knowing any better, we went to the White House to get married," Mrs. Chandler laughs as she recalled her experiences.

How They Got In.

"We asked a man who was coming out of the White House whether we could get married there. He said that he did not know, but he took us to the door where a colored man was standing and this fellow took us to the president's office.

"'Well, what do you children want?' the president asked us. Henry told him of our disappointment at Harper's Ferry and that we had come there to get married. Mr. Linoln asked us some questions and then he motioned to a colored porter who went with Henry, and they came back after a while with a Baptist minister."

While they were gone, Mrs. Chandler remained in the office with the president. She remembered that he spoke to her about the war and asked her whether she would be willing for her husband to fight for his country after the wedding ceremony was completed. Observing that this caused melancholy to come over the face of the girl from the Virginia hills, the president changed his line of thought and began telling jokes.

Cabinet Member Best Man.

Mrs. Chandler remembers that a member of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet was present and stood with the couple while the minister was reading the ceremony. Mr. Lincoln gave the bride away.

After the ceremony, Mr. Lincoln insisted that the newlyweds pass the night in the mansion.

A social function was being held in the White House that evening. Mrs. Chandler remembers that when those present at this party learned there were newlyweds in the house, they came ringing bells and compelled the couple to leave their room and join the party.

After they had been in this party until the early hours of the morning a porter came up to ask them whether they were ready to go. Mr. Chandler told him they would like to get away as soon as possible.

"They treated us very nicely, but we were not used to so much fuss being made over us and we wanted to leave," says Mrs. Chandler, as she recalled their departure.

Lincoln's Thoughtfulness.

Although she does not remember seeing Mr. Lincoln during the party, Mrs. Chandler believes that in some way the president learned of their discomfiture and was responsible for the porter aiding them in escaping.

Mrs. Elizabeth Chandler.

Early that morning a bus was ready for them and took them to a place where they could start immediately for home.

Mr. Chandler joined the Southern army, as the sentiment of his home country was strongly in that direction, but at the first opportunity he permitted himself to be captured and after some explanation and investigation, he was allowed to enter the forces of the North, Mrs. Chandler explains.

Mrs. Chandler did not hear from her husband after the capture and for five years she thought he was among the dead. Mr. Chandler might have been another Enoch Arden had it not been for the faith of the White House bride, but when he returned he found his home still furnished and his wife working for one of the neighbors, with the hope he would return.

After the war, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler moved to Indiana. Mr. Chandler died 28 years ago.

Detroit Free Press 2-12-27

REMINISCENCES OF LINCOLN AND HIS TWO BOYS

2 12 28

Woman Tells Anecdotes of White House Days.

BY KATHLEEN McLAUGHLIN.

"There goes that black Republican ape!"

It may be a bit difficult, through the haze of sixty-six years and the halo of sanctity that now surrounds the memory of the Great Emancipator, to recognize, under that label, Abraham Lincoln. Yet he was the "black Republican ape."

The bitter phrase was a woman's. So was the curled lip that went with it. The place was Washington, the scene the inaugural parade down Pennsylvania avenue.

And the words so deeply engraved on the memory of one of her hearers that even the inflections of her voice remain distinct today, heralded a girl's first glimpse of a gaunt figure and a grave face she was to encounter often and to know well in the months that ensued.

Her First Long Dress.

She was Julia Taft in those days, but she has been Mrs. Julia Taft Bayne these many years. Her hair at that time was the bonny brown of the old favorite song. Today it is snowy white. Then she was 16, proudly conscious of her newly acquired adult dignity and her first long dress. Now she is 82, mellow and motherly, looking back upon those early chapters of her life with a tender and reminiscent smile.

She told of the inaugural incident, and of others similar to it, recently while she was a guest at the Ambassador hotel here—anecdotes that enchant the listener with their atmosphere of homeliness and the informality that pervaded the White House during Lincoln's occupancy of it. Her home is at St. Petersburg, Fla., and she is a cousin of former President Taft.

Mrs. Bayne's book of memories is a crowded one, for she and her brothers were for more than a year and a half the intimate and almost the only companions of Tad and Willie Lincoln. No matter at what page she opens the volume, the contents are sure to be fascinating.

A Tiny Woman.

Five feet four looks down upon her now from the vantage of nearly a head in height. It is easy to imagine how tiny she must have seemed to Lincoln's six feet some, particularly in those forgetful moments when the child she was wiped out the memory of the young lady she had become, and a pair of slippered feet went skipping gayly down the halls of the nation's executive mansion to join the boys at play.

Half dreamily, a little pensively, she sketches a word picture of that inaugural parade as the prologue to the episodes that followed close upon it in such profusion.

"My mother and one of her friends, a lady who was strongly in sympathy with the south," she relates, "had gone into one of the stores along the avenue and were watching the scene from a window on the second floor. Girl-like, my gaze was riveted on the troops, and I didn't know the President's carriage was close until I heard mother's friend exclaim:

"'There goes that black Republican ape!'

"I looked up quickly, and there was Lincoln riding by. I still remember his black top hat, and how tall he seemed. I've never forgotten that first sight of him.

Soldiers Burst In.

"Washington had been a divided city for months, and all about in the crowd that day were southern sympathizers. Many of them called out insults as he passed. Even while we watched soldiers burst into the room behind us, rifles in their hands, and stood watching the crowd over our shoulders for signs of trouble. None occurred, and we all breathed easier when they left.

"From the day he was elected Lincoln's life was never free from the threat of assassination until the night he actually crumpled to the floor in his box at Ford's theater. Guards shadowed him everywhere, but he was always careless of the danger."

Mrs. Bayne's father, Judge Horatio Nelson Taft, was a collector of customs and had lived in Washington for years. He had friends on both sides of the national controversy, she relates, and many were the lifelong associations that split on that rock of dissension.

On first acquaintance an intimate friendship developed between the Taft and Lincoln families. Judge Taft's allegiance to the northern cause and the proximity of his home to the White House were contributing factors, but the strongest bond was the comradeship of the sons of Lincoln and the sons of Taft.

Willie and Tad Lincoln.

Willie Lincoln was then—in 1861—eleven years old. Tad was eight. Horatio Nelson Taft Jr., who from babyhood had been "Bud" to his family, was the same age as Willie, and "Holly," whose formal cognomen was Halsey Cook Taft, was just as old as Tad. It was inevitable that the quartet became inseparable.

Paradoxically enough, Judge Taft was a stickler for etiquette and a stern disciplinarian of his children, while Lincoln, Mrs. Bayne recalls, was perhaps the most indulgent father she has ever known. No matter what escapades they were involved in, she never knew of either Lincoln or his wife chastising or reproving their sons. They had the run of the White House, and were impressed not at all with the privilege. She illustrates:

"Down in the lobby of the White House, where the Marine band used to give its concerts, was a huge and very beautiful mirror set in an imposing frame. Tad had a new ball, and one morning as I started down the stairs from the upper hall, I saw the ball crash into the mirror and chunks of the heavy glass splintered to the marble floor.

"My heart stood still for a moment as I thought what would happen to Tad. Then I ran downstairs and confronted the boys. Tad looked a bit scared for a moment, then he stuck his hands in his pockets, swaggered over and kicked a piece of the glass with the toe of his shoe, and remarked:

"'Well, I don't care about the old thing. 'Twasn't pretty, anyhow.'

"Holly was looking very serious.

"'Well,' he put in, 'our old cook Rosie says if you break a mirror it means seven years bad luck. She says you've got to throw some salt over your left shoulder, and say the Lord's prayer backwards.'

"'Glory—did she say that?' asked Tad, much impressed and slightly uneasy. 'Wait a minute.'

"He tore away to the kitchen, and was back shortly with a big saltshaker. He had just planted himself in the middle of the floor, the salt in one hand, and had asked Holly:

"'Now, let's see how do I begin? Amen——' when a servant burst into the room to report that the boys' pet goat had escaped and was roaming in the garden. They dashed out pell-mell, the mirror forgotten.

"Not long afterward the President came downstairs, and the tale was soon poured into his ears. Instead of getting angry, he looked amused. He walked over and looked at the damage.

"'Well—well,' said he 'so Tad broke the mirror!'

"He walked away, and that was the end of that.

The Madam's Wildcat.

"So it is hardly surprising that Tad became the bane of the servants' existence. I remember once he had pulled up some of the choice plants in the garden. The head gardner was furious, and declared he would tell the madam.

"'But remember,' I said to him, 'he is the madam's son.'

"'The madam's wildcat,' snarled the head gardner.

"It was Tad, too, who provided my mother with one of her most embarrassing experiences. The first Union officer killed in the war was Col. Elmer Ellsworth of the New York Fire Zouaves. During the early hostilities he came into Alexandria and found a Confederate flag flying over the Marshall house. Rashly impulsive he dashed up and tore down the flag. The keeper of the hotel shot him down while the banner was still in his arms, and as he fell his blood stained it red.

"The flag was sent by his comrades to Mrs. Lincoln as a treasured relic, and she prized it highly. So did Tad. He used to steal it away from her room to play with it, until she finally hid it from him in a drawer.

"Then came the day after the battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac, and all Washington turned out to celebrate the victory. There was a great to-do for Washington people had been in terror lest the dread Merrimac steam up the river and bombard the city. The streets were crowded with revelers, when a lady rushed up to my mother and asked:

"'O, Mrs. Taft! Did you know there's a confederate flag flying from your house?'

"'Why—no!' gasped out mother, quite shocked. And she scurried back to see.

"Sure enough, there was the blood stained flag from Alexandria, fluttering in the breeze. Tad had found it again, and brought it over to decorate our house."

Lincoln liked both the Taft boys, but was partial to Bud, and many were the errands, some of them of state import, Mrs. Bayne declares, on which he sent the boy. On occasions he employed him in preference to the White House messengers.

One day he needed a pair of rubbers, and deputized Bud to buy them. As the size of his feet corresponded to his unusual height, the boy had difficulty finding a pair large enough. Finally he asked one shopkeeper for the largest size he carried. He took them back to Lincoln, but they proved too small.

The Largest Feet.

"Well, sonny," the shopkeeper said to Bud when he brought them back, "I reckon your daddy must have the biggest pair of feet in Washington."

Bud had not disclosed for whom he was buying the rubbers.

Lincoln in his unoccupied moments often frolicked with the boys as unrestrainedly as though he were no older than they. Mrs. Bayne recalls coming down the hall one day to find the President flat on his back at the foot of the stairs, wrestling with the four. Two of the boys held down his arms. The other two were astride his legs. Catching sight of Julia, they shrieked for her to come sit on his stomach. But the importance of her sixteen years and a more mature realization of both her own and the President's dignity forbade, and she went on to find Mrs. Lincoln.

Once Lincoln came into the room while Julia sat beside his wife, who was selecting pieces for her from a scrap bag. Immediately the girl stood, and all the little scraps fluttered to the floor from her lap. The President went out and she sat down again. In a few minutes he was back, and she stood up again. Once more the scraps went billowing down. Then Mrs. Lincoln, whose ideas of etiquette were more liberal than her own, advised her.

"Sit down, Julia. You don't need to stand up every time Abr'am comes into the room."

But Lincoln, a twinkle in his eye, passed through the room again, and instinct sent the girl to her feet once more, whereupon he walked over and asked whether she would like his photograph. Delighted, she said she would, and he showed her some that had been made for autographing. She made a choice, and he told her:

"All right, Julie. You can have that one for a kiss."

Blushing and confused, "Julie," as he always called her, would have escaped payment if she could. But her awe of him and her liking for him triumphed, and she paid the kiss as he stooped down to receive it. The picture remains today her most treasured possession.

"I can still recall," she laughs, "how scratchy his whiskers were as I touched his cheek."

Then came that somber period when Willie Lincoln lay sick and delirious in his own room, growing hourly worse. Lincoln, distracted, paced the floor incessantly. Once he strode in and found Bud crouched at the bedside, his hand in Willie's. They had been that way a long time. Laying a hand on the boy's head, he said:

"You'd better go to bed, son. It's nearly 10 o'clock."

Willie Lincoln's Death.

"I can't, sir," whispered Bud. "Willie holds my hand so tight, and I don't want to wake him up; he's so sick."

The President's head dropped on his chest. He stood motionless for some time, then walked away. Presently Bud was fast asleep, fallen forward on Willie's bed. Nor did he wake when Lincoln returned, picked him up, and carried him upstairs to bed, where he awoke in the morning. The next day Willie Lincoln died.

That was the end of the boys' companionship, for the sight of the Taft boys proved agonizing to Mrs. Lincoln, and she sent a note to Mrs. Taft asking her to keep them away; they brought back her loss so keenly.

Only once after that did Julia visit the White House. Some time after Willie's death a reception was being given, and Tad, who had been almost inconsolable at the loss of his beloved elder brother, wandered in among the guests. Catching sight of Julia, he threw himself on the floor with a scream and wept hysterically, kicking his feet on the rug.

Mrs. Lincoln had him carried out by the servants. Then she crossed over to the girl, placed a hand on her shoulder, and, with lips quivering, apologized.

"You'll have to excuse him, Julia. You know what he's remembering."

On that pensive note her White House contacts ended. Mrs. Taft took her north to school shortly thereafter.

And then came the news that the assassin's bullet had found its mark.

Chicago Tribune 2-12-28

Willie Lincoln, who died in 1862.

"Tad" Lincoln, aged 8.

The Taft boys, "Holly" and "Bud."

Christian Sci. Mon. 1 Nov. 1929 (White House)

Restoring Lincoln's Cabinet Room a Project Dear to the Hoovers

Christian Science Monitor

Storerooms and Every Other Nook and Crevice of the Official Mansion Are Carefully Searched for Original Furniture

1 Nov 1929

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington

TO THE President and Mrs. Hoover the White House is more than just an official residence. They envisage the simple but artistically exquisite mansion as a shrine, hallowed by memories of the Nation's heroes. Themselves, unostentatious and homey people with their roots deep in pioneer origins, they wish to endow the "President's House," as oddly enough the silver dining utensils used in the White House are engraved, with a full measure of the flavor and feeling of the United States. In a sense this ideal has become a hobby of both the President and Mrs. Hoover.

In a quiet way they have gone about inquiring into the lore and traditions of the historic house, to interview old servants, peruse diaries and memoirs and expenditure accounts and ransack storerooms and bins in the hope of bringing to light a bit of original furniture, a clue to the appearance of a room or the identity of some article.

Already this work of love has borne fruit. The President and Mrs. Hoover, both profound admirers of Abraham Lincoln, have restored in a good measure the martyred President's Cabinet room and discovered what they have every reason to believe are two pieces of furniture that occupied the chamber during the time of his residence.

On the second floor of the White House in the wing occupied by the state reception room the President found a chamber that had been used as a guest room. It was converted to this purpose by President Roosevelt, who was famous for the number and variety of his house guests. Inquiry by the President disclosed that this room was President Lincoln's Cabinet Room, and the chamber in which the Emancipation Proclamation was signed.

The President and Mrs. Hoover obtained a print of F. B. Carpenter's painting of the signing of this great document. They also learned that the artist had a reputation for great accuracy and detail in his work, and that the painting of the historic episode was done with the greatest attention to exact portraiture.

A Chair Is Found

The President then called in the aid of White House servants and asked them to go through the storeplaces of the building in a search for furniture, such as was shown in the painting. The effort produced a chair, which is exactly like the empty chair that is to be seen in the forefront of the picture.

This chair is now in the room, as is a massive flat-topped desk which the President after much inquiry has definitely ascertained came to the White House in 1857. From this fact the President deduces that the beautiful desk of rich carved mahogany was in the White House while President Lincoln resided there.

President Hoover has no conclusive proof that either article was used by Lincoln. He is certain that the desk was in the White House while the Emancipator lived there. Whether it was used by him in his office or in the Cabinet chamber, the President does not know. He is fairly certain that it was used by Presidents after Lincoln.

As to the chair, there is no other like it in the White House, and the oldest servant in the mansion cannot remember one. It was found deeply buried in a White House storeroom, and it is exactly like the chair shown by the artist in the well-known picture. The chair has every evidence of being an original, but the President and Mrs. Hoover do not assert that it is such. They take, however, the deepest satisfaction in their find and show great joy and pride in calling their guests' attention to the treasure. A copy of Carpenter's picture is over the marble mantelpiece, in the room that bears a small plate recounting the fact that in this chamber the Proclamation was signed. Directly under the print stands the chair, comfortable and still serviceable.

Restoring Original Objects

The President and Mrs. Hoover's great love for Lincoln and their desire to restore to the White House all original "Lincoliana" that was in use there while he lived there is evinced in many ways. A large full-length portrait of the great President has been given by them the honor position in the state dining room, and they are constantly searching for lore of his residence in the mansion in the hope that information will be brought to light that will enable them to add other original treasures.

The Emancipation room is now being used by the President as an informal gathering chamber for men guests. In addition to the Lincoln desk and chair there is a mirror that was taken from the White House by a British officer at the time of the capture of the city of Washington and later restored by his family, an original painting of Benjamin Franklin, and several other antiques. About the walls are bookcases and on several tables magazines and other books.

In their desire to bring the full American flavor to the White House the President and Mrs. Hoover are devoting much thought and effort to procure original American furniture. One great obstacle to such a plan has been that owners of such articles who might give them to the Nation's executive residence hesitated doing so as there is no assurance that they will remain there.

Protecting Gifts of Antiques

Past White House mistresses have exercised full freedom in modifying furnishings, and, of course, others in the future will do likewise. In order, therefore, to overcome this obstacle, the President and Mrs. Hoover, particularly the latter, have conceived the ingenious idea of having gifts of original antique furniture given not to the White House but to the National Museum.

The museum then would merely loan their use to the White House. Should an incumbent desire to change the furnishing the antiques would then revert back to the museum, which would preserve and take care of them. On this basis, the President and Mrs. Hoover are hopeful that many rare and beautiful articles that would be so in keeping with the early American atmosphere of the White House building will be presented to the Nation's executive mansion.

Funds for the purchase of such treasures are not available, and the President, taking the lead in an economy policy, does not intend asking Congress for sums. He and Mrs. Hoover are hopeful, however, that a way will be found to bring to the White House fitting and beautiful original American furnishings.

White House

LAW OFFICES
JOSEPH P. TUMULTY
1317 F STREET, N.W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

11 April 1931

Adv 4/13/31 nov

Dear Rudolph:

Could you give me the information asked for in the enclosed extract from a letter just received?

Sincerely yours,

JPT.

Mr Rudolph Forster
The White House
Washington, DC

AC 271

10 April 1931

Where in the White House was President Lincoln's office and Cabinet room?

In the so-called "Cabinet Room" on the second floor, next east of Round Sitting Room or Library, there is a recent inscription which says Cabinet meetings began to be held there under President Johnson. Carpenter speaks of Lincoln's study (office?) as shaded by a portico, which makes it seem probable that the Civil War office and cabinet room were the as the "Cabinet Room", despite the inscription which says cabinet meetings began here during President Johnson's administration. Are these two rooms indentical?

The room now used by President Hoover for a study is the same room used by President Lincoln for an office. The Cabinet meetings were held in that same room.

The Cabinet room used from Johnson to Roosevelt and which is now a drawing room, was used as a waiting room for visitors during the Lincoln administration.

Ike Hoover

PERMANENT FILE

April 13, 1931. White House Matters 1931

Dear Mr. Tumulty:

Here is a memorandum which Ike Hoover prepared for me about the office and cabinet room in President Lincoln's Administration:

> "The room now used by President Hoover for a study is the same room used by President Lincoln for an office. The Cabinet meetings were held in the same room.
>
> The cabinet room used from Johnson to Roosevelt and which is now a drawing room, was used as a waiting room for visitors during the Lincoln Administration."

I hope it will give your correspondent just the information he desires.

Sincerely yours,

Honorable Joseph P. Tumulty,
1317 F Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

rcr

LINCOLN LORE

No. 141 FORT WAYNE, INDIANA December 21, 1931

LINCOLN LORE

BULLETIN OF THE LINCOLN HISTORICAL RESEARCH FOUNDATION

ENDOWED BY THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Dr. Louis A. Warren - - - - Editor

CHRISTMAS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

The social conditions existing during the war between the states makes it improbable that Christmas was featured to any extent at the White House during the time the Lincoln family occupied the executive mansion. There is a story about one incident which happened at Christmas time in 1863 that may serve as an introduction to this monograph.

Long before Christmas a live turkey had been sent to the White House by one of Mr. Lincoln's friends with the suggestion that it be used for the Christmas dinner. Tad, the president's youngest son, won the confidence of the turkey, whom he named Jack, fed him and petted him until the turkey followed him around the White House grounds.

The day before Christmas while the president was engaged with one of his Cabinet members in an important conference, "Tad burst into the room like a bombshell, sobbing and crying with rage and indignation. The turkey was about to be killed. Tad had procured from the executioner a stay of proceeding while he hurried to lay the case before the President. 'Jack must not be killed; it is wicked.' 'But,' said the President, 'Jack was sent here to be killed, and eaten for Christmas dinner.' 'I can't help it,' roared Tad between his sobs, 'He's a good turkey, and I don't want him killed.' The President of the United States pausing in the midst of his business took a card and on it wrote an order of reprieve. The turkey's life was spared and Tad seized the precious bit of paper fled to set him at liberty."

The White House during the term preceding the coming of the Lincolns had been a bachelor's quarters for four years. Three rollicking boys took possession of the premises in the spring of 1861; Robert, age seventeen; Willie, age ten; and Tad, eight years old. While Robert was in Washington for the first few days after the family arrived he soon returned to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he was a student at Harvard.

Just before the Lincoln family left Springfield, Mrs. Lincoln arranged a party for Willie, whose birthday, December 21, was very close to Christmas. As the party was held on the 22nd. it may have been a joint birthday and Christmas party. One of the invitations has been preserved; it reads as follows:

Willie Lincoln
will be pleased to see you
Wednesday afternoon
at 3 o'clock
Tuesday, December 22nd

The first Christmas in the White House, December 25, 1861, was undoubtedly the happiest one. The children were together on this festal occasion for the last time. There had been one other boy in the Lincoln family but he had been dead for more than ten years. While Christmas probably recalled to the parents the sorrow of his passing, the pleasure they had in the fellowship of their other children would allow them to become reconciled to this earlier loss.

We may feel sure that Abraham Lincoln had visited Joseph Schot's Toy Shop before Christmas and made some purchases which he knew the boys would appreciate. In fact there are well established traditions that he was a rather frequent visitor to this store kept by the old crippled soldier who had fought under Napoleon and who was now content to make wooden soldiers for the children of America's capitol city.

The Christmas season of 1862 was a sad one indeed for the Lincolns. Willie Lincoln passed away when they had been occupying the White House one week less than a year. Mrs. Lincoln is said never to have gone into the room in which the child was laid out, after the funeral services were over.

The loneliness of Tad was pathetic after the loss of his constant playmate, Willie, but two years older than he; and the attempt of the President to serve as a companion to the only son now left at the White House was responsible for the very strong attachment which grew up between father and son.

Robert was ten years older than Tad and was at the executive mansion very little after the Lincoln family took up their residence there.

While Jack, the turkey, did not grace the table at the White House for the Christmas dinner in 1863, some other fowl was substituted, undoubtedly, for this pet bird which had escaped the usual fate of turkeys by Tad's appeal on his behalf.

There was one bit of Christmas joy that came into the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln on this day which must have made the day in their own family circle a memorable one.

A son of one of Lincoln's close friends in Illinois, who had been serving in the Confederate army, had been captured. Lincoln had an interview with the lad the day before Christmas with the result that the following telegram was sent to his father in Illinois on Christmas eve:

"Your son has just left me, with my order to the Secretary of War, to administer the oath of allegiance. I send him home to you and his mother."

There must have been a cheerful atmosphere in the White House on Christmas, 1864. Advice of the capture of Savannah had reached the President that morning, and the following day he wrote to General Sherman as follows:

"Many, many thanks for your Christmas gift: the capture of Savannah . . . . please make my grateful acknowledgment to your whole army, officers and men."

Another letter written on the day following, suggests a presentation which evidently was received with deep appreciation. He wrote to Dr. John MacLean acknowledging the announcement that the trustees of the College of New Jersey had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Could he at this time have been reminded of that early political effort when he first offered his services to the people and closed with this announcement:

"If the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."

Now "a body of gentlemen of such high character and intelligence" had conferred upon him the highest compliment within their power and he replies, "I am most thankful if my labors have seemed to conduct to the preservation of those institutions under which alone we can expect good government—and in its train sound learning and the progress of the liberal arts."

In 1913 the building in which the old toy shop was located was razed. It had seen service for half a century and contributed much to the happiness of the Lincoln children and other Washington boys and girls. It was in reality a monument to the child life of the city and it is to be regretted that it could not have been preserved. It would have recalled many visits of Mr. Lincoln and Tad to this store and especially the memorable one which tradition has recorded as follows:

"Tad teased his father to buy him a company of tin soldiers. These gaily decorated toys stood on wooden pedestals, but the tin general was broken and would not stand. The clerk in charge suggested that a fine upstanding captain might do for a commander and the sale was made." It was this incident which paved the way for the promotion of one of the great generals of the war according to the recorder of this typical Christmas story.

"Lincoln Study" in White House Room Of Great History

There is one historic room in the White House to which President Hoover often retires for study, contemplation and inspiration. It is a Lincoln shrine, the famous "Lincoln Study," where the great emancipator met with his Cabinet and where, with a telegraph operator handy, he watched the course of events upon the battle fields of the Civil War.

In the critical days of the war, when cares hung heavy upon Lincoln, he often slept in his "study," and many fateful Cabinet meetings and stirring debates among his many-minded advisers were held there far into nights when the fate of the Nation hung often upon a thread. It is a room of memories.

Some Lincoln relics are still preserved in the furnishings of the room. The desk now in the center of the room is the same one used by President Lincoln and is itself a bit of preserved history in its material and its associations. It was a gift to the Nation from Queen Victoria and was made from timbers of the dismantled ship Resolute, which America built and gave to Great Britain to take part in the search for Sir John Franklin, the famous polar explorer.

Historic Chairs.

Four of the chairs were once occupied by Members of Lincoln's Cabinet, and upon the wall hangs a steel engraving taken from Carpenter's painting representing a meeting in this room of Lincoln and his Cabinet. For the rest, the room is furnished in dull leather and old mahogany.

In the days when Lincoln sat there and wrestled with his Cabinet on affairs of State and military campaigns, the furnishings of the room were of a very simple character. There were no electric lights, no radios, no telephones, no microphones at Lincoln's command. A telegraph instrument, with an operator always on duty when required, was his only means of sending and receiving the news of battles and the issuance of orders, aside from personal military messengers. The gas jet and the coal oil lamp were Lincoln's illuminators. The books were few—not often more than three or four of Lincoln's favorites—the Bible, the United States statutes and Shakespeare.

But if every man and woman who had entered that room in the days when Lincoln occupied it could have left their testimony—as many of them did—the history of the Civil War and of the great network of intrigues that were thrown out from it could have been written in colors that would make the pages of the stereotyped history books dull and commonplace.

Nat Tribune 12-8-32

2/12/34

Memory of Lincoln Is Strong at White House

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12 (AP)—On this, the 125th anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth, the stamp of his individuality is still strong upon the White House.

Of all the presidents who have lived at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Lincoln seems to have been the one to remain there more in the spirit after his day was done. The Lincoln tradition had a vital hold upon the Republican Hoovers. It was Herbert Hoover who restored the Lincoln study, which had been used as a sleeping room by the Coolidges, and is now a sleeping room again.

Mrs. Hoover gathered the old-fashioned horse hair sofas, the heavily carved bureaus with marble tops, and the other furniture that obviously belonged to Lincoln's time about his massive and elaborately-carved bed in a northwest corner room used for guests. That room remains, and it's there that more imaginative White House guests sometimes get the eerie feeling that Lincoln also remains.

In one of those conversations that comes from President Roosevelt himself by way of a White House dinner guest who told a friend, it was revealed that the President's own daughter-in-law, Mrs. James Roosevelt, asked to be excused from sleeping in that big old Lincoln bed because it looked and felt spooky.

However, a long succession of presidents and their wives have peacefully slumbered there. In Theodore Roosevelt's time it was greatly in demand because the whole "White House gang" of small boys could sleep there at once.

2/12/34

LINCOLN'S SPIRIT LINGERS

Room He Used for Study Is 'Spooky' to White House Guests

(By The Associated Press)

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Mrs. Hoover gathered the old-fashioned horse hair sofas, the heavily carved bureaus with marble tops, and the other furniture that obviously belonged to Lincoln's time about his massive and elaborately-carved bed in a northwest corner room used for guests. That room remains, and it's there that more imaginative White House guests sometimes get the eerie feeling that Lincoln also remains.

In one of those conversations that comes from President Roosevelt himself by way of a White House dinner guest who told a friend, it was revealed that the president's own daughter-in-law, Mrs. James Roosevelt, asked to be excused from sleeping in that big old Lincoln bed because it looked and felt spooky.

However, a long succession of presidents and their wives have peacefully slumbered there. In Theodore Roosevelt's time it was greatly in demand because the whole "White House gang" of small boys could sleep there at once.

British Royalty to Occupy Historic White House Rooms

Phila. Record 11-19-39

By United Press

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—King George VI and Queen Elizabeth of England probably will occupy the entire east end of the second floor of the White House on their visit here, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt revealed today.

Those White House quarters comprise two suites, each consisting of a large bedroom, a small bedroom, and a bath. A few other members of their entourage will occupy other bedroom-bath suites on that floor, but the White House cannot accommodate the entire retinue of 40 persons.

In Historic Rooms.

Assigned to the British visitors as a sitting room will be the Monroe Room, used as the Cabinet meeting room from President Johnson's administration until the Theodore Roosevelt administration. In this room the treaty of peace with Spain was signed in 1902. The entire quarters set apart for the British visitors was used as a Presidential office suite until the Theodore Roosevelt administration.

The Queen, Mrs. Roosevelt said, vill probably use the bedroom which was the office of every President prior to the construction of the Executive wing. In it President Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation. It was known as the "Lincoln study" during the Hoover administration. The enormous Lincoln bed is in another bedroom on the northwest corner of the White House, however.

The King probably will occupy the pink room, on the northeast corner, Mrs. Roosevelt said.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt's bedrooms are at the southwest corner of the White House.

One Day at World's Fair.

Members of their entourage whom the King and Queen consider most necessary to have with them during their three-day stay at the White House will be invited, Mrs. Roosevelt said, but pointed out there are only a few guest bedrooms, and very few servants' rooms in the White House.

Mrs. Roosevelt said she and the President would greet their royal visitors on the front steps of the White House, unless they meet them at the border or at the Union Station. She reiterated that the Department of State makes most of the plans, and that she has not yet been informed what arrangements are to be made.

The King and Queen are to spend one day at the New York World's Fair, Mrs. Roosevelt said.

Mrs. Roosevelt Reserves Lincoln Room for Queen

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ONLY FEW QUESTIONS

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Phila Inquirer 11-19-38

Winchell
Feb. 1939

Every visitor to the White House invariably inquires about the room in which Lincoln slept . . . Col. McIntyre, the sec'y to F. D. R., you'd imagine, would know more about that room than most people . . . The other day a friend of the column visited the White House and McIntyre was entertaining him until the President was through with another caller . . . "Where's the Lincoln Room?" the visitor asked the Presidential secretary.

"Damfinc!" was the Believe-It-Or-Not retort!

LINCOLN LORE

Bulletin of the Lincoln National Life Foundation - - - - - - Dr. Louis A. Warren, Editor,
Published each week by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Number 531 FORT WAYNE, INDIANA June 12, 1939

THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Just one month to a day after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, a correspondent of the *New York World* sat in Abraham Lincoln's office chair in the White House and jotted down some observations. His comments are of much interest as they help one to visualize the room in which the President lived most of the time for four long years.

Mrs. Lincoln, a mentally broken woman, was still occupying the White House and inasmuch as she did not vacate the premises until a week later very few things in the President's office had been disturbed. A few excerpts from the correspondent's account of his visit give one a good description of the White House office during the war.

"Washington, May 14,

"I am sitting in the President's office. He was here very lately, but he will not return to dispossess me of this high-backed chair he filled so long, nor resume his daily work at the table where I am writing. There are here only Major Hay and the friend who accompanies me. A bright-faced boy runs in and out, darkly attired, so that his fob chain of gold is the only relief to his mourning garb. This is little Tad, the pet of the White House. That great death, with which the world rings, has made upon him only the light impression which all things make on childhood. He will live to be a man pointed out everywhere for his father's sake; and as folks look at him the tableau of the murder will seem to encircle him. The room is long and high, and so thickly hung with maps that the colour of the wall cannot be discerned. The President's table, at which I am seated, adjoins a window at the farthest corner; and to the left of my chair, as I recline in it, there is a longer table before an empty grate, around which there are many chairs, where the Cabinet used to assemble. The carpet is trodden thin, and the brilliance of its dyes is lost. The furniture is of the formal cabinet class, stately and semi-comfortable. There are book-cases, sprinkled with the sparse library of a country lawyer, but lately plethoric. Like the thin body which has lately departed in its coffin, they are taking away Mr. Lincoln's private effects, to deposit them wheresoever his family may abide, and the emptiness of the place on this sunny Sunday revives that feeling of desolation from which the land has scarce recovered. I rise from my seat and examine the maps; they are from the Coast Survey and the Engineer Departments, and exhibit all the contested ground of the war; there are pencil lines upon them where someone has traced the route of armies and planned the strategic circumferences of campaigns. Was it the dead President who so followed the march of empire, and dotted the sites of shock and overthrow? . . .

"There is but one picture on the marble mantel over the cold grate—John Bright—a photograph. I can well imagine how the mind of Mr. Lincoln often went afar to the face of Mr. Bright, who said so kindly things of him when Europe was mocking his homely guise and provincial phraseology . . . I see some books on the table—perhaps they have lain there undisturbed since the reader's dimming eyes grew nerveless—a Parliamentary manual, a Thesaurus, and two books of humour, 'Orpheus C. Kerr' and 'Artemus Ward.' These last were read by Mr. Lincoln in the pauses of his hard day's labour . . . Outside of this room there is an office, where his Secretaries sat—a room more narrow, but as long—and opposite this adjunct office a second door, directly behind Mr. Lincoln's chair, leads by a private passage to his family quarters. This passage is his only monument in the building. He added or subtracted nothing else. It tells a long story of duns and loiterers, contract hunters, and seekers for commissions, garrulous parents on paltry errands, toadies without measure, and talkers without conscience. They pressed upon him through a great door opposite his window, and, hat in hand, came curtseying to his chair, with an obsequious 'Mr. President!' If he dared, though the chief magistrate and commander of the army and navy, to go out by the great door, these vampires leaped upon him with their Babylonian pleas, and barred his walk to his hearthside. He could not insult them, since it was not in his nature, and perhaps many of them had really urgent errands. So he called up the carpenter and ordered a strategic route cut from his office to his hearth, and perhaps told of it after with much merriment. Here should be written the biography of his official life—in the room where have concentrated all the wires of action, and whence have proceeded the resolves which vitalized in historic deeds. But only great measures, however carried out, were conceived in this office. The little ones proceeded from other places . . .

"The White House has been more of a Republican mansion under his control than for many Administrations. Uncouth guests came to it often, typical of the simple Western civilization of which he was a graduate, and while no coarse altercation has ever ensued the portal has swung wide for four years . . .

"He was a good reader, and took all the leading New York dailies every day. His Secretaries perused them and selected all the items which would interest the President; these were read to him and considered. He bought few new books, but seemed ever alive to works of comic value; the vein of humour in him was not boisterous in its manifestations, but touched the geniality of his nature, and he reproduced all that he absorbed to elucidate some new issues, or turn away argument by a laugh . . .

"His domestic life as like a parlour at night time, lit by the equal grate of his genial and uniform kindness. Young Thaddy played with him upon the carpet; Robert came home from the war and talked to his father as to a schoolmate. He was to Mrs. Lincoln as chivalrous on the last day of his life as when he courted her. I have somewhere seen a picture of Henry IV of France riding his babies on his back; that was the President. So dwelt the citizen who is gone—a model in character, if not in ceremony, for good men to come who will take his place in this same White House, and find their generation comparing them to the man thought worthy of assassination. I am glad to sit here in his chair, where he has bent so often, in the atmosphere of the household he purified, in the sight of the green grass and the blue river he hallowed by gazing upon, in the very centre of the nation he preserved for the people, and close the list of bloody deeds, of desperate flights, of swift expiations, of renowned obsequies which I have written, by inditing at his table the goodness of his life and the eternity of his memory."

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THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

INTER-OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE

JUN 15 1942

OAKLAND OFFICE

TO Mr. Fred Fisher
Advertising Director
Home Office

DATE June 11, 1942

SUBJECT Lincoln coincidence

Dear Fred:

I had a rather unusual experience last evening and I thought that you folks at the Home Office would enjoy hearing about it.

I read in a recent issue of the National Underwriter the unusual story about the Lincoln Life paying the beneficiary of the Lincoln Life the face value of a Lincoln Life policy. Here is an incident just about as unusual.

I called last evening on a man by the name of Allen L. Fowle, Jr., and took his application for a Lincoln Life mortgage redemption policy. When I printed his name at the top of the application I quite casually asked him what his middle initial stood for and he told me that his middle name was Lincoln. His residence address is on Lincoln Street in Berkeley!

I asked him how he got the name of Lincoln and was advised that while there was no direct relationship, his great-great grandfather (I believe his name was John Allen Fowle) was married in the White House while Abraham Lincoln was President and the latter was in attendance at the ceremony. He says that he has photographic and documentary evidence of this fact and that he will be glad to describe it in correspondence with Dr. Warren if the latter is interested.

Sincerely yours,

Louis Allen Newfield

GENERAL AGENT

LKNewfield:GB
cc to Dr. Louis A. Warren

Dr. Louis A. Warren
Lincoln National Life Foundation
Home Office

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GENERAL AGENT

Hunting for a Cornerstone

By HANCOCK ADAMS

Nat Republican Dec 1945

THE SEARCH for the original White House cornerstone that has been going on since the end of the war has aroused much interest in the "President's palace" as it was briefly called when plans for a home for the Chief Executive were originally discussed. The cornerstone was laid October 13, 1792, but its location was lost in rebuilding after the structure was burned by the British in 1812.

The exterior of the White House has needed repairing and repainting for some time and when hostilities in Europe ended, a scaffold was thrown around the building and work was started. An Army mine detector has been used in an attempt to locate the old cornerstone.

Since the White House and the U. S. Capitol were built simultaneously and before Washington was a city, it is expected that the contents of the box may reveal some interesting documents reflecting on the first days of the new nation and the first days of the construction of the Capital City.

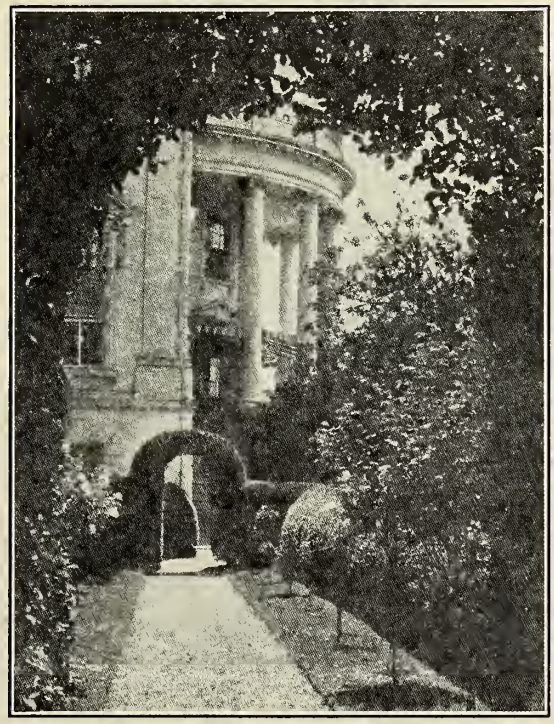
President George Washington had a hand in the planning of the Executive Mansion but never had the opportunity to live in it. He died before the building was ready for occupancy. The first occupants were President and Mrs. John Adams.

THE "groundbreaking" occurred for both the Capitol and the Executive Mansion in the first week in October, 1791, when Major L'Enfant, who with President Washington, mapped out the Capital City, hired 150 laborers to start digding for the foundations of the two buildings. It is also a matter of public record that "on the 16th day of November, 1791, L'Enfant on behalf of the Public hath rented from John Gibson for ten years to commence on the 10th day of next month, all quarries of freestone on the land of Aquaia Creek at a yearly rental of Twenty pounds current money to be paid to the said John Gibson on the first day of December in every year."

By the next spring the general preliminary work in connection with the two major buildings had progressed sufficiently that the Commissioners began to consider plans for the White House. L'Enfant had run into difficulty with the Commissioners and he was released from his task of overseeing the construction of the Federal city.

The commissioners decided to advertise for plans for the White House, and on March 14, 1792, they published an advertisement in the leading newspapers of the country offering "A premium of five hundred dollars or a gold medal of that value to the person, who before the 15th of the following July, should produce to them the first approved plan, if adopted by them, for a President's House."

Documents reveal that "On the 16th of July it was recorded that the President of the United States with the Commissioners examined the several plans for the Capitol and the Palace which had been forwarded agreeably to the advertisements of the 14th of March."



South Portico of White House showing the President's private walk

The plan selected was that of James Hoban, of Charleston, South Carolina. Annals also say that "as the plan for the President's House by John Collins appeared to the Commissioners to be Scientific and second in merit, one hundred and fifty dollars is ordered drawn on the Treasury as a token of their sense of merit of his essay." Hoban "Chuses a Gold Medal of eight token guineas the Balance in money."

One of the terms of the award was that the designer should be the superintendent of the construction work of the "palace" and for his work it was agreed that Hoban should "find himself and receive three hundred Guineas a year." Or in other words he was to keep himself and receive that amount of money.

Not much of the construction work was accomplished when the cornerstone, now being sought, was laid in October, 1792. Contrary to the oft repeated story, President Washington did not lay the cornerstone because historians say he was in Philadelphia that day. Masonic services were conducted at the ceremony.

Manpower shortages evidently prevailed and perplexed Hoban for that winter Commissioners advertised in the newspapers for "Good labouring negroes by the year, the masters cloathing them well and finding each a blanket, the Commissioners finding them provisions and paying twenty-one pounds a year wages, the payment to be made quarterly or half yearly. If the negroes absent themselves a week or more such time to be deducted." The following spring the Commissioners again advertised as follows: "Wanted at the city of Washington a number of Slaves to labor in the Brick Yards, Stone Quarries, etc., for which generous wages will be given. Also Sawyers to Saw by the hundred or on wages by the month of year." As a matter of fact the shortage became so acute that the Commissioners sent a call to Europe for me-

chanics and as an added inducement or a matter of insurance for the alien they said: "There is no other idea of considering the mechanics in any other light than the Respectable of the country. They will draw one-half of their wages weekly and the other half to be retained till the advanced and passage money is satisfied. Stone cutters in the different branches and Most Wanted."

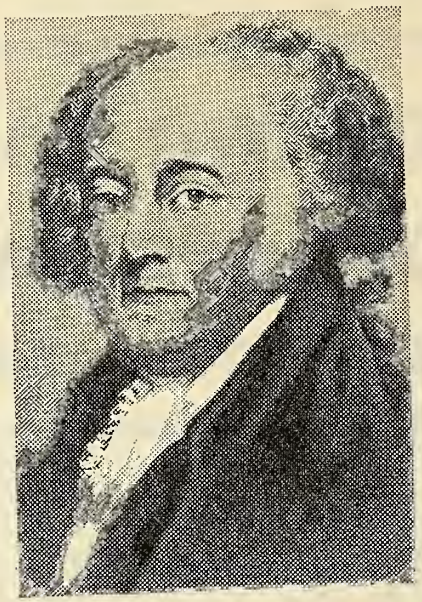
IT will be recalled from previous articles on the history of the City of Washington that the progress on the construction of the Capitol and the White House as well as other public buildings depended almost entirely on the sale of lots in the city by the Commissioners. And at times the sales were none too brisk. Something of the difficulty is found in a Communication from the Commissioners to President Adams on January 28, 1801, giving a little of the history of the previous decade.

They wrote: "No sale of lotts (in the city of Washington) took place deserving attention until December 23, 1793, when a contract was made with Robert Morris and James Greenleaf for the sale of six thousand lotts at $80 a lott, payable in seven annual installments without interest, commencing May 1, 1794, and with the condition of building twenty brick houses annually, two stories high, and covering twelve square feet each. With the further condition that they, Morris and Greenleaf, should not sell any lotts until the 1 of July 1796 and on condition of erecting on every third lott one such house within four years from time of sale. John Nicholson was afterwards taken into partnership and the terms of the agreement somewhat changed. . . . Notwithstanding the favorable prospect which this transaction for a time afforded, the scene soon changed. The purchasers not only failed to pay the installment which became due May, 1795, but early in that year discontinued the buildings which they had commenced under their contract, and on which very little progress has since been made."

AS a further attraction to the money raising it was proposed there be a special sale of lots to start the day before the day of the Capitol cornerstone laying which was September 13, 1793, and in that connection there was to be a lottery in which the chief prize was a fine hotel.

The commissioners further reported to President Adams:

"It was therefore decided to solicit the patronage of Congress which was done in 1796 by a memorial from the Commissioners stating the affairs of the Federal seat in as clear a light as the circumstances would then admit and suggesting a loan bottomed on the city property and guarantied by Congress if that property should prove deficient. Congress approved



President John Adams and Mrs. Adams, first official occupants of the White House

and authorized a loan of $300,000. It is needless to detail the fruitless attempts which were made to fill this loan with actual specie. The only loan which could be obtained was $200,000 in United States six per cent stock at par, from the State of Maryland and for which the Commissioners were obliged in addition to the guaranty of Congress to give bonds in their individual capacities agreeable to the resolutions of the Assembly of that state passed in the years 1796-1797. With the interest and sales that had to be made only the net sum of $130,873.41 remained applicable to the use of the public. . . . On the 23rd of February, 1798, the Commissioners transmitted by the hands of the President to the Congress a second memorial and Congress authorized the Treasurer of the United States to advance $100,000 which was declared to be in full of the sums previously guarantied. Outstanding debts for the lotts could not be collected and it became evident that the several objects considered as necessary previous to the removal of Government could not be accomplished with the means at the disposal of the Commissioners and so on December 23, 1799, a $50,000 loan of the stock of the United States at six per cent interest per annum was obtained from the state of Maryland on condition that the Commissioners would give such real and personal security as the Governor and Council should approve for the payment of the principal sum by the 1st of November, 1802, and the punctual payment of the interest quarterly."

WHILE the "place" was still under construction and with financial difficulties snapping at its back door, there was even talk of diverting its use. Alexander White, a Commissioner, made a trip to Philadelphia to tell Congress—"I am still more concerned to find the prospects here so gloomy. Some wish this house (the Capitol) to be permanent one, some wish a temporary building for the Presidents. Those who wish to finish the President's House talk of making a Judiciary of it and allege that the Seat of Justice would be as advantageous to the adjacent proprietors as the residence of the President. Others propose making the President's House the residence of Congress and too many on both sides are of the opinion that only one of these houses should for the present be finished and that any money granted should be appropriated by the act to finish the one which might be preferred."

As the time neared for the removal of the seat of the Federal Government to Washington, Congress still argued about the President's House. Some contended it should house the President's offices, and the offices of the Treasury, the War, the Navy and perhaps the Judiciary.

With the lease on his house ex-

(*See* CORNERSTONE, *page 36*)

G. Harrison, and whose report brought about the removal of General Patton, has since been proved fallacious and, it is charged, had at least become ammunition in the Reds' campaign of smear to scalp General Patton and MacArthur, two of our strongest Army men.

Among the latest victims of Congressional ire is George Shaw Wheeler, found ineligible for Government service by the Civil Service Commission because of his Red front affiliations, but who it now develops is with the FEA Allied Control Commission occupying a top post in American-occupied territory in Europe.

Others in the OSS who have been the target of Congress include David Zablodowsky, contributor to the Communist organ, Daily Worker, who was on the editorial staff of "Fight," organ of the "American League for Peace and Democracy," which picketed the White House against war during the Stalin-Hitler pact. He has held down the job as Senior Economic Director of the OSS. Another is Paul Baron, who headed the OSS Polish desk at the time of the Soviet partitioning of Poland. Baron, Russian-born, was later shifted to the anti-sabotage division of the United States OSS.

It develops that Edward Newhouse, former Communist propagandist in the United States, played an important role at the Yalta conference as a State Department representative, and that Leo Pasvolsky, Russian-born, is the key man in connection with our part in the United Nations Organization setup, while Maj. Nicholas Eric Mitchell is in fact Nicholas M. Podtiaguine, Russian-born, who enlisted in our armed forces in 1935, was given access to data denied to four-star generals of American birth, was in charge of G.H.Q. headquarters and finally turned up as a White House aide to President Truman. He changed his name to Mitchell in Charlottesville, Va., June 11, 1943, by court order No. 0-453121.

Comedians in OWI

Congress in the meantime has twice criticized the War Department for what is coming out of its information and education branch, and charges that American taxpayers are being hooked for expenditures through this department to "orientate" our own boys "in communism and the Soviet system of government" and its ideals, millions of dollars having been expended in this manner. Congressmen charge that their own statements have been doctored by this department before reaching American soldiers.

Another New Deal agency which has had a miraculous resurrection from the dead is the "Office of War Information." It, too, was abolished by the President and has now been reborn as the "Interim International Information Service." On its payroll are reported to remain George Voskovec and Jan Werich, comedians who gained fame among the left-wingers in Czechoslovakia for satirizing the capitalist system. Radicals of all hues have composed its ranks.

C.I.O. Detroit Defeat Shatters Hopes of Radicals

Citizens of Detroit, Mich., repudiated the Communist Party and its henchmen by turning out in record numbers on November 6 to defeat Richard Frankensteen, C.I.O. labor leader, for mayor. The voters licked Frankensteen by a majority of nearly 60,000 ballots in electing Mayor Edward Jeffries for a fourth term.

Recognized on the state law books as a "non-partisan election," the contest was everything but that. Frankensteen had the support of the Democratic National Committeeman from Michigan, a former Democratic governor, the Communist Party, the P.A.C., the C.I.O., and the Socialists.

The Communists sent William Z. Foster, new American dictator of Communists, into the auto city and the C.I.O. supplied Frankensteen with a corps of crack high-pressure boys and propagandists. It was without question one of the dirtiest campaigns the city has ever experienced, with the Frankensteen Reds injecting every racial and class prejudice possible and using the C.I.O. and the Reds as the vehicle for transporting their distortions.

Using the largest high-school auditorium in the city, Frankensteen's followers staged a mass meeting at which Congressman Clayton Powell, Negro Communist-fronter, is reported to have worked the crowd into a frenzy with his racial tirades. His wife, better known as Hazel Scott, who was denied use of the D. A. R. hall in Washington and who in turn canceled a scheduled performance for the National Press Club in Washington because it denied membership to Negro newspapermen, is reported to have also attended the rally for Frankensteen.

The Foster meeting was held in a large hotel and was well attended by Reds. The new Fuehrer of American Communists rehearsed the objectives of the revived Communist Party which was buried by Browder's "collaboration" scheme, and damned General MacArthur as a "Fascist." Detroiters were already wise to the ambition of the Moscow Reds to oust the popular general from Tokyo because of his American style military rule.

Frankensteen has long been "news" for the Communist "Daily Worker." He received a great "play" back in 1938 when he overthrew Homer Martin, original president of the U.A.W.-C.I.O., in favor of the radicals. The Daily Worker ran large pictures of him and devoted much space to his flip-flops. The Red sheet gave him another build-up when he was made chairman of the Detroit "Labor's Non-Partisan League" in the same year. Frankensteen then became a headline speaker at Communist-sponsored meetings, including the Cleveland May-day celebration in 1938. On August 9, 1945, he was endorsed for Mayor of Detroit by the Daily Worker, and the same Red organ praised his statement urging that the United States provide Russia with the secret of the atomic bomb. Club in Washington because it lished in a Detroit suburb, waged a courageous campaign against the Reds in the campaign, and exposed their activities as well as their alliance with Frankensteen. In one series of articles the editor said "Frankensteen, of course, denies he is a Communist and it is not the contention of this publication that he is a card-carrying member of the Stalinist party. But it is evident, by checking his record, that he follows a course of action that permits

"Book of the Day" Coming

What promises to be the "book of the day," one that will rock the nation, is now rolling from the presses of the Bruce Publishing Company in Milwaukee. The new book, written and put to press without the Barnum & Bailey fanfare which precedes most books in the sensational field, is entitled "The Challenge of World Communism," and is the work of former Congressman Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, who headed the first Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities back in 1930. Some heretofore undisclosed facts regarding Comunists and their agents in trades and professions, politics and on the international field, will be unfolded in the book, making its appearance early in January.

him to be trotted forth in the Communist press as one of their favorite news sources," and that "he follows the Communist policy on change of policy with great regularity."

Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul, president of the University of California, which seems to be turning out many "educated" Commies, heads the West Coast drive for "books for Russia." More money is spent in Russia for printing books and publications than in the United States. So "books for Russia" can be nothing less than another scheme to pull more intellectuals to the cause of Russia. Russia wouldn't, for instance, permit its people to read "A Report on Russia" or "The Red Decade" and many other popular sellers. So why the "books for Russia?"

(All photos in this article by Acme unless otherwise credited.)

CORNERSTONE

(Continued from page 14)

piring in June, 1800, associates of President Adams reminded those in charge in Washington of the fact and said the President wished to move his furniture and come to the city at that time. To this the Commissioners replied—"We do not believe it will be possible to prepare the building for the reception of the President until October or November next. The plaster and paint must have time to dry. We can, however, at any time, lodge very safely, his furniture and no attention on our part shall be wanting to hurry on the work as fast as possibly consistent with the faithful and substantial execution."

They also said—"The glass and hardware necessary for the President's House were written for to London early last fall and are expected early in the spring. We expect the carpenters will close their business at the Capitol in one month from this day and we then intend removing the whole of them to the President's House for his accommodation."

President Adams came to Washington on schedule but did not get to move into the President's house immediately. Instead he lived in a tavern on Capitol Hill and stored his furniture.

Abigail Adams was certainly not as happy as the proverbial bride carried across the threshhold of her new home, when she moved into the President's palace. She wrote friends of her many inconveniences and of hanging clothes to dry in what has since been known as the "East Room." She said, "We do not have the least fence, yard or other convenience without."

As a matter of fact the President's backyard was cluttered up with workmen's bunks, brick kilns and other construction property. The Commissioners had tried to remove the bunks before Mrs. Adams arrived but the workmen bluntly sent the following message back by messenger:

"Gentlemen Commissioners: You cannot be ignorant of the utter Impossibility of Procuring houses for the Married or Lodgings for the Unmarried Carpenters employed at the President's House, Should your intention of removing the Buildings they at present Occupy be carried into effect. At this advance season such Men as are able to build must use every Exertion to prepare for the day they are to remove. Consequently the men will be all employed either for themselves or their friends and the President's House remain unfinished."

COMPULSORY

(Continued from page 23)

depressed business men with jail unless they jack up their wage scales is on a par with Hitler's wartime decree that chickens must lay more eggs and cows must give more milk or suffer execution! Any survey of our economic situation will reveal that, in almost every instance, the hourly wage scale is well above 65 cents in all businesses where profits are high. In businesses with a low wage scale, the most superficial survey will disclose that profits are low or virtually non-existent.

The whole history of America has been the glorious record of business, labor, and agriculture working together for a constantly rising standard of living for all our people. This has been accomplished by the progressive increase of the productive power of business, agriculture, and the individual worker. Most businesses, large and small, most workers in America, have increased their productivity to the point where the hourly wage level is 65 cents an hour or higher. This progress was made not by legislation but by economic evolution.

But, as in every general advance, there have been some who have lagged behind. Some workers, often through no fault of their own, have lacked the health, the education, the efficiency, the skill to attain to the average level of productivity. These individuals, often in spite of severe physical handicaps or disabilities of age, are willing to work and be content with the fruits of their earnings, even though they fall below the 65-cent-an-hour "decent standard of living" arbitrarily set by social and economic regimenters. The government, it is now proposed, will say to them: if you cannot keep up with the faster, more efficient, more productive worker, you may not work at all. You may sacrifice your self-respect and become a government ward; or you may starve.

As some workers are more efficient than others, so are some business men. Small businesses often lack the capital to provide the modern machinery which helps to speed up the worker's productivity. For one reason or another, there are always some businesses which lag behind in the general march of American industry toward higher wages and higher profits.

The social and economic regimenters now say to these less successful business men, "You have no right to exist. We propose to wipe out all businesses which cannot pay the high standard of wages which we prescribe."

Under the mask of highflown utopian purpose, the totalitarian-minded social and economic reformers propose to condemn to permanent unemployment millions of self-respecting citizens, whose only fault is that they are subnormal in ability, efficiency, education, or physical robustness. At the same time, the regimenters champion a program for the planned execution and extinction of less prosperous businesses, which are said to have "no right to exist" because the men who operate them—as employers and employees—may lack ability or capital to make them as productive as the bureaucrats decree that they ought to be.

Congress should defeat the bill which is advertised to "raise the prevailing minimum wage," but which more accurately should be labeled: an act to make unemployment compulsory upon millions of American citizens, who shall be denied the right to work at wages acceptable to them and in accordance with their productive ability; an act to declare millions of Americans legally unemployable, to rob them of their self-respect, and to make them helpless objects of "relief" and regimentation at the hands of the Federal bureaucracy.

THE GREEN ROOM. (See color photos and story of famous White House rooms on pages 12 and 13.) (Tribune color studio photo)

him to be trotted forth in the Communist press as one of their favorite news sources," and that "he follows the Communist policy on change of policy with great regularity."

Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul, president of the University of California, which seems to be turning out many "educated" Commies, heads the West Coast drive for "books for Russia." More money is spent in Russia for printing books and publications than in the United States. So "books for Russia" can be nothing less than another scheme to pull more intellectuals to the cause of Russia. Russia wouldn't, for instance, permit its people to read "A Report on Russia" or "The Red Decade" and many other popular sellers. So why the "books for Russia?"

(All photos in this article by Acme unless otherwise credited.)

CORNERSTONE

(Continued from page 14)

piring in June, 1800, associates of President Adams reminded those in charge in Washington of the fact and said the President wished to move his furniture and come to the city at that time. To this the Commissioners replied—"We do not believe it will be possible to prepare the building for the reception of the President until October or November next. The plaster and paint must have time to dry. We can, however, at any time, lodge very safely, his furniture and no attention on our part shall be wanting to hurry on the work as fast as possibly consistent with the faithful and substantial execution."

They also said—"The glass and hardware necessary for the President's House were written for to London early last fall and are expected early in the spring. We expect the carpenters will close their business at the Capitol in one month from this day and we then intend removing the whole of them to the President's House for his accommodation."

President Adams came to Washington on schedule but did not get to move into the President's house immediately. Instead he lived in a tavern on Capitol Hill and stored his furniture.

Abigail Adams was certainly not as happy as the proverbial bride carried across the threshhold of her new home, when she moved into the President's palace. She wrote friends of her many inconveniences and of hanging clothes to dry in what has since been known as the "East Room." She said, "We do not have the least fence, yard or other convenience without."

As a matter of fact the President's backyard was cluttered up with workmen's bunks, brick kilns and other construction property. The Commissioners had tried to remove the bunks before Mrs. Adams arrived but the workmen bluntly sent the following message back by messenger:

"Gentlemen Commissioners: You cannot be ignorant of the utter Impossibility of Procuring houses for the Married or Lodgings for the Unmarried Carpenters employed at the President's House, Should your intention of removing the Buildings they at present Occupy be carried into effect. At this advance season such Men as are able to build must use every Exertion to prepare for the day they are to remove. Consequently the men will be all employed either for themselves or their friends and the President's House remain unfinished."

COMPULSORY

(Continued from page 23)

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Chicago Sunday Tribune

GRAFIC

MARCH 31, 1946

THE GREEN ROOM. (See color photos and story of famous White House rooms on pages 12 and 13.) (Tribune color studio photo)

Generally considered the most beautiful room in the White House, the oval Blue Room is the scene of such state affairs as the President's annual congressional, diplomatic, and judicial receptions. Most of the White House weddings have taken place in this marble manteled room.

The East room is the great hall or ballroom of the executive mansion. Here have been held many great state affairs, including President Monroe's reception for Lafayette. Two famous pictures hang on the walls of the East room—full length portraits of George and Martha Washington.

FAMOUS

WHITE HOUSE

ROOMS

By ROBERT YOUNG

Washington

THOUSANDS of visitors have filed thru the historic main floor rooms of the White House since it was reopened to the public after the war. Now, thru the color camera of the Chicago Tribune, thousands of other Americans will see these famed rooms in all their rich charm and dignity.

Recently, for the first time since before the war, the White House was opened to photographers. On that occasion, the Tribune made the first color photographs of the mansion's interior.

Built in 1792, the White House is the oldest public structure in the nation's capital, and in simple beauty and purity of line surpasses all of the world's great residences of state. It has been said that the White House might lack the costly elegance and lavish display of European government palaces, but that, like no other public building, its old walls and rooms echo the history of the American republic.

• • •

The East room is the great hall of the White House and the scene of major state affairs. Sometimes referred to as the ballroom, it is spaciously proportioned—87½ feet long and 45 feet wide.

The color scheme of the East room is white and gold. Three huge crystal chandeliers made up of thousands of glittering pendants hang from an elaborately decorated plaster ceiling. The walls are paneled wood decorated with bas-relief panels showing scenes from Aesop's fables.

Two noted pictures hang on the walls of the East room. They are full-length portraits of George and Martha Washington. The painting of the first president, attributed to Gilbert Stuart, is the one taken away for safe-keeping by Dolly Madison when the British burned the White House in 1812.

The east and west walls of the East room are broken by four mantels of French and Bel-

(Continued on Page 20)

TRIBUNE COLOR STUDIO PHOTOS

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(Continued on Page 20)

TRIBUNE COLOR STUDIO PHOTOS

West of the Blue room is the Red room, which is identical in size and shape to the Green room. It now is used as a reception room for the smaller and more informal of presidential dinners. It once was called the Washington room because of the famous portrait that hung on its walls.

Next to the East room, the state dining room is the largest in the White House. It occupies almost the entire southern end of the main floor, and its huge, horseshoe shaped table seats as many as 107 guests. Presidents Hoover and Coolidge customarily dined there.

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READ

Sally Joy Brown's

COLUMN

in the Chicago Tribune

WHITE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 13)

gian colored marble topped by tall gilded mirrors. On the mantels are Sevres busts of Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, and Benjamin Franklin, the gift of the French government. Bronze light standards are in the corners of the room. Draperies and the upholstery of period chairs and sofas are gold brocade. A magnificent, carved, concert grand piano, decorated in gold leaf, is a striking feature of the room. Floors are inlaid wood.

The East room is rich in history. In the early days of the republic, many presidents used it to receive the New Year day visitors. President Monroe received LaFayette there in 1824, and the room was the setting for his daughter's wedding reception.

Several notable weddings took place in the East room, including that of Nellie Grant in 1874, of Alice Roosevelt to Nicholas Longworth in 1906, and of Jessie Woodrow Wilson to Francis B. Sayre in 1913. Funeral services were held in the huge room for Presidents William Henry Harrison and Zachary Taylor. The bodies of Lincoln, McKinley and Harding lay in state there before being carried to the Capitol.

• • •

The central corridor from the East room leads to the Green room, which is used for informal White House receptions. In Monroe's day, it was a card room. About 30 feet long and 23 feet wide, the Green room has one window which, with a glass door, opens onto the porch of the mansion's south portico facing the Potomac river. Doors of inlaid mahogany lead to the East room and Blue room.

The Green room has been redecorated many times, the last during the Coolidge administration. As the name of the room denotes, the walls and the upholstery of the Early American furniture are green, and a large Aubusson rug of the same color, bearing the coat of arms of the United States, covers the floor. Lighting is provided by a large crystal chandelier. The white marble mantel was brought from England when the White House was built. The mantel clock is said to have been brought from France by Benjamin Franklin. On the walls are portraits of Polk, VanBuren, Jefferson, and John Quincy Adams.

Directly adjoining the Green room is the room generally considered the most beautiful in the White House—the oval Blue room. Decorated in the style of the first French empire, this room was once known as the Elliptical salon because of its shape—an ellipse formed by continuing the curve of the southern wall.

The Blue room walls are covered with a heavy corded blue silk and decorated with white enameled wainscoating. Window drapes are of the same material, embroidered in gold and topped by gilded American eagles. A crystal chandelier hangs from the ceiling. The furniture is upholstered in blue and gold.

The white marble mantel in the Blue room, decorated with sheaves of marble arrows tipped and feathered in bronze, dates from 1792. The mantel clock, decorated with a seated figure of Minerva, is said to have been given to George Washington by LaFayette.

The Blue room has its historical associations. The daughters of Presidents Monroe and Tyler were married there, and it was the scene of the weddings of the son of President John Quincy Adams, of President Cleveland and Frances Folsom, and of Eleanor Wilson and W. G. McAdoo. In the Blue room were held glittering receptions for the Infanta Eulalia, daughter of the Queen Regent of Spain, in 1893, and for Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the German Kaisar, in 1902.

The Blue room usually is used by presidents for state receptions, such as the annual diplomatic, congressional, judicial, and military affairs. Ambassadors paying their first formal visits are received in this room. The late President Roosevelt used the Blue Room for his office while the executive offices were being renovated in 1934.

• • •

The west door of the Blue room opens into the Red room, formerly known as the Washington room because the famous painting of the first president once hung there. This room is identical to the Green room in shape and size. The wall covering and draperies of the Red room are red damask and the furniture is upholstered in the same material. The wainscoting is enameled white. A red Aubusson rug covers the floor. The mantel is similar to that in the Green room. The chandelier is bronze in contrast to the crystal of the other rooms. The two west doors lead to the state dining room and the southern door opens onto the porch.

In other years presidents used the Red room to receive guests before state dinners, such as those in honor of the vice pre-

(Continued on Page 21)

RADIO GAG BAG

CULLED BY LARRY WOLTERS

SEN. E. Beauregard Claghorn, the most vocal and vibrant resident of Allen's Alley and the pride of Dixie, met the President of the United States for the first time recently at a reception given by the American Newspaper Women's association. (That is, Kenny Delmar, who plays the part, met Mr. Truman.)

What they talked about was not disclosed but some guess may be made on the basis of Sen. Claghorn's radio utterances. While Claghorn must have more constituents than any other public figure (20 million persons listen on Sunday

Kenny Delmar as Sen. Claghorn

nights) he is one man who barbors no presidential aspirations.

"I wouldn't want to do anything to take 'The Missouri Waltz' off the Hit Parade," Sen. Claghorn has stated.

• • •

Claghorn has been voluble, however, on public issues:

"The country is like a life saver. The hole is in the mint and the mint is in the hole."

"Why things are so bad now as a result of high taxes," he explained one night, "that while the government knows you can't take your money with you, they don't even want to let you keep it while you're here."

"The raising of taxes has gotten to the point where it's just like lowering skirts," he asserted, "you lose interest."

• • •

Another Claghorn view: "There's only one way for every American to get $100. Just send all of our 140 million people to Europe. Then all they got to do is sit there till the Marshall plan goes thru."

• • •

On the first day of 1948 Claghorn unveiled his feelings regarding the elections: "I was invited to three New Year's parties but I only went to two of them. You won't catch me messin' around with no third party."

Questioned further on the Wallace party, Claghorn observed: "Henry is like a fat commuter with the train pullin' out of the station. He is runnin' but he ain't gonna make it."

• • •

Being a Southerner (and hence presumably a Democrat) Sen. Claghorn has contributed a campaign song which he recently sang in a too throaty baritone. The lyrics run:

"Let me keep my home—near the Capitol dome;
It is there my affections I'll fasten
In this year '48—Oh, how I would hate
To move out for Dewey or Stassen.
CHORUS:
"Home, home near the dome
With Bess and Margaret and me
Where seldom is heard a discouragin' word
Except from the G. O. P.!"

However, the Senator is not too cheerful about the 1948 campaign prospects.

"Unless Mr. Petrillo changes his mind," he sagely remarked. "No politician will ha able to look at the record!"

• • •

From Meet the Meeks:

Louie: Can't you see I'm readin'? You want to break my train of thought?

Mr. Meek: O, excuse me. Could you disconnect your engine and give me just the caboose of your paper?

• • •

"Dad is so rich," reported Hubert Updyke on the Jim Backus show, "he winters in Florida, summers in Canada and springs at blondes."

• • •

A teacher explaining memory by association said: "If you want to remember the name of the poet Robert Burns, fix in your mind's eye a policeman in flames—Bobby Burns, see?"

"But," cut in a bright student, "I might think of Robert Browning."—Holland Engle on W-G-N.

• • •

Joan Davis: Lionel, I'm ashamed of you. I thought you swore off gambling.

Lionel: I did.

Joan: Well, what happened?

Lionel: I swore back on again.

Joan: Why?

Lionel: I chose the lesser of two evils. I figured gambling was better than swearing.

• • •

"Hives in a way, are like poison ivy," observed Sam Cowling of the Breakfast club. "In both cases you start from scratch."

"THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH—THANK YOU, HAWKINS."

WHITE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 20)

dent, supreme court justices, cabinet, diplomatic corps and speaker of the house of representatives. It is now used as a reception room for smaller, more informal dinners. President Hayes took the oath of office in the Red room late Saturday night, March 3, 1877, because March 4 fell on a Sunday.

The walls of the Red room are hung with portraits of Theodore Roosevelt and Grover Cleveland.

• • •

The state dining room seats as many as 107 guests around its huge horseshoe shaped table. State dinners are held in this room, altho Presidents Coolidge and Hoover customarily dined there.

With the exception of the East room, the state dining hall is the largest room in the White House, occupying almost the entire southern end of the main floor, with windows looking out on the south and west. The walls are paneled in dark English oak, in the Georgian style, and decorated with carvings. The ceiling is elaborately decorated in plaster bas-relief. The western wall is broken by a large fireplace and chimney piece of cut stone. The chandelier is silver.

The velvet window drapes, rug, and upholstery are green. Flemish tapestries of the 17th century and mounted heads of moose and other American game animals once hung on the walls of the state dining room, but were removed during the Taft administration. The portrait of Abraham Lincoln by W. Cogswell was hung on the northern wall by President Hoover.

A door in the northwest corner of the state dining room concealed by a painted screen, leads into the butler's pantry. The pantry opens into the White House private dining room. Of the three doors in the east wall of the state dining room, one is the main entrance from the corridor and two lead into the Red room.

Most of the presidents have had their family meals in the small, square private dining room. The ceiling of this room is vaulted and the walls are of plaster painted off-white, with white enamel wainscoating. The room has two windows facing north. The east wall has a marble mantelpiece with a gold-framed mirror. A portrait of President Tyler hangs on the south wall. The room is furnished with mahogany chippendale and red rugs and velvet drapes. Some of the state silverware is displayed on the dining table and in cabinets.

The main floor rooms of the White House are open to the public during visiting hours. The president and his family have their private living quarters on the upper floors of the executive mansion. These rooms are reached from the east end of the central corridor by a wide stone stairway barred by a wrought iron gate and also by a small elevator.

The private upper floor has seven bedroom suites, a library and a study, all joined by a spacious hall running the length of the White House. President Jackson first used the southwest rooms as a presidential suite. The large Blue room directly above the southern end of the East room was once Lincoln's study. There he held many civil war cabinet meetings and signed the Emancipation Proclamation on Jan. 1, 1863.

• • •

From the time of President Johnson to the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, the Blue bedroom frequently was used as a personal office of the president. Adjoining is the Monroe drawing room, used for many years as a cabinet meeting place. Over the main floor Blue room is the oval room now known as the President's study.

The third, or attic, floor of the White House has 14 rooms, including several store rooms, servant's quarters, the sewing room and the housekeeper's private room.

The lower, or basement, floor contains the kitchens and four rooms used principally for display of antiques and relics of past administrations, including an extensive collection of White House china which adorned the dining tables of every president since Washington. One of these rooms, which is oval and was once known as the Diplomatic room, was used by the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt for his radio "fireside chats."

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JUNIOR: No jar that will slip or bottle to drip—That Prell tube is sure on the beam.

BABS: It's so economical, the father's astronomical—That's Prell, the new Radiant-Creme!

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January 18, 1964

This Week
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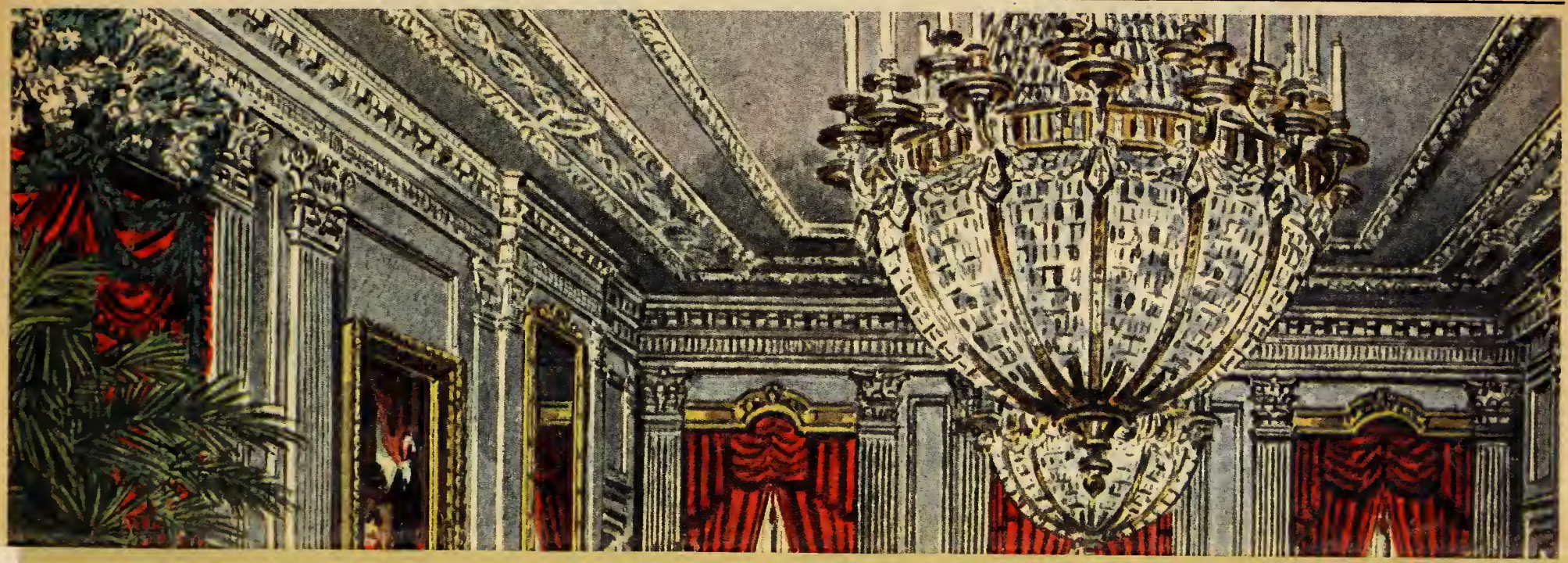
CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

SPECIAL ISSUE:

Six Great Moments In the White House



The Towers

THE
WALDORF-ASTORIA
NEW YORK 10022

December 2, 1964

Dr. Franz G. Lassner, Director
Hoover Presidential Library
West Branch, Iowa

Dear Franz:

Enclosed is an interesting letter from Mrs. Eloise S. Vaughan of Marion, Iowa, together with copy of my brother's reply.

You will note at the end of her letter she offers to give the Museum a "six drawer solid cherry cabinet in which President Lincoln kept his letters." Perhaps you would care to investigate this.

With good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Allan Hoover

Enclosure

Complete letter in archives files

LINCOLN LORE

Bulletin of the Lincoln National Life Foundation - - - - - - Dr. Louis A. Warren, Editor
Published each week by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Number 1079 FORT WAYNE, INDIANA December 12, 1949

THE LINCOLN'S EXECUTIVE MANSION LIBRARY

Books may be associated with the more permanent gifts which serve as presentations at the christmas season. Many of them will increase in both sentimental and intrinsic values as the years follow on. Abraham Lincoln is known to have received many presentation volumes during the Washington days and there is also evidence that there was some exchange of books within the Lincoln family circle.

Mary Todd Lincoln, wife of the President, was brought up in the atmosphere of books. In the home of her father at Lexington, Kentucky there was a fine library and a considerable number of the volumes which occupied the bookcases have been preserved. Here, Lincoln and his family enroute to Washington in 1847, visited for a period of three weeks, and tradition has it that Mr. Lincoln spent much time with his father-in-law's books. While the Lincoln home at Springfield may not have contained many volumes, there is evidence that the Edwards library in Springfield was open to the Lincolns.

Until the Fillmore's entered the Executive Mansion it is said to have been "entirely destitute of books." Inasmuch as Mrs. Fillmore had been a school teacher before her marriage "she was accustomed to be surrounded with books of reference, etc." She found it "difficult to content herself in a house devoid of such attractions." According to one of her friends she found a room on the second floor above the blue room that was not set aside for any specific purpose which she soon converted into a library. She was so successful in her enterprise that her husband was able to persuade Congress to put through a bill authorizing a small appropriation for the purchase of books for the President's House.

It is not likely that Mrs. Franklin Pierce, the successor of Mrs. Fillmore as first lady, did very mnch in building up the library, as Mrs. Pierce was extremely delicate and her health would not allow any special exertion. Harriet Lane, niece of President James Buchanan who followed Mrs. Pierce as White House hostess, was not especially a book woman as her biographers tell us, so we doubt whether the library in the Executive Mansion established by Mrs. Fillmore had received many additions until the arrival of Mrs. Lincoln.

Quite recently there has been discovered in Washington documents which allow us to learn the titles of some of the books which were added to the Library after Mrs. Lincoln took over the affairs of the Executive Mansion. Apparently an appropriation for the acquisition of books for the library at the President's House was available in 1861 and 1862 as we find Mrs. Lincoln making several purchases charged to the government.

We first observe Mrs. Lincoln buying books from Daniel Appleton & Co., New York, on September 6, 1861. The account was charged to the "Library of the Executive Mansion." Three of the books are marked "Delivered to Mrs. Lincoln" and a further endorsement states, "The books have been sent by Adams Express this day." The inventory which amounted to $264.00 is presented in detail:

Irving's Works 21 vols. calf	42.50
Jackson 3 vols.	7.00
Willis Mor.	4.60
Favourite Eng. Poems	6.75
World Noted Women	9.00
Republican Court	9.00
Robert's Holy Land 3 vols.	45.00
Jameson's Female Soverigns & Jameson's Characteristics	14.00
Warren's Works 5 vols.	12.00
Motley's Netherlands 2 v.	4.76
Schroder's Washington 2 v.	15.00
Dana's H. H. Poetry	4.50
Roger's Poems & Italy 2 v.	12.50
Forest Hymn	4.50
Heman's Poems	7.00
Bryant's Poems	5.00
Bibles (2)	6.60
Alice	1.25
Queens of England	6.75
Longfellow 8 vols.	14.00
Bunyan Mor.	7.00
Amer. Eloquence 2 vols.	6.00
Mansions of England 2 vols.	12.00
Bible. Velvet	5.00
Framley Parsonage	.76
Semi Attached Couple	.75

The next book shopping by Mrs. Lincoln of which we have a record was done in Washington, when on July 1, 1862 William F. Richstein's bookstore at 278 Penn Ave. was visited. This account also was charged to the "Library of the Executive Mansion." The purchases amounted to $75.15 and an endorsement states that "The President pays of the above bill $16.25." The items listed follow:

Hood's Poems 3 vols. ½ calf	1.50
Goldsmith's Poems calf	5.00
Homes of American Authors mor.	5.00
Strickland's England 7 vols.	21.00
Strickland's Scotland 8 v.	20.00
Mrs. Browning's Poems 4 vols.	9.00
Mrs. Sigourney's Poems cloth	1.25
Mrs. Osgood	.90
East Lynne	.60
Castle Wafer	.50
Earls Heirs	.50
Channing's	.60
Heir to Ashley	.50
Life Secret	.60
Pearls of Ord Island	1.25
Agnes of Sorento	1.26

Back in New York on August 7, 1862 for the largest single day's purchase recorded, Mrs. Lincoln visited the bookstore of T. J. Crowen, 599 Broadway, apparently twice on the same day as there are two separate inventories. The longer one follows:

Spencer's Poems	8.00
American Revolution	15.00
Sigourney's Poems	5.00
Hist. of New York	4.60
Indian Fables	2.26
Hist. of Revolution	5.00
Hist. of Washington	9.00
Hist. of England	6.00
Hist. of Voyages	2.25
Albums, 2	9.00
Portrait Gallery	16.00
Land Book	3.25
Field Book	10.00
Kane's Expedition	10.00
Travels	2.25
Hist. of Creation	2.60
Hist. of Birds	.63
Hist. of Beast	.75
Hist. of Art	.50
Text Book	.37
1 Box	.75

The shorter of the two lists of books purchased from Crowen on August 7 includes:

Set Waverly	16.00
Set Cooper	34.00
Set Shakespeare	12.00

These bills amounted to $175.00. A notation states that, the President pays of the above bills $108.00 leaving the government to pay $67.00. Both of the Crowen bills were receipted by Crowen on August 12.

Just how the amounts to be paid by Mr. Lincoln were established cannot be ascertained from the records available. We are also unable to learn the extent and contents of the library when the Lincoln's arrived and how many other books not accounted for were added during the residence of the Lincoln's. The acquisitions of Mr. Lincoln included 65 titles comprising 153 volumes with a cost amounting to $478.15. The important factor in the building of this library is the availability of these books to Abraham Lincoln from the time of their purchases to the day of his death.

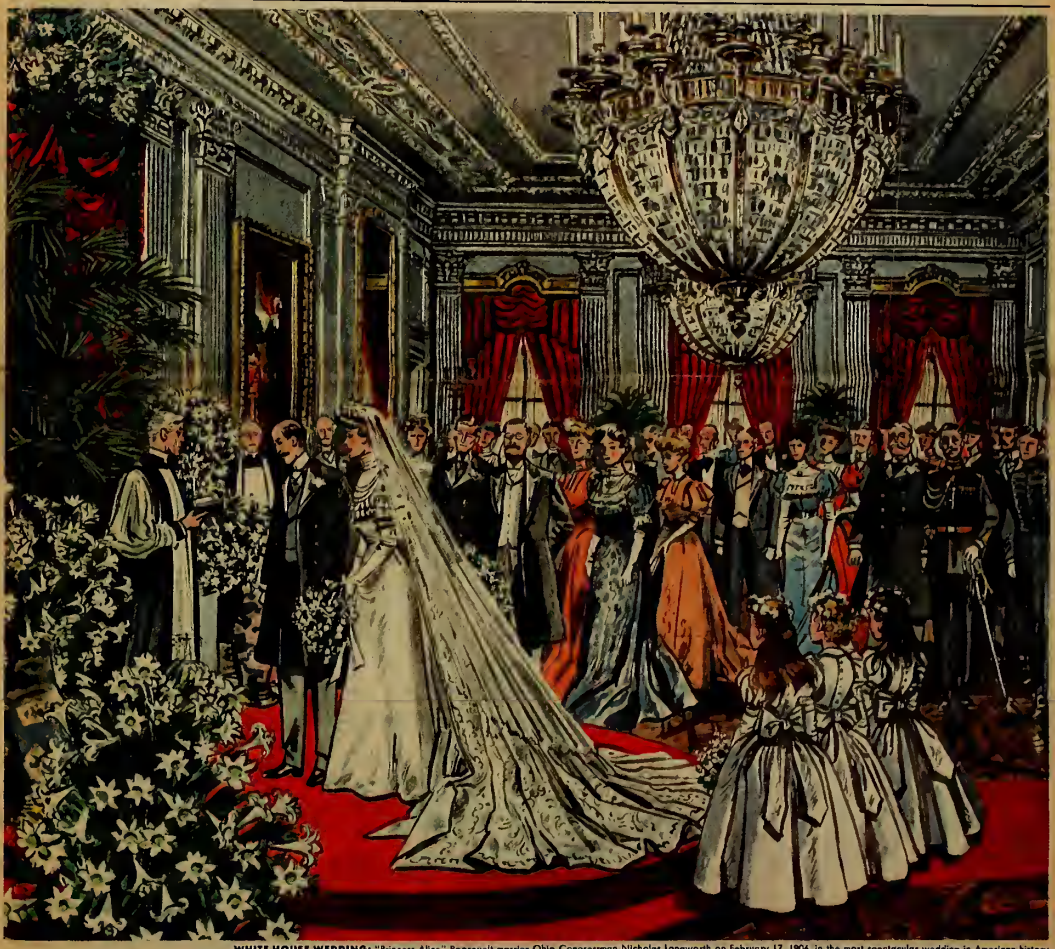
January 18, 1964

This Week
MAGAZINE

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

SPECIAL ISSUE:

Six Great Moments In the White House



WHITE HOUSE WEDDING: "Princess Alice" Roosevelt marries Ohio Congressman Nicholas Longworth on February 17, 1906, in the most spectacular wedding in American history.

John F. Kennedy called it "the President's House." It is that, and also a home of trust and sometimes tragedy. The history of the White House should be of deep interest to all Americans. —President Lyndon B. Johnson

Six Great Moments In the White House

"THE PRESIDENT has paid dear for his White House," Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote in 1841. Even then the graceful 18th-century mansion on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C., known originally as "the President's House" or "the President's Palace," had acquired the name by which all Americans know it today. With that name went a consciousness that life in the White House was unique. "Sir," said outgoing President James Buchanan to Abraham Lincoln, "if you are as happy on entering this house as I am in leaving it, then you are the happiest man in this country." Few jobs have ever made such demands on a man's health and peace of mind as the American Presidency. More than once, as a mourning nation has tragically rediscovered with the loss of John F. Kennedy, the sacrifice was life itself.

The White House is the most significant building in America. It is not only the center of Presidential power — it is the President's home. In the 164 years of its existence, the swift pace of democratic succession has filled it with an extraordinary range of drama and excitement. Tragedy and sorrow, comedy sometimes approaching farce, wedding marches and funeral dirges, the joyous shouts of children and the tears of bereaved women, all the emotions of life have echoed in its stately rooms and corridors. For events in the White House are both larger than life and intensely human. The actors are both living out deeply personal dramas and performing on a great stage, with a whole nation for a sometimes cheering, sometimes jeering, sometimes weeping audience.

Harris & Ewing

From the beginning, America has found in the White House not merely political leadership but spiritual and moral touchstones as well. As Thomas Jefferson left the mansion for the last time, the citizens of Washington presented a testimonial to him, which declared: "The world knows you as a philosopher and philanthropist, the American people know you as a patriot and statesman, and we know you, in addition to all this, as a man." The White House testifies to this democratic faith that a man can wield great power and yet remain human, loving and loved by his wife, his children, his friends.

Filled with history, standing serenely on its eighteen acres, reminding us that no matter how fierce our differences may become, the deepest loyalties of American life transcend political parties and current issues, the White House remains a symbol of trust and truth. — THE EDITORS

President's Prayer

I pray Heaven to Bestow The Best of Blessings on this House and All that shall hereafter Inhabit it. May none but Honest and Wise Men ever rule under This Roof.

• The day after John Adams moved into the new White House, in November, 1800, he wrote this prayer in a letter to his wife Abigail in Massachusetts. President Franklin D. Roosevelt had it inscribed on the mantelpiece of the State Dining Room.

The National Sunday Magazine . . . World's largest circulation . . . 14,553,575 — *January 19, 1964*

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This Week MAGAZINE

FLAMING FRUIT ROLL

Make This Festive Dessert in Minutes with the Sparkling Color and Flavor of Del Monte Fruit Cocktail

By THOMAS J. FLEMING / *Illustrated by Leslie Saalburg*

The Burning of the White House

1814

At about eight o'clock on August 24, 1814, a detachment of scarlet-coated soldiers marched grimly down a deserted Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. At their head were a British General, Robert Ross, and a British Admiral, Sir George Cockburn. Without bothering to knock, they burst into the dark, silent mansion and found, to their vast amusement, the table set for a sumptuous feast. "Several kinds of wine in handsome glass decanters were cooling on the sideboard," one British officer wrote. "In the kitchen, spits loaded with joints of various sorts, turned before the fire . . . all the other requisites for an elegant and substantial repast were exactly in a state which indicated that they had been lately and precipitately abandoned."

This was precisely what had happened. Only a few hours before, the First Lady of the United States, Dolley Madison, had been presiding over the preparations for one of her famous banquets — possibly in anticipation of a victory over the British. Gay, witty and sophisticated, Dolley was the first Mistress of the White House to entertain in the grand manner, but now she proved that she was much more than a giddy butterfly.

There was no victory to celebrate that day. The untrained militia and amateur generals with which her husband, President James Madison, had attempted to defend the capital had been disgracefully routed by the first British attack, and the President, cabinet officers, everyone of rank had been swept away in the human maelstrom, leaving the First Lady almost alone in the White House. Even the company of militiamen detailed by the President to guard the executive mansion had succumbed to the general panic and fled. But Dolley refused to budge.

Saving the White House silver

"I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe," she had written her sister. She spent much of the day in the upper floors of the house "turning my spy glass in every direction . . . hoping to discover the approach of my dear husband." Then in the early afternoon, two messengers covered with dust came pounding up to urge her to leave. Somehow, Dolley procured a wagon, and filled it with White House silver and other valuable articles. She filled trunks with government papers, sacrificing her own and President Madison's personal possessions. But she still refused to retreat, declaring that only a personal command from the President could persuade her to leave. This finally arrived in the person of Jim Smith, Madison's Negro servant, who came galloping up shouting, "Clear out! Clear out!" A retreat had been ordered.

The President's friend Charles Carroll also arrived, asked by Madison to escort Dolley to safety, Dolley reported blithely to her sister that Carroll was soon "in a very bad humor with me because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is secured and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall." When the frantic servants proved unable to get the picture off the wall, Dolley ordered the frame to be broken and the canvas taken out. She was determined not to leave the Father of his Country to the mercy of his old enemies. On the way out, she also paused to snatch up another precious relic, a framed facsimile copy of the Declaration of Independence.

Dolley finally retreats

Even now, she was reluctant to go. She told friends later that she would have gladly remained, if she had had some cannon pointing from the White House windows. "But alas, those who should have placed them there fled before me." At that, she only retreated three miles, going to spend the night at the home of a Mrs. Love, on the outskirts of the city.

The British, meanwhile, went to work on the White House. They were under orders to burn every public building in Washington, in retaliation for a similar conflagration wrought by raiding Americans on Toronto, earlier in the war. Under General Ross's personal direction, all the furniture in the house was piled in the drawing room and ignited. By eleven o'clock, the entire mansion was a huge, blazing pyre. Similar fires were set in the Capitol, the Treasury offices and other public buildings. All through the night, the mortified President and his courageous wife watched the great fires blaze against the saturnine sky. "I never saw a scene at once more terrible and more magnificent," the French ambassador said.

"The Nation is roused"

But burning the White House proved to be the worst mistake the British made in the war of 1812. Until this happened, the nation had been torn with dissension over "Mr. Madison's war." The day after the news reached New York, huge numbers of volunteers, including many women, rushed to complete the construction of Fort Greene, on Brooklyn Heights. In Baltimore a noted orator declared: "The Spirit of the Nation is roused." All over the country people began using a new war cry, borrowed from words spoken by Captain Lawrence when he fell on the deck of the *Chesapeake*: "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP." Confronted by a united, determined nation, Great Britain was more than willing to sign a treaty of peace six months later.

Although the White House was a burned-out shell, Dolley Madison took over Octagon House, a nearby mansion, and soon had things humming in Washington again, with her banquets and "Wednesday drawing rooms." A guest described her at one of these gala parties: "Mrs. Madison appeared in a toilet of rose colored satin and white velvet train, which swept the floor for several yards. She wore a gold girdle and gold necklace and bracelets. This costume was completed by a turban of white velvet, trimmed with white ostrich tips and a gold embroidered crown."

Even the new British minister was forced to admit: "She looked every inch a queen."

Jackson's Inauguration

1829

THE BURNING: *White House ablaze. The British army numbered only 1,500 men, the smallest force to capture the capital of a great nation in the history of modern warfare. Most American forces were deployed along the Canadian border. British General Ross later declared he would never have burned the mansion if Dolley Madison had remained in it.*

ANDREW JACKSON'S INAUGURAL on March 4, 1829, was the day the people took over the White House. It was the beginning of one era and the end of another. The aristocratic East, symbolized by the punctilious protocol of life at the rebuilt White House under James Monroe and John Quincy Adams, was surrendering power to the raw brawling democracy of the frontier. "Old Hickory," hero of New Orleans, was the prophet and leader of the change. Jackson had campaigned as the man of the people, and it was said that he would do a thorough housecleaning of government offices, where the Eastern "privileged few" seemed to monopolize far too many jobs.

This lured a veritable human tidal wave to Washington for the Inaugural. Some merely wished to exult in the glorification of their champion; many were eager job-seekers.

Jackson set the tone of the day when he bluntly declined the offer of a handsome coach with eight white horses sent from Philadelphia. Discarding the elaborate plan of parade, he announced he would walk to the swearing-in ceremonies. As the erect, gray-haired warrior from Tennessee strolled up Pennsylvania Avenue with a small party of friends, a tremendous cheer burst from the enormous crowd which lined the street and covered Capitol Hill. The oath taken, the President mounted a horse and rode slowly off down the Avenue to take possession of the White House. The vast crowd — estimated at 20,000 people — followed him in a boisterous mood.

A reception had been announced at the White House, and many of Washington's elite had hastened to accept, assuming that only the "eligible" were being invited. To the horror of the well-bred, the crowd poured through the mansion's gates and followed Old Hickory into the house, with not a single soldier or policeman in sight to stop them. Andrew Jackson had left the "eligible" to shift for themselves.

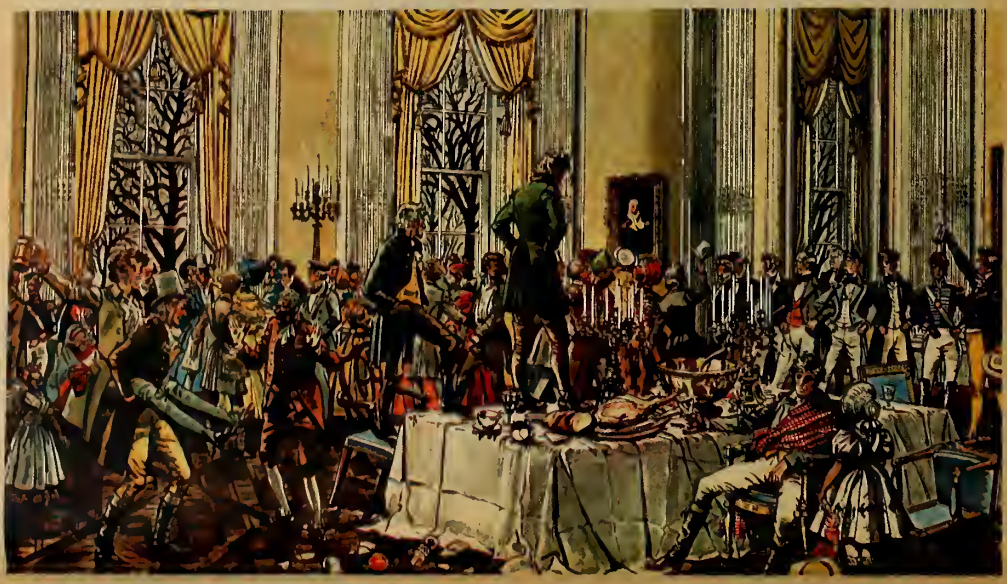
Unexpected guests

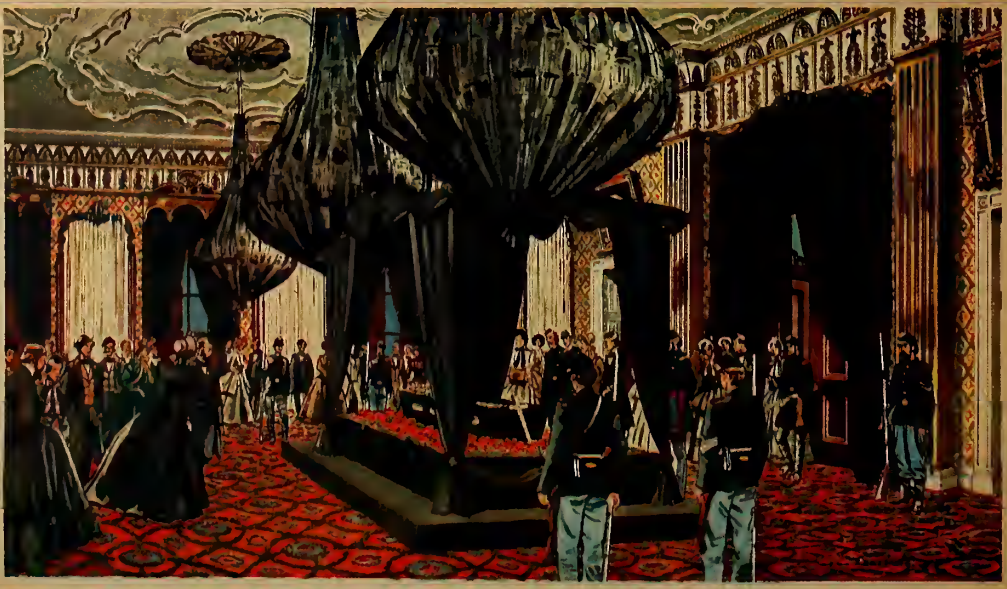
The scene inside and outside the house soon reached riot proportions. One spectator was reminded of the Paris mob marching on Versailles at the start of the French Revolution. Representative and Mrs. George Gilmer of Georgia got in the door only by clutching the coattails of Representative and Mrs. John Floyd, whose "two stout sons" clove a path for them.

Long tables spread with cakes and ice cream and orange punch had been placed in the East Room but no one on the appalled White House staff had been warned to prepare for 20,000 people. The guests were soon battling over the refreshments. Margaret Bayard Smith, wife of a prominent Washingtonian, reported that "ladies fainted, men were seen with bloody noses and such a scene of confusion took place as is impossible to describe." To get a glimpse of their hero, hearded frontiersmen planted muddy boots on the expensive furniture. The White House shivered with shouts and guffaws and the crash of glassware and crockery.

Several thousand dollars' worth of dishes were broken. Those people who got in found it impossible to get out again and had to climb out through the windows.

As for Jackson himself, he was almost torn apart by the stampede to shake hands with him. He slowly retreated until he was pressed against a wall,





(*Continued from page 5*) and seemed in danger of being suffocated. A number of his personal friends decided democracy had gone far enough and forming a circle around him fought their way out the back door of the White House and enabled Old Hickory to escape to his hotel. But the revelers continued to enjoy the Executive Mansion's hospitality for the rest of the day, and were induced to depart only when tubs of punch were set up on the lawn.

The battered White House staff was left with the job of hastily cleaning up the wreckage for an Inaugural Ball that night.

Contrary to fears aroused by his first day, Andrew Jackson became one of the White House's most assiduous improvers. He decorated the East Room with sumptuous chandeliers and fireplaces of fine black marble, covered the floor with 500 yards of Brussels carpet and built the lovely north portico facing Pennsylvania Avenue. He regraded the grounds, laid graveled walks, and planted magnificent magnolias which bloom to this day. He spent $45,000 on furniture, silver, china and cut glass, always with superb taste.

A widower, Old Hickory filled the house with nieces and nephews and their children, until there was not an empty room in the place. A typical home scene during his second administration was described by a writer of the time: "A blazing fire on the grate, four or five ladies sewing around it, five or six children playing about, regardless of documents or work baskets. At the farther end of the room, the President in his armchair, wearing a long loose coat and smoking a long reed pipe, with a bowl of red clay; combining the dignity of the patriarch, monarch and Indian chief."

OLD HICKORY'S INAUGURAL. *Andrew Jackson's Inaugural reception almost wrecked the White House. But Jackson continued to entertain the public throughout his two terms, and made many improvements to the mansion.*

Lincoln's Funeral

1865

ONE OF THE MOST TRAGIC DAYS in the White House's long history began in the chill dawn of April 15, 1865, when Mary Lincoln, hysterical with grief, was escorted home by Mrs. James Dixon, wife of the Senator from Connecticut. At 21 minutes and 55 seconds past 7 a.m., in a house across the street from Ford's Theater, Abraham Lincoln had drawn his last breath. The doctors had ordered Mrs. Lincoln to be put to bed immediately. But the weeping widow was almost uncontrollable. "She refused to go into any of the rooms she had previously occupied," Mrs. Dixon said. " 'Not there! Oh, not there!' she said — and so we took her to the one she had arranged for the President for a summer home to write in." As Mrs. Dixon left the mansion, she passed on the stairs the grim cortege bearing Lincoln's body, wrapped in the American flag, to the great State Bedroom.

As with the death of John F. Kennedy, Washington was numb with horror and disbelief. John Nicolay, Lincoln's secretary, wrote to his fiancée: "I cannot describe to you the air of gloom which seems to hang over the city. As I drove up here from the Navy Yard almost every house was draped and closed and men stood idle and listless in groups on the street corners. The Executive Mansion was dark and still almost as the grave itself."

Elsewhere, in a rougher, more outspoken era, there was more than a little violence. In New York, one George Wells remarked: "Old Abe, the — — — is dead, and he ought to have been killed long ago." Police Sergeant Walsh of the 6th Precinct knocked him out with one punch. A man named William Fanning had to be rescued by police after making opprobrious and insulting remarks about the late President. Swampscott, Mass., tarred and feathered another man for cheering the President's death. In Cleveland, architect J. J. Husband said Lincoln's death was "a damned small loss." An angry mob chased him to the roof of his building, threw him through the skylight into his office, and then kicked him downstairs. Barely escaping with his life, he left town that night, and the city ordered his name chipped off the courthouse, where it had been engraved as the architect.

Mansion in mourning

At the White House, Mrs. Lincoln remained unapproachable in her bedroom. The dead President's official family had to make the funeral arrangements. A special coffin, six feet six in length, one foot and a half across the shoulders, was ordered. The wood was mahogany, lined with lead, covered with black broadcloth, at the sides four massive silver handles. The stately East Room was chosen for the hall of mourning and its great chandeliers and mirrors were draped in black. A pillow of white silk was placed under Lincoln's head. He wore the same black suit in which he had delivered his First Inaugural address.

On Tuesday, April 18, the White House was open to the public. A tremendous mass of people thronged the lawn and the street outside the gates. But there was no disorder. In two sorrowing columns, they filed through the East Room, one line on each side of the coffin, to have their last look at Abraham Lincoln. Officials in charge estimated that twenty-five thousand people, many weeping unashamedly, gazed at the President's face, "mild and benignant, as becomes the father of a mourning nation, even in death."

The next day, 60 clergymen, the members of the Cabinet and the Supreme Court, Governors, Senators and Congressmen, foreign ministers, General Ulysses S. Grant and Admiral David C. Farragut — some 600 dignitaries in all — led by the new President, Andrew Johnson — crowded into the somber East Room for the funeral services. Mrs. Lincoln did not come — she was to remain incommunicado for five weeks — but 21-year-old Robert Lincoln was there, and the dead father's favorite, 12-year-old Tad, with a drawn, tear-swollen face. As Lincoln lay unconscious, dying, his wife had cried: "Send for Tad. He'll speak to Tad!"

After clergymen from major Protestant churches had offered prayers Dr. Phineas D. Gurley of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, where Lincoln had worshipped, gave the funeral address. Although Lincoln had never had a formal affiliation with any church, it was evident that he had won the affection of the nation's priests and ministers.

Bells and guns

It was a beautiful, sunny day. Across the city the bells of the Cathedrals mingled with the clangs of lesser steeples. In the forts encircling the city, guns boomed a farewell salute and were answered by several batteries in the city.

After the services the coffin was placed in a black hearse 14 feet long, seven feet wide, mounted eight feet from the ground, drawn by six gray horses. Around it regimental bands played a dead march, and cavalry, artillery, Navy and Marine detachments marched with muffled drums. Down the one-mile route to the Capitol the procession moved, with 40,000 mourners following it, and 60,000 more filling every roof, window, doorway and inch of sidewalk.

After lying in state for a day under the great white dome of the Capitol, Lincoln's body was put on a special train, and began the long 1,700-mile journey home to Springfield, Ill. An estimated 7,000,000 mourning Americans would see his coffin at stops in Baltimore, New York, Chicago and other cities along the way before it was brought to rest.

From all over the world, condolences poured into the White House. Queen Victoria, the nations of Japan and China, rebellious students in Paris, working-class leaders in Germany, intellectuals in Scandinavia, all expressed their sense of loss. A sorrowing nation discovered that this gaunt plainsman who had led America through the worst four years in its history had made the White House not merely a national but a global shrine.

LINCOLN: *Lincoln lies in state in the East Room. Casket was open. Body of youngest son, Willie, who had died in the White House, accompanied Lincoln to his grave in Springfield. Prostrate with grief, Mrs. Lincoln did not attend the funeral. She remained secluded in the White House for five weeks while vandals and curiosity seekers looted silver, dinnerware, even furniture.*

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Alice Roosevelt's Wedding

1906

See Front Cover

THERE HAD BEEN OTHER WEDDINGS in the White House. Eighteen-year-old Nellie Grant had married handsome Algernon Sartoris in 1874, and flirtatious Mary Eastin, Andrew Jackson's niece, had married L. J. Polk in 1832. President Grover Cleveland had made the lovely Frances Folsom his bride there in 1886. But no White House wedding ever equaled the splendor and excitement of Alice Roosevelt's marriage on February 17, 1906.

The Roosevelts had transformed the Executive Mansion. The five younger children, Theodore, Jr., Ethel, Kermit, Archibald and Quentin, filled the place with animals, stilt-walked through halls and had as many as 600 other youngsters to uproarious parties. The President himself indefatigably pursued the strenuous life with tennis, hikes and occasional jiu jitsu. But not even T.R. enjoyed the White House quite as much as Alice, his daughter by his first wife, who quickly became the favorite of the press and official Washington. One writer declared: "There was never an evening when there was not a party being given in her honor."

"Princess Alice" abroad

The country loved her for her biting wit and impromptu pranks. On a trip to the Far East with Secretary of War William Howard Taft, she anticipated later White House fun and jumped into the ship's swimming pool with her clothes on. In China, Japan and Korea, she was treated as visiting royalty and promptly became known at home as "Princess Alice." There was a report that a Moslem sultan had invited her to join his harem.

This was pure fiction, but the rumors of Alice's fondness for Ohio's bachelor Congressman Nicholas Longworth, a member of the touring party, were much better founded. Lloyd C. Griscom, Minister to Japan, recalled in his memoirs how Alice, in her inimitable fashion, asked him one day: "Do you see that old bald-headed man scratching his ear over there?"

"Do you mean Nick Longworth?" The Congressman was 36; Alice was 21.

"Yes. Can you imagine any young girl marrying a fellow like that?"

The astonished diplomat assured her that she could not find anyone nicer, but when asked if she were engaged, Alice would only answer: "More or less."

By the time Alice returned home rumors appeared regularly in all the papers. Finally "The Chicago Tribune" sent its Washington bureau an ultimatum: "Is Alice Roosevelt engaged or is she not?" The exasperated bureau chief fired back: "She went out driving with Nick Longworth this afternoon without a chaperon. If they are not engaged they ought to be." The "Tribune" announced the engagement in the morning, scooping the nation. The President and his wife announced it that afternoon.

Pearls from Cuba

Among Alice's wedding gifts were 63 matched pearls with a diamond clasp from the Republic of Cuba, a chest of rare silks, embroideries and ivory carvings from the Empress of China, a diamond and pearl pendant from the Emperor of Austria, a mosaic of a Vatican painting from the Pope.

The President's daughter was married in the East Room with a formal noon ceremony attended by 1,000 American and European dignitaries. Alice blue, which had been christened for the bride, was prominent among the aigrettes, cloak linings and gowns of the ladies present. The bride's veil was pinned firmly to a high pompadour and behind her swept six yards of silver-brocade train. Accompanied only by her father, she marched to marry the future Speaker of the House with a glow that belied her droll comments about his age.

Alice did not fail her adoring public in this supreme moment; she demanded the saber of one of the President's aides to cut the wedding cake.

From their wedding until the Speaker's death in 1931, Mr. and Mrs. Longworth were among the dominant figures of Washington's social life. Even after her husband's death, Alice's biting tongue and strong political (Republican) convictions made her so formidable not even the second round of Roosevelts dared to cross verbal swords with her. She remains today a shrewd and alert spectator of the Capital scene.

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with order blank in specially-marked packages that also contain 4 new recipes.

CINNAMON-TOPPED OATMEAL MUFFINS

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
¼ cup sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup Quaker Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)
½ cup raisins
3 tablespoons liquid shortening
1 egg, beaten
1 cup milk

Topping:
2 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon melted butter

Sift together flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Stir in oats and raisins. Add shortening, egg and milk. Stir only until dry ingredients are moistened.

Fill greased muffin cups ⅔ full. Sprinkle with cinnamon topping made by combining all ingredients. Bake in prebeated hot oven (425°F.) about 15 minutes. *Makes 12 medium-sized muffins.*

SURPRISE BURGERS

1½ lb. ground beef
1 egg, beaten
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup Quaker Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)
8 onion slices
Chili sauce

Combine ground beef, egg, seasonings and oats thoroughly; shape into 16 patties. Top 8 of the patties with an onion slice. Cover with remaining patties; pinch edges together to seal. Place on broiler rack. Broil 4 inches from source of heat for 7 minutes. Turn and broil 5 additional minutes for medium doneness.

Serve on toasted hamburger buns with chili sauce. *Makes 8 servings.*

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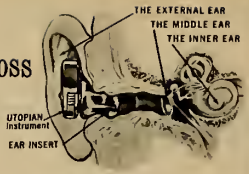

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Breakfast Vitamins

In next week's issue...

"The Divorced Ones," by author Thomas J. Fleming, tells what churches of *all faiths* are doing to help divorced people at a time when they need religion more than ever.

• • •

Fiction: The India-China truce sector in the Himalayas is the scene of Oscar Schisgall's timely adventure story, "Substitute Corpse."

• • •

Clementine Paddleford, THIS WEEK's Food Editor, gives you recipes for hot soups that will keep you warm on the frigid ski slopes.

• • •

Punchbowl editor Charlie Rice has finished one of his most pleasant assignments — an intimate study of beautiful models. He'll tell you all about it in . . .

This Week MAGAZINE

SIX GREAT MOMENTS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

FDR AND CHURCHILL: *With Winston Churchill's arrivnl on December 22, 1941, the White House became the nerve center of the Allied wnr effort against the Axis. Here we see, from left to right, Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles, Lord Beaverbrook, Secretary of State Cordell Hull, British Ambassador Lord Halifax, and Harry Hopkins flanking Churchill as he wheels FDR from the dining room to begin their first conference. They did not return to their wives until after midnight.*

Churchill's Visit

1941

MORE THAN A FEW HISTORIANS think the most important hours in the long history of the White House began two weeks after Pearl Harbor when a "Former Naval Person" named Winston Churchill arrived to plan the grand strategy of World War II with President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Not even Eleanor Roosevelt knew he was coming. In her autobiography, she tells how one day in mid-December her husband asked to see the list of people invited to the White House over Christmas. "He gave no explanation and no hint that anything unusual was going to happen."

As a result, when they finally learned that Churchill was coming, "everyone scurried around to get ready..." Churchill arrived at 6:30 in the evening, and the Roosevelts had tea ready in the West Hall. "But," Mrs. Roosevelt says, "they preferred more stimulating refreshments." The mood and pace of the next momentous weeks was forthwith set.

Churchill recalls in his great history of the war how the next days passed. "We lunched always together, with Harry Hopkins as a third. We talked of nothing but business, and reached a great measure of agreement on many points, both large and small. Dinner was a more social occasion, but equally intimate and friendly. The President punctiliously made the preliminary cocktails

himself, and I wheeled him in his chair from the drawing room to the lift as a mark of respect. . . "

The President and the Prime Minister meshed perfectly. "Meeting him," Churchill said on another occasion, "was like opening a hottle of champagne." Even their work patterns coincided. "As we hoth hy need or habit were forced to do much of our work in hed," Churchill says, "he visited me in my room whenever he felt inclined and encouraged me to do the same to him."

Perhaps the most moving day in Churchill's visit was Christmas. The traditional tree was set up in the White House garden, and the President and Prime Minister made hrief speeches from the balcony to enormous crowds gathered in the twilight. Churchill's talk summed up the war effort in a few unforgettahle words:

"Let the children have their night of fun and laughter. Let the gifts of Father Christmas delight their play. Let us grownups share to the full in their unstinted pleasures hefore we turn again to the stern task and the formidable years that lie before us, resolved that by our sacrifice and daring, these same children sball not be robbed of their inheritance or denied their right to live in a free and decent world."

A pact of free nations

One prohlem during these days of furious planning was Churchill's habit of taking a long nap in the afternoon, and working late into the night. Speaking as a worried wife, Mrs. Roosevelt recalled: "While he [Churchill] was sleeping, Franklin had to catch up on his regular work. . . . It always took him several days to catch up on sleep after Mr. Churchill left."

Out of this three weeks of conferences hetween the two leaders of the Free World came the creation of the combined Chiefs of Staff, the decision to launch a joint British-American invasion of North Africa, and perhaps most important, the coining of the term United Nations. Roosevelt substituted it for "Associated Powers" in the pact the two leaders wished all the free nations to sign, declaring war to the death against Hitlerism. Churchill eagerly agreed to the substitution, and quoted for Roosevelt the lines from Byron's "Childe Harold":

Here where the sword United Nations drew,
Our countrymen were warring on that day!
And this is much — and all — which will not
pass away.

The Russian amhassador, Litvinov, was most reluctant to agree to the term "religious freedom" in the document, and FDR called him to the White House and gave him a stern lecture about "the dangers of hell-fire," after which he capitulated. Churchill told Roosevelt that if he lost the next election, he would definitely have a joh waiting for him in England as Archbishop of Canterbury.

On the 14th of January, Churchill left the White House to fly to Bermuda, where the battlesbip *Duke of York* was waiting to take him home. Roosevelt was deeply concerned about his safety since reports showed no less than 20 U-boats lurking in the sea lanes for a crack at this prize target. Churchill scoffed at the danger, and then proceeded to do something even more dangerous. He flew home, and came close to heing shot dowu hy British fghters who mistook his plaue for an enemy homber.

Throughout the last years of Franklin Roosevelt's tenancy, the White House was more a fortress than a home. Soldiers manued machine guus on the roof. The windows were draped with blackout curtains, and a homb shelter was huilt in the cellar. But Franklin Roosevelt, commander-in-chief of a ghalal army in the most terrible war the world had ever seen, remained keenly aware of the heritage for which the White House stood. It was he who had inscribed on the mantelpiece of the State Dining Room the words from a letter written hy John Adams, reprinted on Page 2 of this issue.

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DeWitt's Pills

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So to lower fever fast and for painful cold miseries give new, chewable Fletcher's Aspirand-plus*. At drug counters everywhere.

*TRADEMARK

The Oldest Greets the Youngest

1961

TWO MOMENTS, one bright and shining, the other dark and monstrously tragic, frame John F. Kennedy's stay in the White House. Every American has still in his mind and heart the anguished details of the darkness. It is harder now — but certainly better — to remember the other, earlier day of light when Dwight Eisenhower, hatless and coatless, greeted John and Jacqueline Kennedy under the north portico on the cold but sunny morning of January 20, 1961. "Hello," Ike said warmly, and the oldest man ever to hold the Presidency sbook hands with the youngest nominee — and first Roman Catholic — ever elected to the great office. The last President born in the 19th century was surrendering power to the first born in the 20th century.

But there was not a hint of resentment or hostility in this historic shift of generations and attitudes. The two leaders had already had two personal conferences, the second only the day before, to make sure the transfer of responsibility would be orderly and harmonious. Among the many things Ike had shown the new President was how to evacuate the White House in an emergency. He lifted a phone, spoke a few words, and in

JFK AND IKE. *Chatting like old friends, John F. Kennedy and Dwight Eisenhower leave the White House on Inauguration Day in 1961. Senator John Sparkman follows. The late Senator Styles Bridges accompanies Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Eisenhower. The two Presidents discussed D-day events on their short ride to the Capitol.*

five minutes a helicopter was overhead. "Now," Eisenhower laughed, "I've shown you how to get out in a hurry." Wheu Kennedy thanked the outgoing President for all he had done, Eisenhower replied: "You are welcome — more than welcome. This is a question of the Government of the United States. It is not s partisan question."

Snow and sunshine

On the Iuaugural eve, one of the worst snowfalls in Washingtou's memory had snsrled traffic aud threatened, at one point, to throw the whole Inauguration ceremony into chaos. At the height of the storm, Ike had called the new President at his Georgetown home and invited Kennedy to come early to the White House ou the next morning to have a cup of coffee with him and Mrs. Eisenhower hefore the hig day hegan. Kennedy had quickly accepted.

After some thirty minutes of coffee and conversation, the Kennedys, Eisenhowers, Johnsons and Nixons, along with several Congressionsl leaders, strode out to the waiting cars. The storm had passed, and a hrilliant sunshine glistened on a Washingtou mantled in eight inches of snow. Three thousand men had worked all night to clear Pennsylvania Avenue and the other main streets for the triumphant ride to the Capitol.

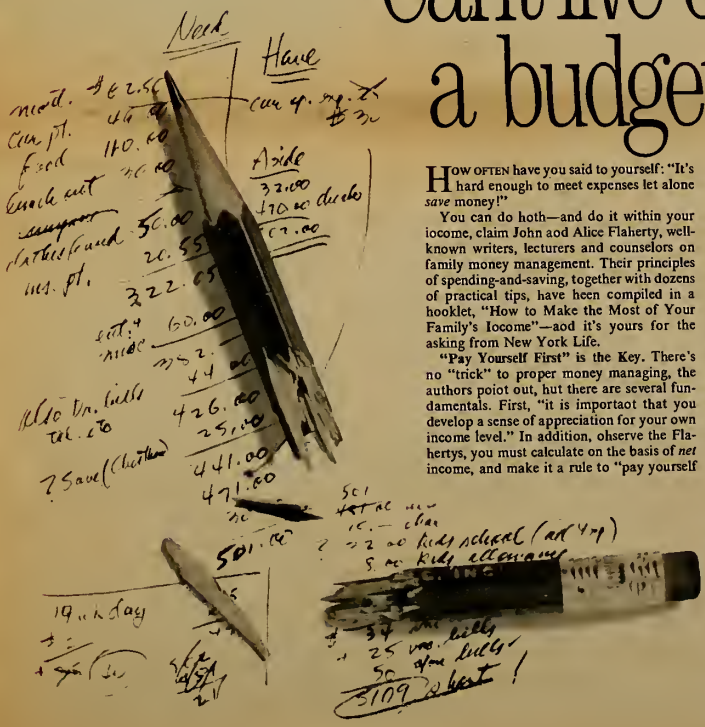
The ceremonies hegan late, hut John Kennedy was unruffled. According to the Constitutional lawyers, he was President from the stroke of noon; as long as he was not sworn in, however, the Speaker of the House was technically in charge of the nation. "Let's wait a few more minutes," he joked, "and let the Speaker he President a little longer." Then, setting aside his top hat and overcoat, he took the osth of office, and turned to the microphones to deliver his magnificent Inaugural address, in which he called on sll Americans — and all the world — to face the challenge of matching deeds to mankind's nohlest ideals and goals.

Parade for the President

Back now to the reviewing stand in front of the White House for a three-and-a-half hour Inaugural parade. The whole Kennedy clan appeared on the stand st one time or another, hut only the President, seeming, in the words of one reporter, "to he having the time of his life," stuck it out until the last of the 32,000 marchers aud their innumerable floats truudled past. When a replica of PT 109 went hy, hearing the surviving members of the crew, he threw up his hands and cheered.

From the reviewing stsnd, the President dashed to the White House for a quick change and then was

Can't live on a budget?



HOW OFTEN have you said to yourself: "It's hard enough to meet expenses let alone *save* money!"

You can do hoth—and do it within your iocome, claim John aod Alice Flaherty, well-known writers, lecturers and counselors on family money management. Their principles of spending-and-saving, together with dozens of practical tips, have heen compiled in a hooklet, "How to Make the Most of Your Family's Iocome"—aod it's yours for the asking from New York Life.

"Pay Yourself First" is the Key. There's no "trick" to proper money managing, the authors poiot out, hut there are several fundamentals. First, "it is importaot that you develop a sense of appreciation for your own income level." In addition, ohserve the Flahertys, you must calculate on the basis of *net* income, and make it a rule to "pay yourself first"; that is, include a specified amount of savings, no matter how small, amoog your regular expenses.

It Takes Planning, Not Depriving. To help you get started, the authors offer a guide, involving only simple arithmetic, that shows you how to "caleodarize" expenses systematically, regardless of your income range. However, the Flaherty plan is not a "tighten your helt" system, hut flexihle enough to include such items as entertainment, gifts, vacations, as well as oecessities.

It is oot the authors' intention to lead you into a rigid system of hudgeting. Instead, their hooklet helps you douhle-check where your money has been going and should enahle you to plan hetter for the future. Their experience and advice should prove most valuahle to your family.

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Farewell — November

HISTORY ISN'T A GUIDE TO THE PRESENT. In the Archives Building down Pennsylvania Avenue there's a stone plaque which says, "What is past is prologue." While it doesn't give us a key to the future I think it does give us a sense of confidence in the future. This country has passed through very difficult days, but it has passed through them, and it is rather interesting to realize that we are rather an old republic — probably the oldest republic in the world — and when we were founded there was a king in France, a czar in Russia, an emperor in Peking; all that's been wiped away *and yet this country continues.*

— PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

From the CBS News show, "A Tour Of The White House With Mrs. John F. Kennedy"

SIX GREAT MOMENTS — *Continued*

off to a small dinner party at the home of George Wheeler, a prep-school classmate. From there it was back to the White House to pick up Jacqueline Kennedy, radiant in a flowing silver-embroidered gown. Twenty-seven-thousand people were attending five Inaugural balls, and the smiling President and his party appeared at each of them; their entrance automatically brought all dancing and entertainment to a dead stop. "We still have one unfulfilled ambition," said the President finally. "We would like to see somebody dancing."

The First Lady, still not entirely recovered from the premature birth of John, Jr., went home to the White House at midnight. But the President, who had had only four hours' sleep the night before, kept on going without a trace of fatigue. At two in the morning he dismissed his special police guard, and with a small Secret Service escort and a few friends he drove to the home of columnist Joseph Alsop. There the partying and gay conversation continued until four o'clock.

Only then did he return across the darkened Capital to the graceful white mansion on Pennsylvania Avenue, where his beautiful young wife awaited him. Few men of forty-three had ever tasted so many of life's triumphs. The White House, serene and silent in the midst of its eighteen acres of lawns, symbolized John F. Kennedy's bold and breathless reach.

The power behind the prize

Yet even on this full day and night of celebration, he had no illusions about the other face of the awesome power behind the prize. He had already given orders to all members of his personal staff to report to the White House offices, ready to start work, at nine o'clock that Saturday morning.

And in a strangely prophetic remark only a few days later, he was to sum up his understanding of the tremendous task he had set himself: "No man entering upon this office could fail to be staggered upon learning . . . the harsh enormities of the trials through which we must pass in the next four years. . . . Each day we draw nearer the hour of maximum danger."

—THE END

ABOUT THE ARTIST: *Leslie Saalburg for years has been America's foremost illustrator of the elegance of the past — and of today. Besides this gallery of White House pictures for* THIS WEEK, *he has painted Thomas Jefferson's Monticello and many other stately buildings here and abroad. Born in London of American parents, he has been drawing "as long as I can remember." At 14, he earned his first money (84 a day) on Saturdays, doing fashion sketches at 10 cents apiece for Seventh Avenue dress houses. Since 1922, when "Vogue" sent him to Europe, he has maintained homes in Paris and New York. His latest book illustrations appear in the new Limited Editions volume, "The Ambassadors" by Henry James. Painting and researching the 163-year-old history-packed White House was the toughest job he ever tackled. Though it kept him at his drawing board day and night, he declares: "It was easy, because it was interesting."*

25, 1963

Paris Match

WHITE HOUSE FACTS

• Although George Washington laid the cornerstone on October 13, 1792, he is the only President who never lived in the White House.

• The architect was James Hoban, born in Kilkenny, Ireland, and his models included a number of distinguished European buildings, such as the Duke of Leinster's House in Dublin and the Condé Palace in Paris.

• The original cost was $400,000; at first only the central building was erected, without the porticos and wings. Hoban's first design called for three floors, but at Washington's suggestion he dropped one floor.

• The Mansion was first referred to in writing as the White House in 1811, but the name did not become official until 1902, when Theodore Roosevelt put it on all the official stationery.

• The original unfinished house that Abigail Adams moved into had only six habitable rooms. Additions have swelled it now to 132 full rooms and 20 baths.

• Presidents have always been quick to adopt modern improvements for the White House. Spring water was piped into the building in 1834, gas lighting came in 1848, a hot-water heating system followed in 1853. In 1882 the first elevator was installed, and the house was wired for electricity a decade later.

• Since its $5,761,000 restoration in 1952, it has five elevators, complete air-conditioning, a utility sub-basement which includes a laundry, barber shop and dentist's office, and there is an $868,000 bomb shelter. The house now contains some 30,000 items of furniture, glassware, china and linens. The real-estate value of the house and its 18 acres is estimated at $25 million.

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Victor Canning / William Chamberlain / Arthur C. Clarke / Mignon G. Eberhart
Syd Hoff / John D. MacDonald / Ellis Peters / Ken W. Purdy / Ellery Queen

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ARISTOTLE ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE

"THE master of them that know," this supreme mind of the fabulous Golden Age of Greece was called by the poet Dante. He was so far ahead of his era that his ideas are astonishingly timely today. Nature, politics, art, drama, logic, morals — he explored them all, with a mind open to truth and a heart eager for understanding.

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The Towers

THE
WALDORF-ASTORIA
NEW YORK 10022

December 2, 1964

Dr. Franz G. Lassner, Director
Hoover Presidential Library
West Branch, Iowa

Dear Franz:

Enclosed is an interesting letter from Mrs. Eloise S. Vaughan of Marion, Iowa, together with copy of my brother's reply.

You will note at the end of her letter she offers to give the Museum a "six drawer solid cherry cabinet in which President Lincoln kept his letters." Perhaps you would care to investigate this.

With good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Allan Hoover

Enclosure

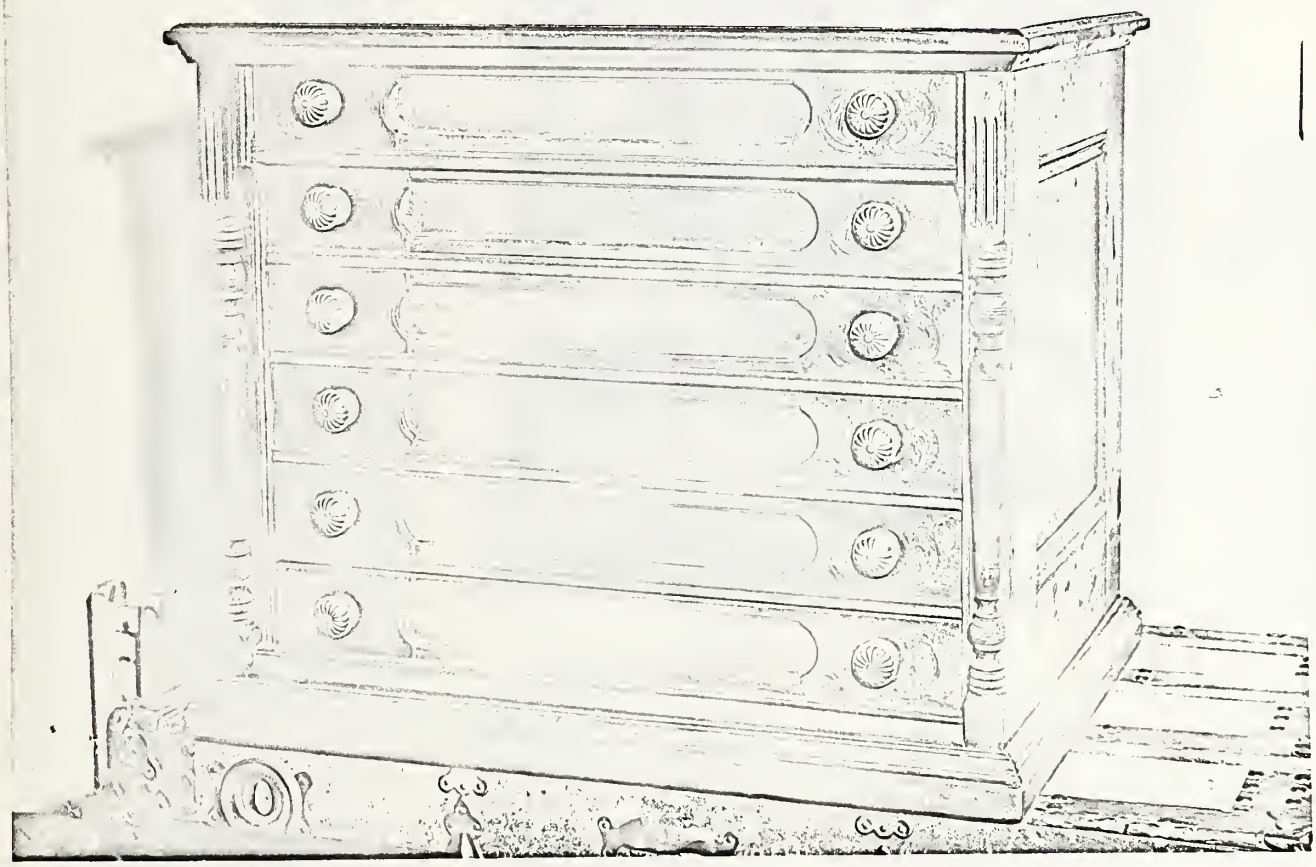
Complete letter in archives files

Excerpt from letter of Mrs. Eloise S. Vaughan, 1040 Valley View Drive, Marion, Iowa:

When Richard came in he was anxious to show and explain several new pieces of furniture which had recently been given to me by Grandpa Samson's cousin Enoch Samson before his recent death. They were very beautiful pieces which had been given to Pres. & Mrs. Abe Lincoln by various foreign embassies the first year they lived in the White House. Enoch's mother had grown up with Mrs. Lincoln, her sisters and cousins in Lexington Ky -- So of course Enoch was a Whig and one of the younger leaders of the party who had help nominate and then elect Abe to be President. On his trips to Washington DC. he used to tease Mrs. L. and say "My dear Mary when your purse gets empty call on me and I'll take some of this off your hands." As all histories about them records-Mrs. L. was $70,000. in debt for things she bought and charged and after Mr. Lincoln's death her creditors were threatening her for payment. So she forced Enoch to buy much of it so she could pay her debts--Then the headlines of eastern papers on Sunday after Enoch got back to Salem Villiage and his 3000 acre plantation, said "Mrs. Lincoln buys $25,000. new funeral garmets and jewelry."

X I would like to give you for the museum the six drawer solid cherry cabinet in which Pres Lincoln Kept his private letters.

Lincoln White House
Furniture (questionable)
R. H. M.



Your NBC News Guide to Election Year viewing

Pre-Convention

During the week preceding each of the conventions, party leaders will be hammering out their respective platforms, while tacticians for the leading candidates eagerly pursue uncommitted delegations. NBC News will present at least one television special each day from the scene of this hectic, and sometimes crucial, activity.

Then, on the Sundays just prior to the official openings of the conventions (August 4 and August 25), up-to-the-minute developments will be spotlighted on "The Frank McGee Report," "Meet the Press," NBC Radio's "Monitor" and in special "Convention Eve Previews" directly from delegates' hotels, candidates' headquarters and the convention halls.

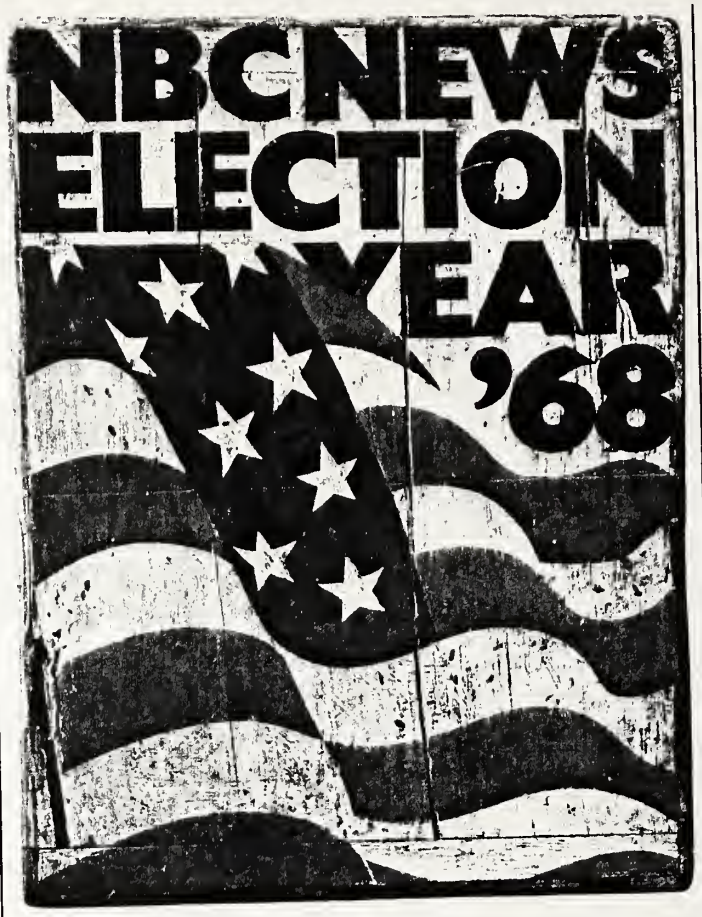
The Conventions

The Republicans will be meeting in Miami Beach, Fla., from Monday, August 5 through Friday, August 9. The Democrats will be convening in Chicago in the week beginning Monday, August 26. NBC News will be providing gavel-to-gavel television and radio coverage of each day's activities.

Prominent in the television coverage: Chet Huntley and David Brinkley (anchormen), Frank McGee, John Chancellor, Edwin Newman, Sander Vanocur and many more—each an experienced, resourceful reporter and analyst.

NBC News' radio reporters will include Peter Hackes and Russ Ward (anchormen), Bill Ryan, Wilson Hall, Ron Nessin, Paul Friedman and Lem Tucker.

In addition to the running coverage of the conventions themselves, such television programs as "The Huntley-Brinkley Report" and "Today," and such radio services as "News on the Hour" and "Emphasis" will be originating in Miami Beach and Chicago to report on-the-scene and behind-the-scene developments.



The Campaigns

During the period between convention time and Election Day itself, NBC News will be presenting a series of special television programs called "The Campaign and the Candidates." The programs will examine the progress of the nation's Presidential, Congressional and Gubernatorial campaigns. Each will be comprehensive and non-partisan.

These specials will be, of course, only one aspect of NBC News' coverage of the campaigns. Throughout the campaigns, each of the four candidates (Presidential and Vice-Presidential) will be accompanied by an NBC News correspondent; his camera crew (three men); a director; a unit manager (in charge of logistics and finances); and a production man (the boss).

To these, add a five-man Huntley-Brinkley crew; a five-man unit for "Today"; and a radio correspondent, engineer and production man, and you have a minimum of 20 NBC men with each candidate—or 80 men in all.

The Elections

On Election Day and Election Night, broadcasting's largest and most respected news organization will present the most thorough reporting and analysis of the election returns. NBC News will not go off the air until the results of all the important races are certain.

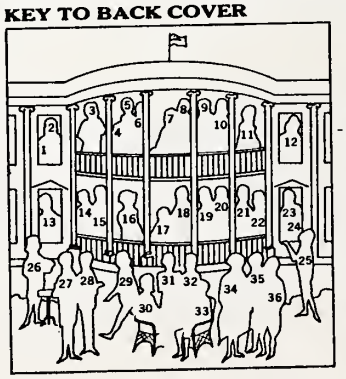
Even the campaign coverage described above doesn't require the huge army of workers that the network assembles for Election Night. For on that night, NBC supplements its already sizable staff with some 1,650 "stringers"—those "one-night-standers" whose telephoned reports from the nation's polling places contribute so much toward making our election coverage the speediest and best.

The stringers include newspapermen, broadcasters, teachers and students—and their posts for the evening run the gamut from a bank building in Honolulu to a high school cafeteria in Albuquerque.

SOLUTION TO "WAIT...DON'T TELL ME" (inside front cover)

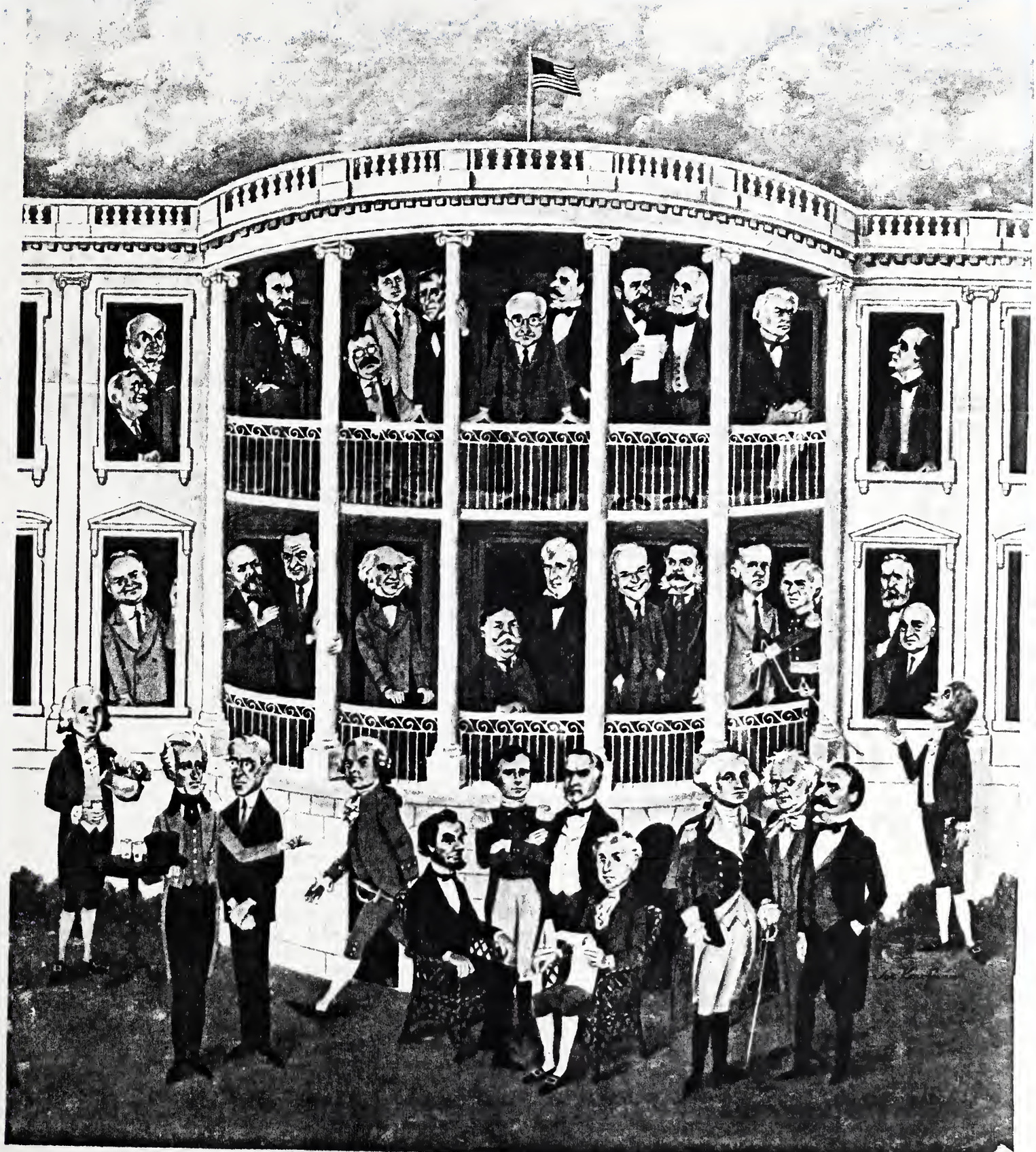
1. William Jennings Bryan.
2. The playful four were demonstrating an extra-large bathtub they'd just constructed for extra-large President-elect William Howard Taft.
3. Thomas E. Dewey, shown with a younger but equally patriotic neighbor.
4. Franklin D. Roosevelt.
5. Calvin Coolidge.
6. Cartoonist E. W. Kemble thought so. At least, that's the way he interpreted the third-term inclinations of Theodore Roosevelt.
7. Democratic candidate Alfred E. Smith, who lost to Herbert Hoover in 1928.
8. President William McKinley; and it helped win his reelection in 1900.
9. Warren G. Harding.

KEY TO BACK COVER



(1) Franklin D. Roosevelt. (2) John Quincy Adams. (3) Ulysses S. Grant. (4) Theodore Roosevelt. (5) John F. Kennedy. (6) John Tyler. (7) Harry S. Truman. (8) Grover Cleveland. (9) Benjamin Harrison. (10) James K. Polk. (11) Millard Fillmore. (12) Andrew Johnson. (13) Herbert C. Hoover. (14) James A. Garfield. (15) Lyndon B. Johnson. (16) Martin Van Buren. (17) William H. Taft. (18) William Henry Harrison. (19) Dwight D. Eisenhower. (20) Chester A. Arthur. (21) Calvin Coolidge. (22) Zachary Taylor. (23) Rutherford B. Hayes. (24) Warren G. Harding. (25) Thomas Jefferson. (26) James Madison. (27) Andrew Jackson. (28) Woodrow Wilson. (29) John Adams. (30) Abraham Lincoln. (31) Franklin Pierce. (32) William McKinley. (33) James Monroe. (34) George Washington. (35) James Buchanan. (36) Grover Cleveland, again (he was in twice).

Cover photo by Steve Manville/Political Memorabilia from the Cousley Historical Collection.



The Presidents assemble for a group portrait. *Can you identify them? (Solution on page 1[illegible])*

THE UNEXPLAINED

Is Abe Lincoln still in the White House?

By Allen Spraggett

● Does the ghost of Abraham Lincoln still walk the halls of the White House?

This question came up in a conversation I had in Washington with a senator who shares my interest in psychic phenomena.

The senator said that there have been those in recent years who reported seeing Mr. Lincoln prowling his old haunts, as it were.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of F.D.R., was one of those who took such reports seriously. As a matter of fact, she had her own theory of what a haunting was and it agreed with the views held by many scientists who have studied the phenomenon.

Mrs. Roosevelt believed that, as she put it, any place where someone had lived hard would quite likely be haunted by that individual's personality.

Parapsychologists—scientists who study psychic phenomena—believe that a house can retain impressions of those who have lived in it, long after the occupants are dead. This is particularly true if the occupant had a powerful personality, and even more so if the dwelling was the scene of strong emotionalism or tragic events.

This theory may account for the numerous reported sightings of the ghost of Abraham Lincoln in the White House. Certainly he had a powerful personality. And certainly he experienced tragedy, as well as triumph, in the executive mansion.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt told the following story:

"I was sitting in my study downstairs when one of the maids burst in on me in a state of great excitement. I looked up from my work and asked her what the trouble was."

" 'He's up there—sitting on the edge of the bed and taking off his shoes,' she exclaimed.

"Who's up there taking off his shoes?" I asked.

" 'Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln,' the maid replied."

Mrs. Roosevelt said she had always felt that Lincoln's bedroom was haunted by what she called a serene and dignified presence.

One more example of The Unexplained!

Toronto Sun

Lincoln Ghost Reported Haunting White House

By L. PERRY WILBUR

Something is keeping the ghost of Abe Lincoln restless. Reported sights of his ghost in the White House are increasing.

Some reports claim the ghost prowls the second floor of the White House near the historic Lincoln bedroom. Over the years, this is the one area where the ghost has been seen the most.

When Franklin Roosevelt occupied the White House, his wife's servant, Mary Eban, insisted that she'd seen Lincoln sitting in the northwest bedroom pulling on his boots. Various other servants also claimed they saw the ghost lying in his bed or standing quietly at the oval window above the main White House entrance. Mrs. Roosevelt even said that altho she never actually saw Lincoln, she did feel a ghostly kind of "presence" sometimes, while working late at night.

The valet of FDR reported that paintings would fall off the wall whenever someone connected with the White House died.

Even Harry Truman acknowledged the Lincoln ghost in his 1945 book, Mr. President: "My daughter and her two pals were sleeping in Lincoln's bed tonight. If I were not afraid it would scare them too badly, I would have Lincoln appear. The maids and butlers swear he has appeared on several occasions. It is said that even Mrs. Coolidge saw him." Truman could possibly have been implying by this that he considered arranging for the ghost to appear — as a joke.

A few years ago, a White House employe for 25 years (John Ficklin), reported the following: "I've heard about all kinds of crazy things . . . lights going on and off, doors opening and closing, knocks on doors when there's nobody there, Abe Lincoln wandering the halls."

Harry Truman also once told how he heard a knock on his bedroom door one night in 1946. The knock kept up, so he went to the door. No one was there, but Truman could hear what sounded like footsteps going down the hall.

Writing to his daughter, Margaret, Truman also wrote: "This old place cracks and pops all night and you can very well imagine that old Jackson or Andy Johnson or some other ghost is walking. Why they'd want to come back here I could never understand. It's a nice prison nevertheless. About these ghosts, I'm sure they're here and I'm not half so alarmed at meeting up with any one of them as I am at having to meet the live nuts I have to see every day."

But even royalty has seen the Lincoln ghost. Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, during a White House visit, told FDR and Mrs. Roosevelt that she'd heard a knock at her door, answered it, and fainted when she saw the ghost of Lincoln standing there.

Over one dozen dependable witnesses — White House staff employes to government officials — have seen the ghost of John Kennedy. Even the late Lyndon Johnson saw it. LBJ reportedly told a cleaning worker he'd just seen JFK.

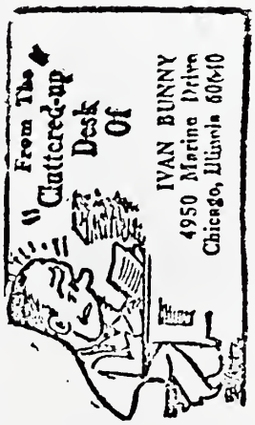
But the Lincoln ghost, of all ghosts seen in the White House, is apparently the most troubled or restless. It's of course a well-known fact that Lincoln, when alive, once saw his own body in a dream, lying in a casket in the East Room.

More strange happenings have been taking place lately at the White House address on Pennsylvania Avenue. Staff members have told of lights on the second floor going on and off mysteriously, squeaking floors, and even wall pictures somehow changing their positions.

A Nixon aide even admits today that he doesn't relish the idea of visiting the second floor. Soon after the Nixons moved into the White House, this aide went up to the second floor to be sure all the lights were out. A few minutes after returning downstairs, the second-floor lights were on again with no explanation. "I hate to admit it," said the aide, "but I won't go up to the second floor at night unless someone is with me."

One thing seems certain. Ghosts who do their wandering in the White House obviously prefer to haunt in style.

CAPPER'S WEEKL
HEART OF THE HOME NEWS WEEKLY FOR MID-AMERICA
Volume 98—No. 37 TOPEKA, KANSAS 66607 October 16—23



10-27-73

Dear Mr. Newman;

Came across the enclosed article about the Ghost of Abraham Lincoln, and thought you might find it interesting. There's really nothing to worry about, as the Ghost of John Wilkes Booth will probably take care of it.

Ivan Bunny
Ivan Bunny

ABIGAIL ADAMS

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND

DOLLEY MADISON

Abigail Adams, Frances (Mrs. Grover) Cleveland, and Dolley Madison are just three of the ghosts who stalk the halls of the Executive Mansion. But Abe Lincoln is the most worrisome...

Lady Ghosts of the White House...

By SABIN ROBBINS IV

Special to the National Tattler

The troubled ghosts of Abraham Lincoln and other Presidents and First Ladies are often reported seen or heard prowling the White House and grounds of the Executive Mansion.

Such persistent reports have led to serious suggestions that, perhaps, the former occupants did not want to leave the mansion in death and instead roamed its halls as spirits.

One ghostly President swears. Another makes music. A phantom arsonist was reported to have tried to set fire to White House beds.

And no less a personage than Queen Wilhelmina of The Netherlands fainted dead away, she said, when she answered a knock at her door in the middle of the night and opened it to find a ghostly, bearded specter standing there.

Sabin Robbins IV is assistant public affairs director for the National Trust for Historic Preservation in Washington, D.C. His byline has appeared in such publications as The Washington Post.

BUT THE GHOST of Abraham Lincoln is the most active spirit at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. It stalks the White House halls before national disasters, so the story goes.

Lincoln, himself said to be psychic, often consulted a medium during the troubled times of the Civil War. He claimed to have received regular visits from his two dead sons, Tad and Willie. Once, in a dream, he saw himself lying in a casket in the East Room. He asked who it was, and a spectral voice answered, "the assassinated President."

Since Lincoln's death, many White House occupants have said they saw or heard his ghost. One of Franklin D. Roosevelt's secretaries said she saw the Great Emancipator sitting on a bed, pulling on his boots.

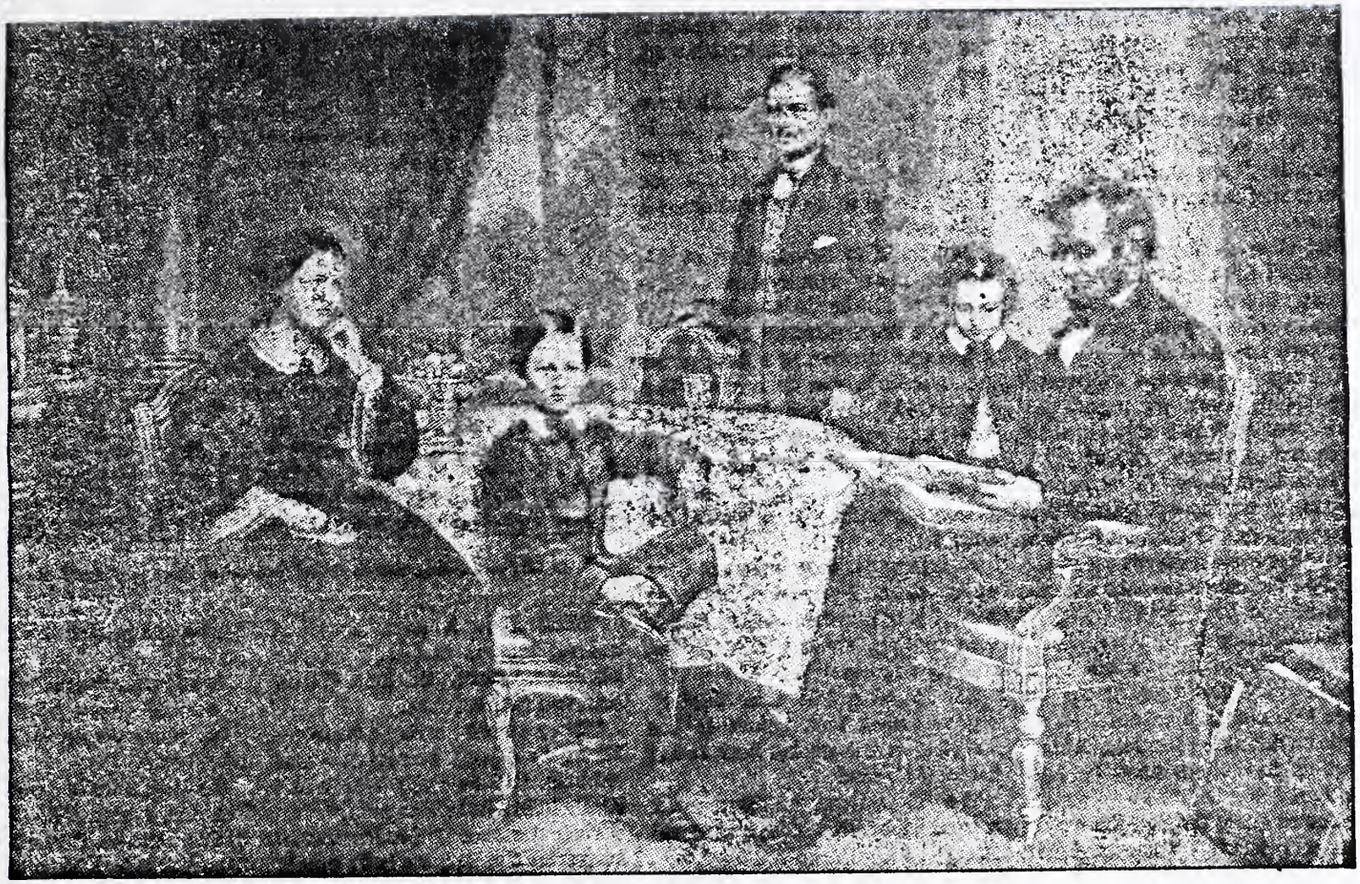
Mrs. Roosevelt never saw Lincoln, but she recalled frequently sensing a ghostly "presence" she believed was Lincoln. Mrs. Calvin Coolidge had experienced the same sensation.

The ghost of Lincoln has been reported seen standing at the oval window over the main entrance of the White House. Witnesses were convinced that Lincoln was trying to tell something about his death.

The spirit of Lincoln is said to be unusually restive and troubled on the eve of a national crisis. Hours before the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, two framed pictures crashed to the floor outside the President's office.

TWICE DURING World War II, President Harry S Truman was awakened in the night by what he described as ghostly rappings on his bedroom door.

CONTINUED



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, shown here in a rare portrait with his family, grows restless around the White House during times of crisis.

"I heard the knock and answered it about 3 o'clock in the morning," Truman recalled. "There wasn't anybody there. I think it must have been Lincoln's ghost walking the hall."

Soon after the Trumans moved into the White House, daughter Margaret and three friends decided to spend the night in the historic Lincoln bed. The President, well aware of the Lincoln ghost, wanted to scare his daughter and her friends by having a tall aide in a stovepipe hat knock on the bedroom door at midnight.

As things turned out, the aide got sick that day. But the girls didn't sleep anyway. The mattress was so old and lumpy, they spent most of the night on the floor talking and laughing.

Queen Wilhelmina was spending the night in the same bedroom when she was awakened by loud, persistent knocks and opened the door to see her ghostly vision.

Almost every Administration has reported ghostly happenings. Mrs. Lincoln herself insisted that she often heard Andrew Jackson swearing and Thomas Jefferson playing his violin.

President Herbert Hoover said he heard frequent strange sounds — "many of them were fantastic."

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson confided to friends that the ghost of Dolley Madison dropped in one evening to pay her respects.

NOT ALL White House apparitions have been friendly. One dignitary and his wife left the White House hurriedly after spending a night of horror there. They said later that a ghost had tried to set fire to their beds — twice.

"Ike" Hoover, chief usher at the White House for more than 40 years, revealed in his memoirs that several staffers had seen a wandering child ghost. No one could identify it.

Sentimental First Ladies are said to return in spirit form now and then to the White House. During the William Howard Taft Administration, secretaries saw Abigail Adams, the first First Lady to live in the White House, walking with arms outstretched through the locked doors of the East Room. They also saw Abigail hanging up laundry there, just as she had done more than a century before.

Later, Mrs. Herbert Hoover poked fun at that story when she gave a linen shower for a secretary. She strung up the gifts on a clothesline in the East Room.

AN ANGRY Dolley Madison is said to have appeared in ghostly form and scolded the gardeners as they tried to move her favorite rose garden. The garden has never been moved.

Several people believe they heard the ghost of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who gave birth to the first child of a President born in the White House. Loud moanings are said to echo her childbirth pangs.

Even little Fala, Franklin Roosevelt's famous dog, might have seen a ghost. Two maids, who were with the President in Georgia when he died, testified that the little terrier saw the spirit of the President leaving the "little White House" at the instant of death.

The howling dog rushed straight into the screen door, as if following the departing spirit of his master, and the door mysteriously swung open.

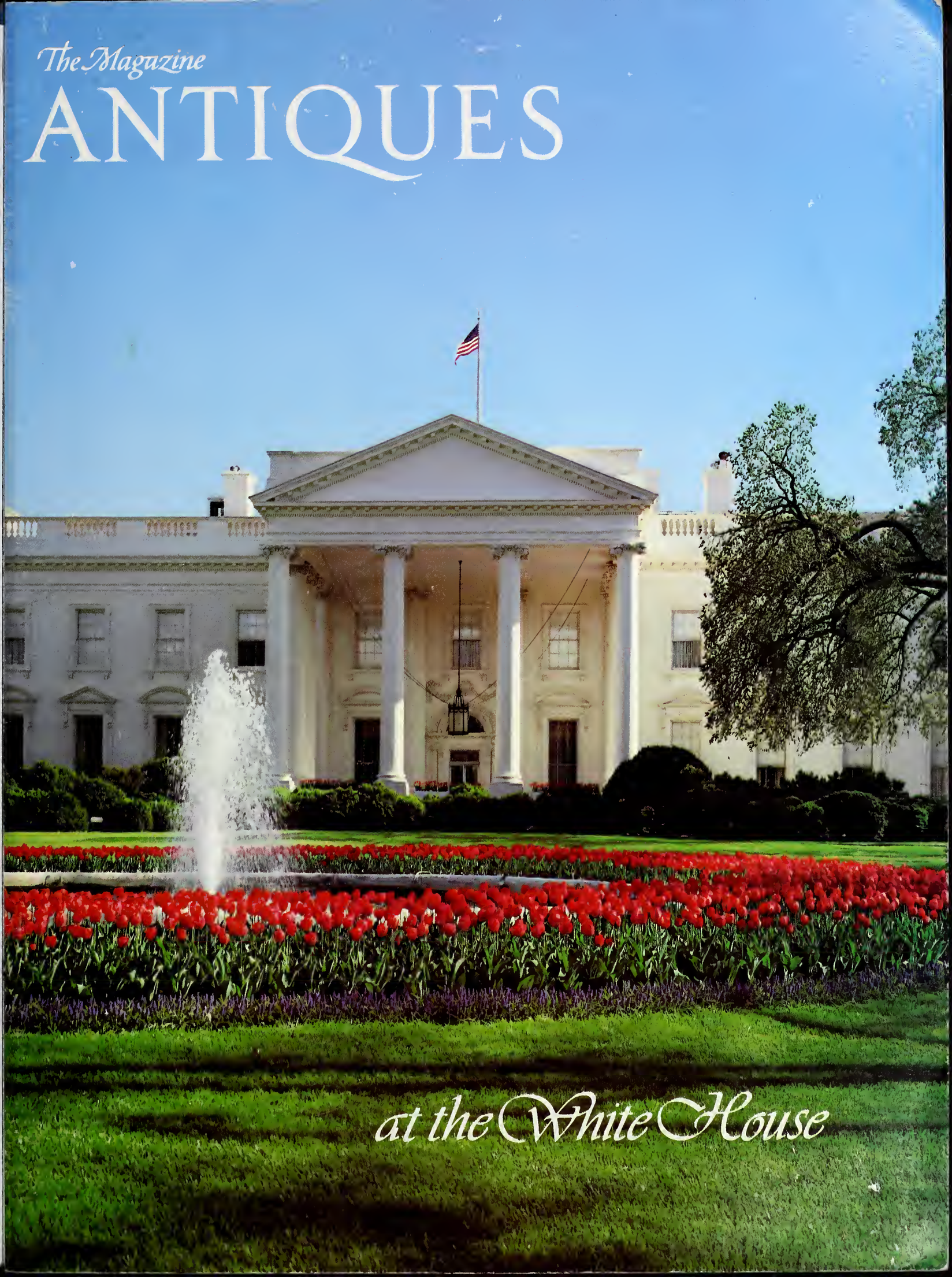
FALA CHASED the unseen presence across the yard.

During funeral services at the White House the dog made such a strange crying noise that he had to be taken from the room.

Many have laughed at the White House ghost stories, but they have never been able to convince either Queen Wilhelmina or any of the other witnesses.

The Magazine

ANTIQUES



at the White House

Decorative arts at the White House

BY CLEMENT E. CONGER, *Curator*

Pl. I. The Library was furnished in the Federal style during the Kennedy administration (1961–1963) and refurbished in 1976. Much of the furniture is thought to have been made in New York City between 1800 and 1820. The New York mahogany side chairs flanking the door are attributed to the shop of Duncan Phyfe (1768–1854), c. 1810, and match the armchair shown at the right in Pl. III. The caned settee (one of a pair) and the eight lattice-back chairs in the room are also attributed to Phyfe's shop. Above the settee hangs a gilded looking glass possibly made in New York, 1800–1810, which is decorated with an *églomisé* panel bearing an American eagle holding a banner inscribed *E Pluribus Unum*. The paintings of American Indians who visited the White House in 1822 are by Charles Bird King (see p. 136, Pl. IV). The American painted wooden chandelier of c. 1800 once hung in James Fenimore Cooper's house in Cooperstown, New York. The paneling was installed during the administration of Harry S. Truman (1945–1953), who renovated the White House between 1948 and 1952. *Photographs are by Helga Photo Studio.*

Pl. II. Mixing table labeled underneath the top by Charles-Honoré Lannuier (1779–1819), New York City, 1810–1815. Mahogany and green Pennsylvania marble; height 28¼, width 23¾, depth 16¼ inches. The table is partly visible at the right in the view of the Library shown in Pl. I.

Pl. III. The handsome mantel in the Library was carved by Samuel McIntire (1757–1811) of Salem, Massachusetts, 1795–1805. The late eighteenth-century English silver Argand lamps on it are believed to have been presented to General Henry Knox, the first secretary of war, by the marquis de Lafayette. Above the mantel hangs an Athenaeum-type portrait of George Washington (1732–1799) by Gilbert Stuart (1755–1828). The mahogany armchair at the left of the fireplace was made in Massachusetts, 1800–1810; that on the right is attributed to Phyfe's shop (see also Pl. I).

In March 1792 Thomas Jefferson instructed the commissioners of public buildings to hold competitions and offer premiums for the design of the Capitol and the President's House to be built in the District of Columbia. The commissioners offered a prize of $500 or a medal of that value for the winning design for the President's House. A number of plans were submitted, including one by Jefferson, who signed himself simply *A. Z.* George Washington chose the design of James Hoban, an Irish-born architect living in South Carolina, for a simple Palladian building modeled on Leinster House in Dublin, now the Irish National Parliament. Washington supervised the building of the President's House, but he was out of office and had died before it was finished.

John Adams, the first resident president, moved into the house on November 1, 1800, when it was still unfurnished and unheated. The building was sacked and set on fire by the British on August 24, 1814, during the War of 1812, and only the exterior walls survived. Hoban was hired to rebuild the house, which reopened in 1817, during the administration of James Monroe.

Pl. IV. Lighthouse clock made by Simon Willard and Sons, Roxbury, Massachusetts, c. 1825. Mahogany and brass; height 29½ inches. Willard patented the Eddystone Lighthouse Alarm Timepiece in 1822, but this example was probably made about the time Lafayette made his triumphal return to the United States in 1824 and 1825, to judge by the commemorative sulphide portrait of the French soldier and statesman on the base. The clock is now in the Library (see Pl. III).

Pl. V. On display in the Vermeil Room is much of the fine collection of silver gilt bequeathed to the White House by Margaret Thompson Biddle of Philadelphia in 1956. Most of the objects in the collection were made in England and France in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The American mahogany pier table of 1810–1815, at the left, is on loan from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Above it hangs a portrait of Eleanor Roosevelt (1884–1962) painted by Douglas Chandor (1897–1953) in 1949. The marble-topped mahogany center table with gilt-bronze mounts is one of the many French furnishings James Monroe acquired in 1817 for the White House, which had just been rebuilt after the British burned it during the War of 1812. The French marble mantel of c. 1830 is flanked by a pair of early nineteenth-century mahogany settees made in Massachusetts. Above the mantel hangs *Morning on the Seine*, painted in 1897 by Claude Monet (1840–1926) and given to the White House by the Kennedy family in memory of John F. Kennedy. The wool and silk Turkish rug was woven at the Hereke factory near Istanbul.

Pl. VI. Card table attributed to Lannuier, New York City, 1810–1815. Mahogany and brass; height 30½, width 36¾, depth (closed) 18⅛ inches. The table was part of the original furnishings of Point Breeze, Joseph Bonaparte's estate in Bordentown, New Jersey. It is attributed to Lannuier on the basis of its similarity to a labeled table now on loan to the White House. Both tables and a pair of similar tables, also attributed to Lannuier, are used in the Vermeil Room (Pl. V).

The interiors have been constantly altered as styles have changed. In 1902, under President Theodore Roosevelt, the Victorian décor of the late nineteenth century was stripped away and the interior was completely redecorated by the New York firm of McKim, Mead and White, who at the same time designed and constructed the West Wing to house the offices of the president and his staff (see Pls. XIII, XIV). The West Wing was enlarged in 1909, in 1927, and again in 1934, and the East Wing, also devoted to offices, was erected in 1942. The last major renovation took place between 1948 and 1952 under President Harry S. Truman. The Army Corps of Engineers made the building structurally sound and fireproofed and air-conditioned it, but unfortunately most of the early architectural trim and plaster ornament was cut into pieces and sold or given away as souvenirs. Mantels and chandeliers were given away to institutions throughout the country, and the wooden floors and plaster walls in the main corridors on the ground and second floors were replaced with an overabundance of marble.

Pl. VII. The China Room was created in 1917 to display the collection of presidential porcelain begun in 1889 by Mrs. Benjamin Harrison and enlarged by later presidents' wives. Above the early nineteenth-century French marble mantel hangs *View on the Mississippi, Fifty-Seven Miles Below St. Anthony Falls, Minneapolis*, painted by Ferdinand Reichardt (1819–1895) in 1858, the year Minnesota became the thirty-second state. On the floor is a mid-nineteenth-century Axminster carpet.

Pl. VIII. Diplomatic Reception Room on the ground floor. An unusual feature of James Hoban's design is the series of three oval rooms located directly above one another which project into the bay on the south façade of the White House. Above the oval Diplomatic Reception Room are the Blue Room (Pl. XXXVIII), on the second floor, and the Yellow Oval Room (Pls. XXV, XXVI), on the third floor. The Diplomatic Reception Room was furnished as a Federal-style drawing room in 1960, during the Eisenhower administration. The wallpaper, entitled *Scenic America*, was first block printed in Rixheim, Alsace, France, by Jean Zuber et Cie in 1834 and depicts the Natural Bridge of Virginia, Niagara Falls, West Point, New York Bay, Boston Harbor, and Winnebago Indians dancing. At the left is a mahogany tall-case clock made by Effingham Embree (w. 1789–1796) of New York. The mahogany desk-and-bookcase of 1797 is labeled by John Shaw (1745–1829) of Annapolis, Maryland. The early nineteenth-century settee beside it is one of a pair in the room attributed to Abraham Slover and Jacob Taylor, who worked together in New York between 1802 and 1805.

Pl. IX. The Map Room is so called because it was here that Franklin D. Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, and other foreign dignitaries met to study maps of the theaters of action during World War II. In 1970 it was redesigned as a drawing room in the Chippendale style. The Chinese Chippendale mahogany side table was made in Philadelphia, 1770–1775. The mahogany chair to the right of it is believed to be the only known labeled piece by James Gillingham (see Pl. X) of Philadelphia, but several of the other chairs in the room are attributed to him. In the corner is a mahogany block-front desk of 1760–1775 with carved shells characteristic of furniture made by the Townsend-Goddard school of Newport, Rhode Island. The desk, on loan from the Dietrich Corporation, is flanked by a pair of late eighteenth-century Philadelphia mahogany side chairs that belonged to George Washington when the president's residence was in Philadelphia. They are on loan from the Barra Foundation, Incorporated. Above the desk hangs a portrait of Benjamin Franklin (1706–1790) painted in 1759 by Benjamin Wilson (1721–1788), an English artist and man of science. Over the mantel hangs Albert Bierstadt's (1830–1902) *Autumn Landscape*, which is on loan from Elizabeth Wilson Fleming. The English cut-glass chandelier of 1760–1770 has unusual star pendants. The late nineteenth-century rug is from Herez in western Iran. The inappropriate marble floor, mantel, and other architectural details date from the Truman renovation.

Pl. X. Side chair labeled by James Gillingham (1736–1781), Philadelphia, 1760–1770. Mahogany; height 38¾, width 23½, depth 18½ inches. (See also Pl. IX.)

Pl. XI. The mahogany sofa with Marlborough legs of c. 1760 in the Map Room was made in New York, as was the rare mahogany tea table, 1760–1780. Above the sofa hangs *Lake Among the Hills*, painted in 1858 by William M. Hart (1823–1894). To its right is a 1755 French edition of a 1751 map of Maryland and Virginia drawn by Joshua Fry and Peter Jefferson, Thomas Jefferson's father. Below the map is a mahogany drop-leaf table made in Newport, 1760–1770. The mahogany tall-case clock in the corner was made by Emanuel Rouse (w. 1747–1768) of Philadelphia c. 1750.

In the past twenty-eight years a concentrated effort has been made to restore the White House to its era of elegance in the early nineteenth century. Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, with the assistance of the National Society of Interior Designers, began the first major effort to establish a permanent collection of antique American furnishings for the White House, but she confined her efforts to the Diplomatic Reception Room (see Pl. VIII). Between 1961 and 1963 Mrs. John F. Kennedy and Henry Francis du Pont directed a major acquisition program to furnish the other rooms with antiques, but despite their notable achievements, at the end of the Kennedy administra-

Pl. XII. Armchair, one of a pair, New York, 1760–1770. Mahogany; height 38, width 23, depth 22 inches. The armrests end in unusual eagle's-head terminals. The chairs descended in the family of Eleanora Wayles Randolph, a granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, and are presently used in the Map Room (Pls. IX, XI).

Pl. XIII. The president's Oval Office is in the West Wing, which was begun in 1902 and enlarged in 1909, 1927, and 1934. The tall-case clock was made by John and Thomas Seymour (w. together 1794–c. 1803) of Boston c. 1800 and houses works possibly made by James Doull (w. 1790–1849) of Charlestown, Massachusetts. The portrait of George Washington was painted by Charles Willson Peale (1741–1827) in 1776, and is on loan from Mrs. Lansdell K. Christie. To the left of it hangs George Cooke's (1793–1849) *City of Washington, 1833 From Beyond the Navy Yard*, from which William James Bennett executed a famous engraving of the city. To the right is *Eastport, and Passamaquoddy Bay*, attributed to Victor de Grailly (1804–1889), c. 1845.

Pl. XIV. In the president's Oval Office is a rare mahogany card table with a gilded eagle pedestal made in Salem, Massachusetts, c. 1810. On it stands Frederic Remington's (1861–1909) *Broncho Buster*, cast c. 1901 by the Roman Bronze Works of Corona, New York. The somewhat fanciful depiction of the White House above the bronze was painted by an unknown mid-nineteenth-century artist after William Bartlett's 1839 drawing. The modern rug was designed especially for the room.

Pl. XV. This sitting room for guests of the president and his family is at the east end of the third story. The floor is at this curious level with respect to the window because of the high ceiling of the East Room below (see Pl. XL). On either side of the sitting room are bedroom suites. The mahogany easy chair on the left was made in Massachusetts c. 1795; the mahogany and satinwood lolling chair of 1800–1810 was probably made in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The English cut-glass chandelier dates from the late eighteenth century; the Tabriz rug, from northwestern Iran, from the late nineteenth or early twentieth century.

Pl. XVI. Bracket clock made by Thomas Pearsall and Effingham Embree, New York City, 1785–1795. Mahogany and brass, with a silver dial; height 21, width 11½, depth 8 inches. This rare American example of an English form is used in the sitting room shown in Pl. XV.

Pl. XVII. Five queens have been among the many distinguished guests to occupy this bedroom, now known as the Queens' Bedroom. The room, to the left of the sitting room shown in Pl. XV, was used by the president's staff until the executive offices were moved to the West Wing in 1902. The mahogany high-post bed of c. 1830 was purchased at a sale of furnishings from the Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's house outside Nashville, Tennessee. The mahogany window seat at the foot of the bed was made in Massachusetts, 1810–1815. The late eighteenth-century cut-glass chandelier is English.

Pl. XVIII. Desk-and-bookcase attributed to John and Thomas Seymour, Boston, c. 1800. Mahogany and curly maple; height 81⅜, width 36⅝, depth 19½ inches. The *églomisé* panels at the base of the doors are decorated with Gothic arches. Behind the tambour doors are drawers and pigeonholes lined with blue paper—a characteristic of the Seymours' work. The desk-and-bookcase stands in the Queens' Bedroom (Pls. XVII, XIX).

tion only one third of the furnishings in the building were American antiques; two-thirds were still reproductions.

Mrs. Richard M. Nixon continued the search for antique furnishings, and in 1970 she began to replace the upholstery, draperies, and other appointments of the Kennedy era which had worn out. Under her aegis, more work was done to extend and improve the collections of the White House than in any previous administration. Happily, the programs she instituted have been carried forward by the Ford and Carter administrations, with the result that new draperies, upholstery, and furnishings have been installed in twenty-two rooms, most of them restored as authentically as possible to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Duplicate upholstery and drapery fabrics were ordered, and extra furniture has been acquired so that replacements or substitutions can be made as fabrics wear out, objects are sent out for repair, or furnishings on loan are returned to their owners.

As a result of these efforts, the White House is now more handsomely appointed as a period house than it has ever been in its history. However, with half a dozen exceptions, Congressional appropriations for the White House have provided only for routine maintenance. Acquisitions and major refurbishing efforts are paid for with donations.

Pl. XIX. The mahogany sofa in the Queens' Bedroom was probably made in Salem, 1795–1800. Above it hangs Thomas Sully's portrait of Fanny Kemble (see p. 137, Pl. V), flanked by a pair of English gilded wall brackets, c. 1760, which support a pair of Chinese enameled vases, 1740–1750. On the adjacent wall hangs an 1830 portrait by Ralph E. W. Earl (c. 1788–1838) of Emily Donelson (1807–1836), who served her widower uncle Andrew Jackson as hostess of the White House. The mahogany and bird's-eye-maple chest of drawers of c. 1800 was possibly made in New Hampshire. The Turkish Hereke rug dates from the late nineteenth century.

Pl. XX. The Lincoln Bedroom is situated to the right of the sitting room shown in Pl. XV. The eight-foot-long rosewood bed and matching marble-topped center table are believed to have been purchased by Mrs. Lincoln in 1861 and were in use in the principal guest bedroom in the White House by 1862. The portrait of Mrs. Lincoln (1818–1882) to the right of the bed was painted from photographs by her niece Katherine Helm (1887–1937) in 1925 and was donated to the White House the following year by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Todd Lincoln. The chest of drawers with full-length mirror has been in the White House since the nineteenth century. The cut-glass chandelier was made in England c. 1860 and was given to the White House because of its resemblance to the chandelier depicted in an engraving of this room when it served as President Lincoln's office and cabinet room.

Pl. XXI. The walnut slant-front desk of c. 1860 in this corner of the Lincoln Bedroom was used by Lincoln at his summer residence, a cottage on the grounds of the Soldiers' Home in Washington, which was on higher and thus healthier ground than the White House. Drawn up to it is one of four walnut side chairs surviving from a set believed to have been purchased during the administration of James Polk (1845–1849) but used by Lincoln around his cabinet table. On top of the desk is the only one of five holographs of the Gettysburg Address to be signed, dated, and titled by Lincoln. Above the desk hangs William Carlton's (1816–1888) *Watch Meeting/Waiting for the Hour/December 31, 1862*, which depicts slaves and a few friends waiting for midnight, and freedom under the Emancipation Proclamation. The painting was sent to Lincoln by the famous abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison and is believed to have hung in this room. It was later given back to the artist and only in 1972 returned to the White House.

Pl. XXII. This room, now called the Treaty Room, served as the cabinet room from 1865 until the West Wing was constructed in 1902. It was furnished in 1961 to resemble the cabinet room of President Ulysses S. Grant. The first of many treaties to be signed at the table was the peace protocol of August 1898, signed by President William McKinley, that led to the end of the Spanish-American War. The bentwood swivel armchair was probably used in the cabinet room in the last half of the nineteenth century; the seven walnut chairs are thought to have been purchased during the Polk administration. The gilded looking glass survives from the administration of Franklin Pierce (1853–1857), and the pair of gilt-bronze candelabra, from the inauguration of Andrew Jackson in 1829. The portrait of President Grant (1822–1885) was painted by Henry Ulke (1821–1910) in 1871. The cut-glass English chandelier of c. 1850 is a recent acquisition. The flocked wallpaper and the geometric border are patterned after Victorian designs.

Pl. XXIII. The Center Hall on the third floor serves as a sitting room for the president's family and guests. The rare mahogany chair-back settee and matching armchairs (two of a set of four) were made in Philadelphia c. 1810. To the right are an American mahogany card table of about the same date and a Chinese Coromandel lacquer screen of the K'ang Hsi period (1622–1722). The mahogany card table to the left is one of a pair, 1790–1800, possibly made in New England. On the table is one of a pair of late eighteenth- or early nineteenth-century Chinese porcelain jars; above it hangs a Civil War scene entitled *Seventh Regiment Encamping near Washington,* painted in 1861 by Sanford R. Gifford (1823–1880), which is on loan from the Union League Club of New York.

Pl. XXIV. Looking glass, one of a pair, possibly made in Philadelphia, 1750–1785. Mahogany; height 57, width 32 inches. The looking glasses now hang in the Center Hall (Pl. XXIII). They descended in a Dover, Delaware, family known to have purchased furniture from the cabinetmaker Benjamin Randolph (1721–1791) of Philadelphia about 1765.

Pl. XXV. The Yellow Oval Room on the third floor, directly above the Blue Room (Pl. XXXVIII), was designed as a formal drawing room, the function it serves today. James Monroe once owned the painted and stenciled maple settee and matching armchairs, which were made in Philadelphia c. 1815. Flanking the door are a pair of late eighteenth-century gilded English looking glasses and a pair of gilded, marble-topped console tables made in France during the reign of Louis XVI.

Pl. XXVI. The carved and gilded armchairs beside the fireplace in the Yellow Oval Room are stamped by the Parisian furniture maker Jean-Baptiste Claude Sené (1748–1803). Above the early nineteenth-century Carrara marble mantel hangs *Sun in Summer*, painted by the American impressionist Daniel Garber (1880–1958). It is on loan from the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Pieces of presidential porcelain and early nineteenth-century European porcelain are displayed in the cupboard. The rug is a Turkish Hereke of the late nineteenth century; the chandelier is French, c. 1820.

Pl. XXVII. This mahogany desk-and-bookcase stands in the private sitting room at the west end of the third story. Made in Maryland c. 1800, it is flanked by two (of a set of four) mahogany side chairs of about the same date which were probably made in Massachusetts.

Pl. XXVIII. This room on the third floor was made into a private dining room for the president and his family in 1961. The mid-nineteenth-century French wallpaper is entitled *The War of Independence.* Fanciful scenes of the American Revolution were surprinted on a background printed from the same blocks as the wallpaper in the Diplomatic Reception Room (Pl. VIII). The American mahogany sideboard of c. 1820 is believed to have belonged to Daniel Webster. On it are two silver coffeepots made in Paris by Martin Guillaume Biennais (1764–1843), part of a service that Andrew Jackson bought in 1833 from the baron de Tuyll, then Russian minister to the United States. The dinner plates are from Lincoln's Royal Purple state service.

Pl. XXIX. The gilded beechwood pier table now in the Entrance Hall was made in Paris by Pierre Antoine Bellangé (1758–1837). It is part of the set of furniture James Monroe ordered from France for the Blue Room in 1817. All the pieces but the pier table were sold at auction in 1860. (See also Pls. XXXVIII, XXXIX.) Monroe also ordered the gilt-bronze mantel clock on the table from Paris in 1817. The case, surmounted by a figure of Minerva, was made by Thomire et Cie; the dial is signed by Louis Moinet the Elder (1768–1853). The tall gilded English looking glass dates from the late eighteenth century. The bronze light standards were acquired during Theodore Roosevelt's renovation of the White House in 1902.

Pl. XXX. Chandelier, English, c. 1790. Cut glass and gilt bronze; height 72, diameter 46 inches. This superb chandelier illuminates the Entrance Hall (Pl. XXIX). Like many fine English chandeliers, it was found in India.

Pl. XXXI. The Green Room has been decorated in shades of green since the Monroe administration. It has had Federal furnishings since the Calvin Coolidge years (1923–1929), but most of the furniture now in place was acquired when the room was extensively refurbished in 1971 as a gift of the Richard King Mellon Foundation. At that time the Federal-style plasterwork, draperies, and window cornices were installed and the silk hung on the walls during the Kennedy administration was duplicated. The Carrara marble mantel is one of a pair ordered by President Monroe in 1817. The other one is now in the Red Room (see Pl. XXXVII). The gilded New York girandole of c. 1820 is decorated with a large American eagle and a very small British lion. The mantel is flanked by two mahogany worktables of c. 1810 attributed to Duncan Phyfe's shop (see Pl. XXXII); the rare mahogany pole screen at the right is attributed to the same shop, 1810–1815. An inscription on the frame of the easy chair indicates that it was made for Stephen Van Rensselaer of Albany by Phyfe's shop and upholstered in October 1811 by Lawrence Ackerman, one of Phyfe's upholsterers. Ackerman's name also appears in the inscription *Degez and Ackerman* on the frames of the window benches, which are thought to have been made by Phyfe c. 1810. The mahogany-veneer and satinwood desk-and-bookcase of c. 1815 is one of the few case pieces attributed to Phyfe's shop. An ingenious mechanism draws the cylinder front into the case as the writing board is pulled out, as it is in this view. Above the desk-and-bookcase hangs *Mosquito Net*, by John Singer Sargent (see p. 145, Pl. XXV). The table partly visible in the right foreground is described in the caption to Plate XXXIII. On it are a Sheffield-plate coffee urn of c. 1785 once owned by John and Abigail Adams and a pair of silver candlesticks made by Roch-Louis Dany of Paris in 1789. In 1803 James Madison, then secretary of state, bought the candlesticks from James Monroe.

Pl. XXXII. Worktable attributed to Phyfe's shop, New York City, c. 1810. Mahogany; height 28¼, width 23, depth 16 inches. Such ingenious worktables incorporate many drawers and storage compartments. This example and a similar worktable attributed to Phyfe's shop (on loan to the White House) flank the fireplace in the Green Room (see Pl. XXXI).

Pl. XXXIII. The ormolu chandelier in the Green Room was made in France c. 1810. The sofa, flanking drop-leaf tables, and sofa table are all mahogany, and all are attributed to the workshop of Duncan Phyfe, 1810–1820. On the wall above the sofa are a life portrait of Benjamin Franklin painted in London in 1767 by the Scottish painter David Martin (1737–1798) and Ferdinand Reichardt's *Philadelphia in 1858* (see p. 140, Pl. XII). Over the door is a portrait of James Madison (1751–1836) painted from life in 1816 by John Vanderlyn (1755–1852) for James Monroe. On the right-hand wall is Gilbert Stuart's portrait of John Quincy Adams (1767–1848) executed in 1818, when Adams was secretary of state. It was the gift of Adams' namesake in 1970, as was the companion portrait of Mrs. Adams (see p. 136, Pl. II). Below the portrait of Adams is *Rainbow in the Berkshire Hills*, by George Inness (1825–1894). The marble-topped pedestal table is one of a pair attributed to Phyfe, c. 1815.

The Committee for the Preservation of the White House and the White House Historical Association have launched a drive to raise a White House preservation fund of $25,000,000. Acquisitions and refurbishing expenses will be paid for with income from the fund. Tax-deductible contributions may be made to the White House Historical Association, 5026 New Executive Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20506. The White House is also seeking to augment its collection of American paintings, which is fine in quality (see pp. 135-145) but small in quantity. Among the portraits being sought are likenesses of Mrs. John Adams, Mrs. Thomas Jefferson, Mrs. James Madison, Mrs. Martin Van Buren, Mrs. Zachary Taylor, Mrs. Franklin Pierce, Mrs. Andrew Johnson, Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, and Mrs. Chester Arthur. Lacking too are life portraits of Mrs. George Washington, Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, and Mrs. James Garfield. Finally, the White House is seeking portraits of the following presidents: John Adams, James Buchanan, Andrew Jackson, and William McKinley.

Pl. XXXIV. The Red Room was furnished as a drawing room in the Empire style during the Kennedy administration. The American mahogany-veneered sofa at the right was made 1815–1825. The unusual *guéridon* in front of it is shown in Pl. XXXV. Above the sofa hangs *View of Rocky Mountains,* signed and dated 1871 by Albert Bierstadt, which is on loan to the White House from the Barra Foundation. To its left is one of a pair of eighteenth-century gilded wooden sconces made in England for the American market. The life portrait of Dolley Madison (1768–1849) on the adjacent wall was painted by Gilbert Stuart in 1804 and is believed to have hung in this room in 1813. It is on loan from the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Below it is *Still Life with Fruit* of c. 1850, one of two paintings by Severin Roesen (w. in America 1848–c. 1872) in the room (see also Pl. XXXVII). Beneath the paintings is one of a pair of rosewood card tables in the room possibly made by Thomas Seymour (w. alone 1804–1843) of Boston, c. 1815. The portrait of John F. Kennedy (1917–1963) visible through the doorway was painted by Aaron Shikler (b. 1922) in 1970. Under it is a French Empire sofa purchased in 1803 by James Monroe and probably used by him in the White House. It is on loan from the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The rug is a wool and cotton reproduction of an early nineteenth-century French Savonnerie carpet.

Pl. XXXV. *Guéridon* labeled under the top by Lannuier, New York City, 1815. Mahogany with satinwood inlay, bronze and brass mounts, and inlaid marble top; height 29¾, diameter (of top) 26 inches. This extraordinary example of Lannuier's work is used in the Red Room (see Pl. XXXIV).

Pl. XXXVI. The draperies in the Red Room were designed by Edward V. Jones, architectural consultant to the Committee for the Preservation of the White House, and are based on early nineteenth-century designs. The marble bust of Martin Van Buren (1782–1862) was modeled by Hiram Powers (1805–1873) in Italy in 1840, and is one of three busts the artist made of Van Buren, who sat for him in 1836. The mahogany secretary of c. 1815 beneath the bust is the only one attributed to Lannuier. It is on loan from Mrs. James G. Balling. The mahogany sofa table is also attributed to Lannuier, c. 1810. To the right of the table is an early nineteenth-century French armchair that is believed to have been used in the White House before 1900 and subsequently sold.

Pl. XXXVII. The Carrara marble mantel in the Red Room matches that in the Green Room (see Pl. XXXI). The late eighteenth-century brass andirons in the Red Room are American. On the mantel shelf is a gilt-bronze clock made in Paris by Pierre Joseph Gouthière (1732–1812 or 1814). Above it hangs Henry Inman's portrait of Angelica Van Buren (see p. 137, Pl. VI). To the right of the mantel is a mahogany music stand of c. 1830, appropriately enough in a room which was frequently used as a music room in the nineteenth century. In front of the music stand is a mahogany sofa with gilded dolphin feet, c. 1825, which represents the high point of American Empire furniture making. Over the door hangs a portrait of Alexander Hamilton (1757–1804), the first secretary of the treasury, painted c. 1805 by John Trumbull (1756–1843). It is one of eight replicas that Trumbull made of the head in the full-length portrait of Hamilton he executed for New York's City Hall in 1805 (illustrated in ANTIQUES for November 1976, p. 1031). To the right is a portrait of Martin Van Buren painted by Francis Alexander (1800–1880), 1830–1840. Below it is Severin Roesen's *Nature's Bounty* (see p. 140, Pl. XIII). The card table matches the one shown in Pl. XXXIV.

Pl. XXXIX. Armchair made by Bellangé, Paris, c. 1817. Gilded beechwood; height 38½, width 25½, depth 20½ inches. The chair is part of the set of furniture Monroe ordered from France for the Blue Room in 1817 (see Pl. XXXVIII). Monroe specified mahogany furniture, but his agents in Paris felt that gilded furniture would be more appropriate for the White House. All the pieces in the set except the pier table shown in Pl. XXIX were sold at auction in 1860. The seven chairs from the set now in the Blue Room and one sofa have been acquired since 1961.

Pl. XXXVIII. The oval Blue Room has almost always served as the principal formal drawing room in the White House. It is directly above the oval Diplomatic Reception Room (Pl. VIII) and below the Oval Yellow Room (Pls. XXV, XXVI). The Blue Room was decorated in the French Empire style under James Monroe and contains some of the furnishings he ordered from France in 1817: seven chairs made by Pierre Antoine Bellangé (see Pl. XXXIX) and, on the mantel, a bronze clock made by Denière et Matelin. The room has been known as the Blue Room since Martin Van Buren had the furniture covered in blue satin damask. The room was refurbished in the French Empire style in 1972 through the generosity of Mrs. James Stewart Hooker. The consulting architect of the restoration was Edward V. Jones, who redesigned and renewed the ornamental plasterwork and designed the elaborate draperies in the room based on nineteenth-century French pattern books. The wallpaper was reproduced from a fragment of a French paper of 1800. On the left is a copy by Adrian Lamb (b. 1901) of a portrait of James Monroe painted by Gilbert Stuart, 1818–1820, which is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Beneath the portrait is one of a pair of English neoclassical side tables, 1785–1790, on loan from the Corcoran Gallery of Art. The Carrara marble mantel, 1810–1815, is more elaborate than the similar mantels in the Green Room and the Red Room. It was installed in 1972 to replace the oversize mantel placed in the Blue Room under Theodore Roosevelt. Above the mantel hangs a gilded looking glass made in New York c. 1815, flanked by one of two pairs of French gilt-bronze sconces of c. 1810 in the room. To the right of the door is the only known portrait of Mrs. James Monroe (nee Elizabeth Kortright; 1768–1830), painted by an unidentified artist in London in 1796. The large oval rug was woven in Peking c. 1850 for a French palace.

Pl. XL. The East Room, designed by Hoban to serve as "the Public Audience," or reception, room, has always been used for large gatherings of all sorts. Union troops were quartered in the room during the Civil War, and the bodies of Abraham Lincoln and seven other presidents have lain in state here. The room was not completed until 1829 and was renovated in the present neoclassical style by McKim, Mead and White in 1902. The Steinway piano was presented to Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1938. The portrait of John Quincy Adams in the corner was painted by George P. A. Healy (1813–1894) in 1857 and is one of seven portraits of presidents painted by Healy now in the White House. The likeness of Martha Washington (1731–1802) by Eliphalet F. Andrews (1835–1915) is a composite of life portraits. It was painted in 1878 as a companion to Gilbert Stuart's portrait of George Washington, which also hangs in the room (see p. 135, Pl. I).

Pl. XLI. The architectural ornaments in the State Dining Room were installed by McKim, Mead and White during Theodore Roosevelt's renovation of the White House in 1902. The marble mantel is decorated with American bison heads. It is a reproduction of the one installed in the room in 1902 which is now in the Truman Library in Independence, Missouri. Above the mantel is Healy's 1869 portrait of Abraham Lincoln (see also p. 141, Pl. XV). The pair of vases on the mantel was purchased by Monroe in 1817, as were the gilt-bronze fruit basket and mirrored, gilt-bronze plateau, which measures thirteen feet, six inches when fully extended. The plateau and fruit basket are attributed to Denière et Matelin of Paris. The gilt-bronze candelabrum (one of a pair) had been added to the White House collection by the end of the nineteenth century.

Pl. XLII. The Family Dining Room is located next to the State Dining Room. The mahogany sideboard was made in New England, 1800–1815; the mahogany linen press, in Annapolis, Maryland, c. 1790. The latter once belonged to the family of William Paca, a Maryland signer of the Declaration of Independence. The silver plateau on the table was made in New York City c. 1804 by John W. Forbes (c. 1781–c. 1838), who also made the two other known American examples of this form. The silver tureen on it is one of two made by Jacques Henri Fauconnier (1776–1839) of Paris that were purchased by Monroe in 1817. The portrait of Theodore Roosevelt's second wife, Edith Carow Roosevelt (1861–1948), was painted by Theobald Chartran (1849–1907) in 1902.

Pl. XLIII. Desk-and-bookcase, Baltimore, 1800–1810. Mahogany. Height 9 feet, 2½ inches; width 89½; depth 22¾ inches. This imposing cabinet stands in the main corridor on the ground floor. Inside the top section are examples of the porcelain used by various presidents and their families, as well as a silver cake basket made by Robert Garrard (1758–1818) of London in 1803, and two silver cruet stands made by Roch-Louis Dany of Paris. The silver once belonged to the Madisons.

Pls. XLIV, XLV. North façade (top) and southeast corner (bottom) of the White House.

The American painting collection of the White House

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THE WHITE HOUSE has one of the smaller and less well-known collections of American art in Washington. Yet it is a choice collection, assembled over the years primarily through gifts, which has grown from an assemblage of presidential portraits in oil and stone to include exemplary works by many of the country's foremost artists. There are also several pieces of fine sculpture, as well as many early maps, engravings, watercolors, and drawings associated with the building's history.

While several important European pictures have been given to the White House—notably eight Cézannes bequeathed in 1952 by Charles A. Loeser and a late Monet landscape donated in memory of President Kennedy by his family (see p. 114, Pl. V)—American paintings, now numbering more than 250, rightfully dominate the collection. Since the concurrent establishment of the White House Historical Association and the Curator's Office in 1961, a concerted effort has been made to acquire significant paintings of high quality that depict life and scenery in all regions of the country.

In recent years an advisory committee has aided the curator's staff to ensure that only the best available examples of American art enter the collection, and to identify important works that should be sought for inclusion and artists who should be represented. A perfect example of this collaboration is the most important recent addition to the collection, George Caleb Bingham's *Lighter Relieving a Steamboat Aground* (Pl. VII), a first-rate work by a major artist not previously represented. This painting can proudly take its place in a collection that itself occupies an eminent position within the constellation of collections that belong to the people in America's capital.

Pl. I. *George Washington* (1732–1799), by Gilbert Stuart (1755–1828), c. 1797. Oil on canvas; 7 feet, 11 inches by 4 feet, 11 13/16 inches. This Lansdowne-type portrait of Washington was purchased for the White House in 1800, the year the executive mansion was completed. Scholars continue to argue about its relationship to the three other known Lansdowne-type portraits of Washington and question whether it was painted entirely by Stuart, in collaboration with assistants, or by followers—an argument that is probably impossible to settle definitively. *Photograph by courtesy of the White House.*

Pl. II. *Louisa Catherine Johnson Adams* (1775–1852), by Stuart, 1821–1826. Oil on canvas, 30 by 25 inches. When Stuart began this incisive yet gracious study of Louisa Adams, her husband, John Quincy, was secretary of state. We have in her straightforward pose an appealing image of restrained elegance and self-possession, appropriate to the confidence and optimism Stuart recognized in the public-spirited leaders of the new republic. The portrait descended in the family until it was given to the White House in 1970. *Gift of John Quincy Adams; photograph by John Tennant.*

Pl. III. *Benjamin Henry Latrobe* (1764–1820), by Charles Willson Peale (1741–1827), c. 1804. Oil on canvas, 22½ by 19½ inches. Born and trained in England, Latrobe immigrated to America in 1796, where he soon established himself as one of the most accomplished architects of the day. Shortly after the turn of the century Jefferson asked him to assist with certain additions and modifications to the White House, and thus Latrobe came to know the nation's most prominent politicians and intellects. Peale brought a fresh vision to American painting, which until then had been largely grounded in fashionable English and Continental styles. To his portraiture especially he brought a new sense of informality and casual openness, in contrast to the borrowed elegancies of composition and brushwork favored by Benjamin West and many of his followers. *Except as noted, photographs are by Helga Photo Studio.*

Pl. IV. *Petalesharro—Pawnee Tribe,* by Charles Bird King (1785–1862), c. 1822. Oil on wood panel, 17½ by 14 inches. Petalesharro was one of seventeen representatives of five North American Indian tribes to visit President James Monroe in 1822. This is one of five portraits of Indians by King in the White House Library (see p. 112, Pl. I). The varied textures, repeating patterns, and animated silhouette bring to mind King's still lifes, which are noted for their complexity and refinement. Samuel F. B. Morse painted Petalesharro in the background of his monumental *Old House of Representatives* of 1822 (now in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.) as a symbolic observer of the great debate on the Indian question then occupying Congress. *Gift of Sears, Roebuck and Company.*

Pl. V. *Fanny Kemble* (1809–1893), by Thomas Sully (1783–1872), 1834. Signed and dated at lower right, *TS 1834*. Oil on canvas, 36 by 28 inches. Frances Anne Kemble, the well-known English actress and author, married Sully's cousin Pierce Butler in the year the artist painted this affectionate portrait and a companion portrait of her husband. Fanny Kemble was on a tour of the United States at the time. Appropriately, the picture hangs today in the Queens' Bedroom on the second floor of the White House (see p. 120, Pl. XIX). The English-born Sully was a prolific painter who produced some two thousand recorded portraits. Unrivaled in Philadelphia after Charles Willson Peale's death, he was also admired in England, where he went in 1838 to paint Queen Victoria. *Gift of the Daniel W. Dietrich Foundation.*

Pl. VI. *Angelica Singleton Van Buren* (1816–1877), by Henry Inman (1801–1846), 1842. Oil on canvas, 42½ by 33½ inches. The sitter was the daughter-in-law of President Martin Van Buren, and served as his official hostess while he, a widower, was in office from 1837 to 1841. The bust of Van Buren is believed to represent the marble bust that is displayed near this canvas in the Red Room (see p. 129, Pls. XXXVI, XXXVII), one of three portrait busts of the president by Hiram Powers. The painting was bequeathed to the White House in 1890 by Travis C. Van Buren, the son of the sitter. In the 1840's Inman succeeded his teacher, the successful New York portraitist John Wesley Jarvis, as one of America's most popular and well-paid painters.

Pl. VII. *Lighter Relieving a Steamboat Aground*, by George Caleb Bingham (1811–1879), 1846–1847. Oil on canvas, 30¼ by 36 inches. Between 1845, when his style first emerged out of the conventional American genre tradition, and 1856, when he left for Düsseldorf, Bingham painted about a dozen classic scenes of boatmen at work or rest on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. In their unpretentious nature and absolutely assured construction these canvases are characteristic of his finest work. *White House photograph.*

Pl. VIII. *Niagara Falls*, by John Frederick Kensett (1816–1872), c. 1851. Oil on canvas, 33 by 48 inches. Perhaps the subject with the broadest appeal for Americans in the late nineteenth century and the one closest to their sense of national identity was landscape. It is therefore appropriate that one of the strongest categories of paintings in the White House comprises scenic views executed in all regions of the country. Niagara Falls was painted from all possible vantage points by almost every major American artist between 1800 and 1875, with perhaps the most spectacular and influential interpretation being that by Frederic Edwin Church (now in the Corcoran Gallery of Art). Kensett painted the falls several times, and here captures both their vitality and spaciousness in a demonstration of Hudson River school painting at its best. *Gift of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Fosburgh.*

Pl. IX. *Going to Church*, by George Henry Durrie (1820–1863), 1853. Inscribed on the back, *G H Durrie pinxt/1853*. Oil on canvas, 22 by 30⅛ inches. This master of winter scenery was born in New Haven, Connecticut, and painted that region for much of his career. This is one of three fine Durries in the White House. Many of his pictures were reproduced as lithographs by Currier and Ives, and in this way they became enormously popular. In showing us a happy, workaday world, Durrie touched a strain in American art that has continued to attract artists. In the same spirit are *Fourth of July* (1951), by Grandma Moses, and John Marin's *Circus Scene* (1952), which also hang in the family quarters of the White House. *Gift of George G. Frelinghuysen.*

Pl. X. *Boston Harbor*, by Fitz Hugh Lane (1804–1865), 1854. Signed and dated at lower right, *F.H. Lane/1854*. Oil on canvas, 23⅜ by 39⅜ inches. Lane was the oldest of the luminists, a group of American painters at work in the middle years of the nineteenth century. The White House is fortunate in owning several fine examples by this school, including typical works by Alfred Thomas Bricher (Pl. XVII) and Martin Johnson Heade (Pl. XXI). These canvases give us a serene and spacious picture of the American coast, bathed variously in the bright colors of dawn, the broad sunlight of midday, and the fresh contrasts of a fair afternoon. Lane has carefully disposed the vessels across the water's surface, creating a scene as orderly as it is vibrant. *Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Lew Wasserman.*

Pl. XI. *Boys Crabbing*, by William Tylee Ranney (1813–1857), 1855. Signed and dated on the edge of the dock, *Wm Ranney 55*. Oil on canvas, 23¼ by 36¼ inches. The whereabouts of this painting, perhaps Ranney's finest work, was unknown for decades before its rediscovery in 1970. Possibly influenced by the composition of works painted by William Sidney Mount and George Caleb Bingham a few years earlier, Ranney has carefully grouped the figures in a pyramid that is balanced asymmetrically by the luminous sunlight at the left. It is a typical image of contentment and order, and a revealing index of American aspirations at mid-century. It also embodies those persistent and favorite native themes of youth, games, and the out-of-doors. We would like to believe that we are still a people at home in our landscape, blessed by open skies and far horizons. *Gift of the Charles E. Merrill Trust.*

Pl. XII. *Philadelphia in 1858*, by Ferdinand Reichardt (1819–1895), c. 1858. Signed at lower right, *Ferd. Reichardt.* Oil on canvas, 37 by 65½ inches. This Danish-born landscape painter had an impressive reputation for painting not only large and lively city views but also bold, dramatic canvases of Niagara Falls. This view in particular looks back to views of Philadelphia painted by John Lewis Krimmel, a German who came to the city in 1810. Such works seem to be a special American form of history painting fusing elements of genre, landscape, portrait, and narrative art. Albert Nesle bought this painting not terribly long ago in an antiques shop in India for $7; it now hangs in the Green Room (see p. 127, Pl. XXXIII). *Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Levine, in memory of President John F. Kennedy.*

Pl. XIII. *Nature's Bounty*, by Severin Roesen (w. in America 1848–c. 1872), 1851. Signed and dated at lower right, *S. Roesen. 1851.* Oil on canvas, 28¾ by 35¾ inches. This is one of two Roesen still lifes in the White House (see p. 128, Pl. XXXIV; p. 129, Pl. XXXVII). It is almost a miniature landscape of fruits, flowers, and vines at their moment of perfection and, as such, is a metaphor for what was perceived as the bounty of the American countryside. *Partial gift of Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Wickersham June.*

Pl. XIV. *Still Life with Fruit*, by Rubens Peale (1784–1865), c. 1862. Signed at lower right, *Rubens Peale*. Oil on fabric, 20⅛ by 27⅛ inches. From 1810 to 1822 Rubens Peale ran the museum founded by his father, Charles Willson Peale, in Philadelphia, and in subsequent years he managed museums in Baltimore and New York as well. When he turned to painting in later life, he specialized in still lifes, as his eldest brother, Raphaelle (1774–1825), had done. Such pictures as this reflect the jewellike highlights, elegant curlicues, and refined textures of the exquisite works Raphaelle painted in the 1820's. At the same time, there is a new fullness of form and density in the arrangement of the fruit on the table more in keeping with America's expansive sense of well-being at mid-century. *White House photograph.*

Pl. XV. *The Peacemakers*, by George P. A. Healy (1813–1894), 1868. Oil on canvas, 47¾ by 66 inches. The painting depicts a wartime meeting aboard the *River Queen* on the James River at City Point, Virginia, in March 1865, when Lincoln conferred with Generals Ulysses S. Grant and William T. Sherman and Admiral David D. Porter about the prospects for peace. To avoid what might have been an overly static composition, Healy has framed each man with a window and set Lincoln off with the arc of a rainbow. Healy completed the painting in 1868 in Rome, and it now hangs appropriately in the Treaty Room on the second floor of the White House. A year later Healy painted a portrait of Lincoln alone in the same pose (see p. 132, Pl. XLI). Healy's portraits of six other presidents are also in the White House. *White House photograph.*

Pl. XVI. *Young Mother and Two Children*, by Mary Cassatt (1844–1926), 1908. Signed at lower right, *Mary Cassatt*. Oil on canvas, 36¼ by 28½ inches. Certainly America's greatest woman painter and one of the nineteenth century's most original graphic artists, Mary Cassatt cast the figural compositions of the old masters she admired in the new bright tones and brushwork of impressionism. Although an expatriate American, she won acceptance from Degas and his colleagues and exhibited regularly in their independent exhibitions in Paris through the 1870's and 1880's. Less concerned with psychological probings or compositional inventions than Degas, her art seems to remain ultimately American in its attention to solid form and underlying sentiment.

Pl. XVII. *Castle Rock, Marblehead, Massachusetts*, by Alfred Thompson Bricher (1837–1908), 1877. Signed and dated at lower left, *A T Bricher./1877*. Oil on canvas, 26 by 48 inches. Bricher followed closely in the footsteps of Fitz Hugh Lane and Martin Johnson Heade. The paintings he made during the 1870's of the coasts of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Maine usually have a glowing tranquility which transmits the exhilaration artists and tourists alike felt when they visited that still largely unsettled coastline. Bricher's compositions are often repetitive, but at his best he gives us crisp and vibrant images that embody the spiritual pleasure he and his generation found in the natural world. *Castle Rock* now hangs in the Yellow Oval Room (see p. 123, Pl. XXV).

Pl. XVIII. *Cloud Study*, by Albert Bierstadt (1830–1902), c. 1880. Signed at lower right, *ABierstadt*. Oil on canvas, 14½ by 19¾ inches. The German-born artist was brought up in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and studied in Düsseldorf. His training in Germany gave him both a flair for the dramatic and a sensitivity to meticulously observed phenomena. In this study we feel that he is recording what he sees with intense care while conveying a certain emotional charge through his expressive rendering of textures and colors. *Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Price; White House photograph.*

Pl. XIX. *New York Harbor and the Battery,* by Andrew Melrose (1836–1901), c. 1887. Signed at lower left, *Andrew Melrose.* Oil on canvas, 22 by 36 inches. The Statue of Liberty was unveiled in 1886 and Melrose must have begun his canvas about that time, for in 1887 he was distributing a chromolithograph done from this painting. The bright and airy view is in a tradition of scenic painting that goes back to the early nineteenth century and includes the work of Francis Guy and Nicolino Calyo in New York, William Groombridge and William and Thomas Birch in Philadelphia, and Robert Salmon in Boston. Later, the engraver William James Bennett, among others, produced large, finely drawn and colored prints of city and harbor vistas all along the Eastern seaboard. Melrose was active from North Carolina to the Berkshires and Lake Champlain, although he devoted himself most memorably to the environs of New York City and the Hudson River. His early style tended toward rather tight drawing, while later his manner of handling paint and rendering light was notably looser. *Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Segel.*

Pl. XX. *Cincinnati Enquirer, 1888,* by William Michael Harnett (1848–1892), 1888. Signed and dated at lower left, *W/M/Harnett/1888.* Oil on canvas, 30 by 25 inches. After the Civil War the subject matter of still lifes changed from luxurious fruits and flowers to objects piled up on sturdy tables in darkened interiors. Pipes, mugs, and leather-bound books speak of a Victorian world of materialism, while precisely dated daily papers and guttering candles suggest the passage of time. This sober dwelling on the mortality of things is in marked contrast to the exuberant ruminations on youth and immortality that had captured the American imagination previously. This is an unusually large work for Harnett, and it not only reveals his masterful abilities to draw and handle paint but also evokes the intellectual and physical world of the 1870's and 1880's—the Brown Decades. *Gift of the Armand Hammer Foundation; White House photograph.*

Pl. XXI. *Florida Sunrise,* by Martin Johnson Heade (1819–1904), c. 1895. Signed at lower left, *M J Heade.* Oil on canvas, 28 by 54¼ inches. Emerging from the conventions of the Hudson River school, Heade was painting panoramas of the New England marshes by the 1860's. During the turbulent years of the Civil War and its aftermath he seemed preoccupied with scenes of threatening thunderstorms, strangely stilled marshlands, and dark, intense sunsets. Subsequently he turned to orchids and hummingbirds in lush tropical settings, while his pure landscapes became more loosely and richly painted. In his later years he married and settled in Florida, and the vivid light and color of his work then, although it evolved from the crystalline serenity of earlier luminism, has the glow of a vision turned inward. *Gift of Jeanne Flagler Matthews; White House photograph.*

Pl. XXII. *Under the Palisades, in October,* by Jasper Francis Cropsey (1823–1900), 1895. Signed and dated at lower right, *J. F. Cropsey 1895.* Oil on canvas, 60 by 48 inches. This painting is currently the centerpiece in the Family Dining Room. The artist has nicely balanced the dramatic rocky headland with the gentle calm of the river and the human notes of small boats. This juxtaposition exemplifies perfectly the artistic aspirations of Cropsey's generation. *Gift of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Newington.*

Pl. XXIII. *Ruth Harding* (1893–1944), by Thomas Eakins (1844–1916), 1903. Inscribed on the back, *Laura K. Harding from Thomas Eakins, 1903.* Oil on canvas, 24¼ by 20¼ inches. The subject was the niece of Mrs. Samuel Murray, whose husband was one of Eakins' favorite pupils. Laura Harding was Ruth's mother. Years later, Ruth's husband, John B. Thomson, wrote, "Ruth explained so often how much she disliked getting all dressed up and going to Mr. Eakins' studio" (Thomson to Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, January 17, 1967. Lyndon Baines Johnson Library, Austin, Texas). Certainly something of her distaste for posing is present in the hard stare of her eyes and her pouting lips. In the portraits he painted after 1900 Eakins probed to the heart of his sitters' psychological presence, and the best works of this greatest of American masters are still disturbing today in their revelations of human truths. *Gift of Joseph H. Hirshhorn.*

Pl. XXIV. *Theodore Roosevelt* (1858–1919), by John Singer Sargent (1856–1925), 1903. Signed and dated at upper right, *John S. Sargent 1903.* Oil on canvas, 58½ by 40½ inches. Just as Stuart was the foremost portraitist of the notables of his day, Sargent was unrivaled a century later. Typical of Sargent's manner are the broad, swift brush strokes and the strong, expressive silhouette. Together they seem to embody the formidable stature of this forceful president, who has just descended the grand stairway to the entrance hall of the White House.

Pl. XXV. *Mosquito Net*, by Sargent, c. 1908. Oil on canvas, 22⅝ by 28½ inches. The subject of this remarkable tour de force, which hangs in the Green Room (see p. 126, Pl. XXXI), is Marion Alice Barnard, known as Polly. She was the daughter of Sargent's friend and fellow artist Frederick Barnard. Sargent has transcended the ordinary conventions of portraiture here in a virtuoso demonstration of his varied artistic talents. In so doing he has evoked the fashionable brooding that preoccupied much of international society at the turn of the century. Sargent's sister Emily is reported to have invented this sort of mosquito net on hoops in 1908. *Gift of Whitney Warren.*

Pl. XXVI. *Pointe Lobos, Monterey, California*, by Thomas Moran (1837–1926), 1912. Signed and dated at lower right, *T. Moran 1912*. Oil on canvas, 30 by 41 inches. Like the artist who had the strongest impact on the formation and development of his style, Joseph M. W. Turner, Moran became equally fluent in watercolor and oil. His fluid brushwork in both mediums caught the flux and drama of the western American wilderness he painted throughout his later years. The White House has two other strong canvases by him, *Green River Buttes, Wyoming* (1910) and *The Three Tetons* (1895). All display the same vivid colors and vaporous light and atmosphere and testify to the continuing celebration by Americans of their varied and inspiring geography.

The White House Preservation Fund

740 Jackson Place, N.W.
Lafayette Park
Washington, D.C. 20006
(202) 789-1145

Beginning in 1960, a program was initiated to assemble the first permanent collection of early 19th Century American antiques for the White House. The items identified in this color reprint of an article published in the July, 1979, issue of *Antiques* depict the collection which is viewed by the 1,500,000 visitors who pass through the White House each year as well as more than 50,000 guests who are entertained in the Executive Mansion annually. The White House is the only residence where a Chief of State lives that is open to the public on a regular basis without charge.

The White House Preservation Fund is engaged in a non-partisan program to raise funds from public-spirited individuals, corporations, and foundations to benefit this permanent collection. Established in May, 1979, the Fund works in cooperation with the Committee for the Preservation of the White House and the White House Historical Association. It is hoped that it will be possible to build a truly prestigious collection of furniture, paintings, and decorative art of the highest quality and most important historical significance.

All gifts and donations to *The White House Preservation Fund* are tax deductible. Gifts of securities are also welcome and may provide certain tax advantages, especially on capital gains. A number of distinguished collectors are also now making the White House a beneficiary in their wills to assure a permanent location and place of distinction for their family treasures.

Donors should make checks payable to *The White House Preservation Fund.* Those wishing to make bequests or gifts of securities may obtain further information by contacting the office of The Fund.

Honorary Co-Chairpersons
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Betty Ford
Patricia Nixon
Lady Bird Johnson
Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis
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National Geographic Society
Washington, D.C.

All of us at the White House wish to thank Wendell Garrett and The Magazine ANTIQUES for the superb coverage of the White House and its collection.

Clement E. Conger
The Curator

Not printed at U.S. Government Expense.

him through a great door opposite his window. and. I am responsible." "I want you to order the man's

SUMMIT

The News-Sentinel October 23, 1982

ALPHA MICE FACT-A-RODNIES

Haunted Alpha Facts

The Bermuda Triangle

The Bermuda Triangle is a large area of the Atlantic Ocean southeast of Florida where strange and mysterious events have happened.

During the past 100 years, more than 50 planes and ships have completely disappeared in that area.

Very few distress signals have been given and hardly any wreckage or clues have been found.

No one can explain the mystery of the Bermuda Triangle.

Lincoln's Ghost

The White House is supposed to be haunted by Lincoln's ghost.

One night when the Queen of the Netherlands was staying at the White House, she heard a knock at her bedroom door. She opened it and there stood Lincoln!

Some presidents, their wives and White House workers have also sensed his presence. Teddy Roosevelt said he saw the ghost often.

Especially for kids and their families

The Mini Page®

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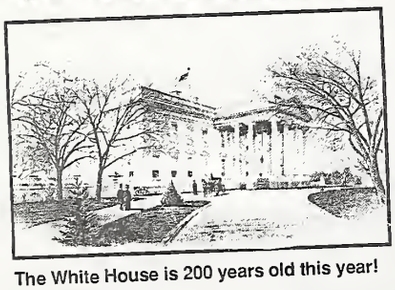
By BETTY DEBNAM

from The Mini Page by Betty Debnam © 1992 Universal Press Syndicate

The Ghosts of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue

Whoooooo Haunts the White House?



The White House is 200 years old this year!

Most of us don't really believe in ghosts, but we all like ghost stories — especially at Halloween!

The ghost of Abigail Adams sometimes haunts the White House.

She was the first "first lady" to live there.

Some visitors have seen her carrying a load of dirty clothes.

They claim they can also smell soap and wet laundry in the East Room.

That is where she hung her clothes out to dry!

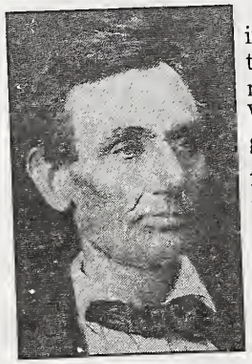
HAVE YOU EVER SMELLED A GHOSTLY SMELL?

WHAT SOUNDS MIGHT GHOSTS MAKE?

Knock, knock, knock!

One night, the Queen of the Netherlands was spending the night in the Rose Room at the White House.

She heard a knocking sound at her door.



She opened it . . . and there stood the most famous White House ghost — Abraham Lincoln!

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT THAT YOU HAVE SEEN A GHOST?

About 40 years after Lincoln's death, President Teddy Roosevelt said he often saw Lincoln's ghost.

LOOK THROUGH YOUR PAPER FOR SIGNS THAT HALLOWEEN WILL BE HERE SOON.

Lincoln's ghost has most often been seen in the Lincoln bedroom on the third floor.

HAVE YOU EVER SENSED THE PRESENCE OF AN INVISIBLE SPIRIT?

Presidents, their wives and many White House workers have sensed Lincoln's presence.

Eleanor Roosevelt said she felt his spirit around, but never saw him.

Lincoln's wife, Mary Todd Lincoln, was interested in the supernatural.

She sometimes held seances, or meetings, with people who claimed they could put her in touch with departed loved ones.

Haunted or not, the White House is a place many folks are just dying to live in. Whoooooo can name two?

him through a great door opposite his window, and. I am responsible." "I want you to order the man's

10/13

Margaret Brown Klapthor, 72, expert on White House history

CT 12-2-94

NEW YORK TIMES NEWS SERVICE

WASHINGTON—Margaret Brown Klapthor, an expert on White House history and a former department chairman at the Smithsonian Institution, died Monday of cancer at age 72.

Mrs. Klapthor retired from the Smithsonian in 1983. She first went to work there as a scientific aide in 1943 and rose through the curatorial ranks in its divisions of civil and political history, becoming curator of the Smithsonian's first ladies collection and chairman of the institution's department of national and military history.

Among her writings is the historical text in "The First Ladies Cook Book: Favorite Recipes of All the Presidents of the United States," an illustrated volume of historical lore and recipes.

Mrs. Klapthor also wrote "First Ladies" and was a co-author, with her father, Paul D. Brown, of "The History of Charles County, Maryland," in 1958.

She gave lectures on White House history that detailed the occupants' idiosyncrasies.

In the 1950s, when Mrs. Klapthor was in charge of the gowns of White House hostesses, she discovered Dolley Madison's inauguration gown, which had been kept by heirs. She traced it to the William Rockwell Nelson Gallery of Art in Kansas City, Mo., and the gallery then sent it to the Smithsonian on indefinite loan.

As associate curator in the division of political history, Mrs. Klapthor assembled a Smithsonian collection of White House china in connection with her creation of First Ladies Hall, a modernized setting for the Smithsonian's first ladies costume collection.

THE NATIONAL SCENE

Lincoln Bedroom popular

▶ Many have rested their heads in the Lincoln bed.

By ANGIE CANNON
of Our Washington Bureau

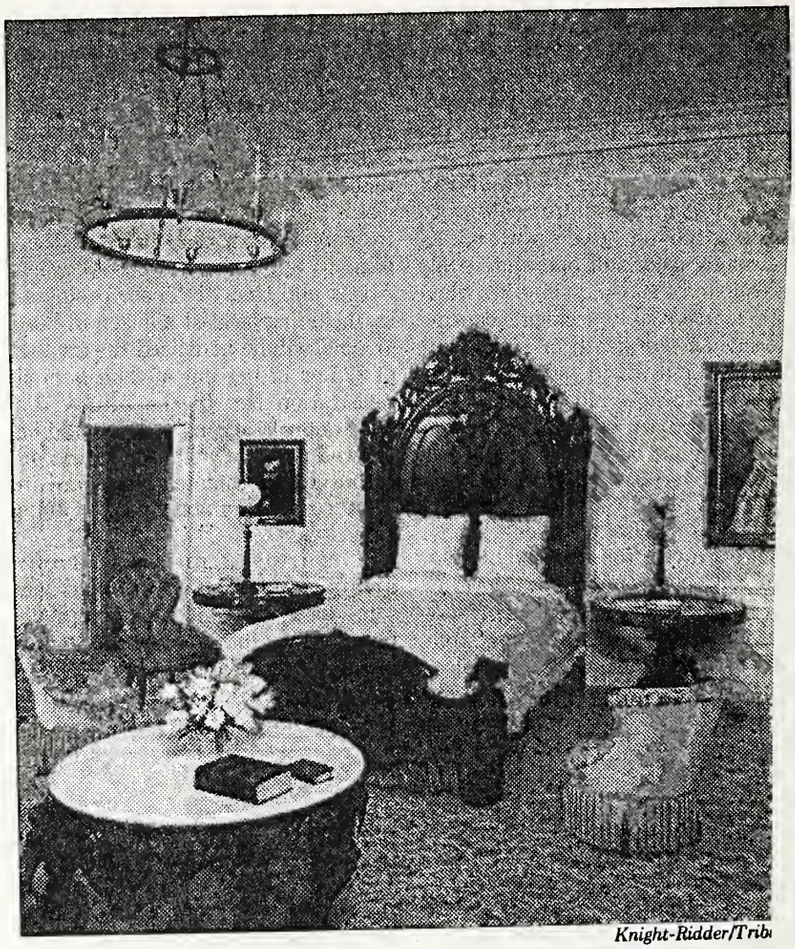
WASHINGTON — At the White House, they can't change the sheets fast enough in the Lincoln Bedroom.

One week, newly elected Detroit Mayor Dennis Archer bunked in the big rosewood bed. Another week, it was Georgia Gov. Zell Miller. This week, British Prime Minister John Major slept over.

Betty Monkman, a White House curator, said there's no doubt the Clintons invite guests to stay in the Lincoln Bedroom "more than some previous administrations."

"This reflects the Clintons' style of entertaining, welcoming people to their home," said Neel Lattimore, a spokesman for Hillary Rodham Clinton. "They enjoy having guests there. It's America's home."

Among those who have slept in the Lincoln Bedroom since the Clintons moved in: Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter; the president's late mother, Virginia Kelley; former Chrysler chairman Lee Iaccoca; singer Judy Collins; Hawaii Gov. John Waihee and his wife; movie producer Steven Spielberg; Hollywood producer Harry Thomason and his wife, Linda Bloodworth Thomason, who joked that she wanted to jump up and down on the bed.



Knight-Ridder/Trib

Under the Clinton administration, the Lincoln bedroom has played host to the rich, the famous and the powerful.

The Lincoln Bedroom, located on the second floor of the main residence, actually wasn't Lincoln's bedroom. It was his office and Cabinet room. The room was used as a presidential office until 1902 when the West Wing and the Oval Office were built, Monkman said.

The bed with a headboard of carved birds and vines actually wasn't Lincoln's bed, either. It was purchased by Lincoln's wife in 1861 and used in a guest room. Lincoln never slept in the bed, although Teddy Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson did sleep in it.

The bedroom does house l coln's desk, four Cabinet chairs a signed copy of the Gettysburg dress, written in his hand.

And what of Lincoln's ghost?

"People have felt a presenc that room, a sense of history, a nection with Lincoln," Monk said.

Patrick McManus, mayor Lynn, Mass., suggested that "(ton ought to let every membe Congress sleep over. He'd hav more problems."

Guests may receive mement their visits, all bearing the presi tial seal. "No one steals towel ashtrays," said a White House a

him through a great door opposite his window, and. | I am responsible." "I want you to order the man's

WHITE HOUSE'S LOOKS LIVENED BY DECORATORS

Original Basic Motifs Are Preserved

BY LAURENCE BURD

[Chicago Tribune Press Service]

Washington, Oct. 20—The remodeled and enlarged White House will have a new, livelier look inside, but for the most part will keep the same decorative motif as before, interior designers for the 5¾ million dollar rebuilding job said today.

Plans for changing some color schemes and furnishings were outlined to reporters who were shown color drawings of how a dozen of the main rooms will look when refurbished. The plans were developed by the White House renovation commission and its consulting architect, William Adams Delano, in consultation with the President and Mrs. Truman and special advisers, the commission said.

Job Is Behind Schedule

The rebuilding job, originally scheduled to be done by Thanksgiving, is running behind schedule and will not be completed until shortly after the first of the year, Maj. Gen. Glen E. Edgerton, director of the project said.

The refurbished executive mansion will have 54 rooms, not counting the basement and subbasement. This compares with 48 rooms before, Gen. Edgerton said. The room count excludes, he explained, corridors, dozens of closets, and 19 bathrooms and 12 "half-bathrooms." The house formerly had 14 baths and six half-baths.

If basement rooms and other "accessible spaces" are counted as rooms, there are 107 rooms in the remodeled Presidential home, the general said. Altho comparisons on this basis are only approximate, this is an increase of about 30 rooms of all kinds over the former total.

Cost Estimate Secret

Plans for the new decorations and furnishings were described in a press release by the renovation commission and at a press conference by Charles T. Haight, consulting decorator from New York City.

Officials refused to give any cost estimate for the interior decorating. Haight said an effort has been made to "keep costs down to a minimum" by re-using as many of the old furnishings as possible.

As to the interior design of the remodeled mansion, Haight said:

"The redecorated White House will have a more vital looking interior. The main floor will retain its simple dignity, but the blue room will be brighter, the red room lighter, and the east room more brilliant. The second and third floor living quarters will be more informal and brighter, but the original character of the entire interior will be kept."

Perhaps the most radical decorating change will come in the west room, or state dining room, used for formal dinners. It is on the main floor. The dark oak paneled walls will be painted over in celadon green—a light greenish-yellow hue. The fireplace has been restyled to do away with the former massive marble mantel, for which a plain molding has been substituted.

Table Is Donated

The room will have gold silk damask draperies, as before, and a green chenille rug. An antique Hepplewhite four pedestal dining table has been donated [all donors' names have been withheld] for the room. A new set of Chippendale dining chairs may be purchased, Haight said.

The silver chandelier and silver wall sconces will be retained in the west room, together with the oak sideboard, and a portrait of Lincoln above the fireplace.

Elsewhere on the main floor, the grand staircase, which formerly led upstairs from a cross-hall, has been shifted to run upward directly from the main reception hall at the front of the mansion. In the main hall, the former wood floor has been replaced with marble, to be covered by a new red chenille rug. A set of walnut framed Louis XVI benches, with red satin damask upholstery, will be installed. The draperies will be the same red silk damask as before.

Draperies Are Replaced

In the large East room, 87½ by 45 feet, scene of major state gatherings, the former cranberry red silk draperies will be replaced by white and lemon-gold silk damask woven from an old pattern of the 18th century. The former predominantly white-and-gold color scheme will be kept, but a pair of original Adam sofas, covered in blue and recently donated, will be installed. The three great crystal chandeliers have been slightly reduced in size to fit the scale of the room, Haight said.

The three smaller reception rooms, the Green, Blue, and Red rooms, will be redecorated in the same general color schemes, but with a bit livelier accent.

The predominant shade in the Green room will still be an emerald green, but a new hand tufted rug will replace the former Aubusson rug that was frail and somewhat faded from long use. Most of the furniture of 18th century Georgian mahogany will be recovered as it has been used in Blair house during the remodeling.

Wall Decoration Changed

The Blue room's walls, formerly covered with a blue silk material, will have a new silk satin covering with a gold design on a blue field. Haight described the new blue as "more spirited" than the old.

In the Red room, the old wall coverings, draperies, and upholstery have been discarded as too fragile and faded. The new red will be somewhat lighter, Haight said. The predominant material will be a red silk damask of a design copied from an 18th century fragment. There will be a new red chenille rug.

The private dining room, used by the Presidential family, will be virtually unchanged.

On the second floor living quarters for the Presidential family, and the third floor, with four new guest rooms, the redecorating is aimed at giving a "brighter, more informal appearance," with a "cheerful, cottony" look, Haight said.

In the second floor oval room, or President's study, the walls are being painted celadon green against a white trim, and a new oval green rug is being laid. At one end is the President's desk; at the other end, a fireplace and Hepplewhite chairs and sofa.

Key Victorian Character

The Victorian character of the famous Lincoln room has been kept, but the decorators are removing the bedspread that Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, as first lady, spent two years crocheting for the massive 9 foot walnut bed. It will be replaced by a white linsey-woolsey spread with cotton fringe.

The Lincoln room for the first time in 40 years will get a rug big enough to cover the entire floor. It will be a Brussels carpet of beige with yellow roses and green leaves. The room will be painted yellow, with white curtains, and will retain some of the Lincoln cabinet chairs, Lincoln's desk, and his marble top table.

White House Rooms to Have Livelier Look

The Lincoln room, on the second floor of the White House, as it will appear when renovations are completed.

[Associated Press Photos]

How the Red room, on the main floor, will look after the renovations.

him through a great door opposite his window, and, I am responsible." "I want you to order the man's

Mass 66 50 Branch 133
Reg 2

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
L. CRANDALL
WASHINGTON, D. C.

A VISIT TO WASHINGTON ON THE EVE OF THE CIVIL WAR

By George P. Fisher

TO all watchful observers of the signs of the times, in the North or the South, the week in which Major Anderson transferred the garrison under his command in Charleston harbor from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter was a period of absorbing interest. A portion of that week was spent by me in Washington, naturally a focus of public anxiety and discussion. To several persons in official stations I was indebted for courteous attention and kind services. Two of them whom I met at once were acquaintances of long standing. One of them was Hon. James Humphrey, a representative in Congress from Brooklyn, a Republican in his political relations.

Mr. Humphrey, a son of President Humphrey of Amherst, was a man of talents who united the attainments of a well-trained lawyer with literary taste and culture. A patriot in spirit and conversant with public affairs, his manners and address were so pleasing as to render him a genial companion for all his associates.

Another previous acquaintance was the widely known representative in Congress from Ohio, Samuel Sullivan Cox—yclept sportively "Sunset Cox." I had known him well as a fellow-student, of an older class, in Brown University. In those days his talents won for him much applause as a speaker and debater. He was specially fond of political and historical studies, with an interest likewise in philosophy. He read Locke, and I remember that he relished the writings of Berkeley, especially certain of his colloquies, in which he would read aloud the acute bishop's own rôle of the successful defender of Christian truth, and so vanquish the sceptic, this heretical part being relegated, as in the dialogue, to a younger student. Cox resorted, besides, with zest to a pretty wide range of books, and took pleasure in tolerably successful experiments of his own in authorship and youthful oratory for the magazines and for gatherings of fellow-students. His career later was not a surprise to his college associates. That his preference should be for the legal profession, that he should embark in political controversies, become an aspirant for political office, gain notoriety by conspicuity in Congress, secure diplomatic stations, mingle with his public employments the composition of narratives of experiences of his own and other books of a popular cast, and shine in political life as a humorist and lively jester, was the natural sequel of the characteristics early manifest. Cox owed his advancement to the Democratic party of which he was an adherent. Among certain competing branches of the party, he was a sympathetic supporter of Douglas in his ambition for ascendency in its counsels. As to other lines of policy, whether upheld by Buchanan or other party leaders, he looked on them, for the time at least, with comparative disfavor, which was extended to exertions by such leaders to gain personal control.

Cox met me in Washington with the hearty welcome which he always had ready for his fellow-students of other days. At this time not only were the two parties at variance touching the legislation deemed expedient in dealing with the promoters of secession in the South, but within the bounds of each there were differences respecting the features of policy meriting approval. There was a problem of a personal kind not easy to be solved by Cox, who was not indifferent to the bearing of the course he might take on his own political prospects. He had to settle which of the discordant modes of action was most eligible.

Remembering like services which now and then, when I was in my teens at Brown, I had complied with his request to render him, he now requested me to do him the favor to let him read to me a speech which he had just composed to be delivered in the House of Representatives. He was not careless of the observance of Sunday and apologized for being obliged to borrow time

for the prelection of his speech on a Sunday afternoon. When I had patiently listened to its rehearsal, he wanted to get my opinion of it, and I frankly confessed my impression that each of the rival parties would construe it as being on its side. This, he said, was just what he wanted.

Shortly after this conversation—I think it was the next day—I accompanied Cox to make a call on President Buchanan. As we were just about to cross the threshold of the White House my companion said of him—coupling with the mention of him a not flattering epithet, "He has turned out my postmaster twice," referring, as he explained, to a postmaster in Ohio—in Cleveland, if my memory serves me—who belonged to the Douglas branch of the Democracy, but whose appointment Cox had managed to secure and whose removal he warmly resented. We were graciously received by Buchanan, with no apparent lack of cordiality in greeting my guide, who was equally complaisant. The exciting events and controversies of the day became at once the subjects of conversation. Buchanan showed the utmost interest in the recent speech of Pugh, Senator from Ohio, and undivided sympathy with its contents. 'The town is ringing," the President exclaimed, "with Pugh's speech."

That speech, delivered on December 20th, had charged the Republicans with the design to surround the slave States with a cordon of free States so as to compel them to emancipate their slaves; also with the intention to extend the right of suffrage to the blacks and mulattoes. It, moreover, maintained that slavery should be permitted in Territories, and in arsenals and navy yards in the slave States. "Would not the Republicans," inquired Pugh,"feel bound to amend the Constitution so as to abolish slavery in the States?"—an assertion put in the form of an interrogatory. Pugh reiterated in substance Buchanan's declarations in his message against the coercion of a State. He raised his voice in favor of Crittenden's compromise scheme. Of this speech of Pugh, Buchanan spoke with fluent admiration.

Another subject of talk was the late doings in South Carolina. The ordinance of secession had been passed by the convention there on December 20th. On the 22d it appointed commissioners to negotiate with the Government of the United States in order to obtain the delivery of its property within the limits of the State. They started for Washington on Saturday, the 22d. Buchanan was looking for their arrival. He remarked to us that he should present to Congress the communication which he was expecting them to bring. He had foreseen, he said, what would be done up to this point. "I can see no farther," he went on to say; "what is to follow must be left to Providence," glancing upward as he spoke and pointing above to the ceiling, as if to indicate the locality of the Power thus designated.

His plan concerning the commissioners was not carried out. On the evening of the day (December 26th) in which they arrived in Washington, Fort Moultrie was evacuated. Buchanan's only interview with them was on the 28th. He told them that he would receive them as private gentlemen and communicate to Congress any propositions to be made by them. They had refused to make any proposals until Major Anderson should be sent back to Fort Moultrie. Buchanan denied that he had given a pledge to send him back, and refused to accede to their demand.

Leaving the White House, I was conducted next by Cox to the Capitol and to the Vice-President's Room, where I was presented to Mr. Breckinridge. At the date of his election (1856) he was only thirty-five years old, the youngest man that had ever held the office. He was now thirty-nine years of age, while the President was sixty-nine. The Vice-President in his form, his stature, and apparent vigor seemed fully as young as he was. His expressive countenance, the marks of unusual care in his dress, his bearing indicative alike of self-respect and courtesy, would incline one to judge him to be a well-bred man of a resolute spirit. While conversing with us, he walked slowly to and fro in his room. When we had exchanged greetings, Mr. Cox mentioned to him that we had been to the White House, saying, "I wish you were there instead of that ——,"giving to the President an appellation the reverse of a compliment. "It matters not," replied Mr. Breckinridge, "who it is that is there. It must be decided whether or not re-enforcements are to be sent to the forts." He emphasized the one alternative which the

Government, whoever might administer it, could not avoid facing. What he meant to insist upon was the futility of trying to shirk this responsibility. He had been chosen Senator from Kentucky in 1860. He had been nominated for the vice-presidency by the anti-Douglas section of the Democracy, and he stood by the slave-holding cause and the Southern Confederacy which it called into being.

Our interview with General Cass had a special interest, owing to the fact of his recent withdrawal from the Cabinet. When, in 1857, he accepted the post of Secretary of State, it was after a long and varied experience in public life. He was seventy-five years old. His loyalty to the Union was sincere, yet free from extreme partisanship, and willing to go far to restore concord. Buchanan in his message at the opening of Congress had taken the ground that there is no legal right of secession and had likewise affirmed that in the Government of the United States there is vested no legal power to prevent it. This mixture, a theory of power on the one hand, and of powerlessness on the other, was not at the moment perceived to be, what it turned out to be, a foretoken of the uncertainty and vacillation shown in his dealing with the revolutionary movement in South Carolina. The treatment of the question whether Major Anderson and his garrison should be, or should not be, re-enforced and furnished with provisions for their need is a record of indecision, the effect of which was to offend all the parties concerned and to divide the Cabinet into contending individuals and small antagonistic groups. In this medley, one person after another resigned his portfolio. In this partial dispersion of discordant counsellors, true to his steady conviction that a State has no right to secede, General Cass, when it was made perfectly clear that Buchanan was resolved to leave the forts of the United States without re-enforcement and not to take the necessary means to compel the collection of duties on imports, notified the President that he should resign, and in his formal resignation, a few days later (December 15th), assigned the reasons for this step.

When we visited him in his dwelling, we found him in very good spirits, seated in a comfortable dressing-gown by a parlor window which looked out in front on the adjacent street. In the most friendly manner, he engaged at once in talk about the current events in which his share had been a *magna pars*. He explained his reasons for giving up his connection with the Cabinet. "I own," he said, "that house," pointing to a dwelling across the street, but noticing that I cast a glance in the direction whither he pointed, he added: "It is *not* mine; it is an illustration. *Suppose* that it *were* mine, and some one should tell me that I could continue to possess it, but that I must put no furniture in it—put nothing in it; that would be the substance of what is said to the Government of the United States concerning its forts by those who refuse to permit soldiers and means for their sustenance to be put in them."

After continuing for a while on this general theme, the conversation turned to the secessionist negation of the existence of an authority in the Federal Government to prevent by force the disruption of the Union. On this topic, Cass made mention, with a smile, of an incident at a late Cabinet meeting. It was a brief passage at arms between himself and Thompson, of Mississippi, the Secretary of the Interior. "Thompson," said General Cass, "said to me: 'Would you coerce a State—coerce Mississippi?' 'No,' I answered, 'but I would coerce *you*, *Jacob Thompson*, if you violated the laws.'" Thus, in a word, Cass set forth a distinction as plain as could be, which a multitude of advocates of the secession doctrine obtusely ignored.

Candid historical students are not surprised that Mr. Buchanan was regarded on all sides, in the earlier period of his administration, with a disrespect mingled with dislike. These sentiments were common to all parties, in the South as well as the North. It is true, however, that fair-minded judges acquit him of a consciously unjust antagonism toward the Northern section and of an equally unmerited favoritism toward the South. Misjudgment growing out of prejudices, not insincere, and however destitute of a sound basis, is not to be confounded with wilful antipathy or the opposite bent of feeling. It is true, moreover, that unprejudiced historical authors give credit to Buchanan for a spirit of patriotism and courageous action in the later period of his administration, when such admirers as Holt and Dix were called to his side and engaged

his confidence. It is simply just to praise the support which he gave to Lincoln, when Lincoln assumed the responsibilities of his high office; and in the closing years of Buchanan's life, he was in sympathy with the prosecution of the war.

No one will imagine that the period in the administration of President Buchanan when discontent and derision confronted him on all sides was for the Chief himself a bed of roses. In those days it happened to me, in company with Mr. Humphrey, to pass an evening at the house of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, with Mrs. Adams and one or two other callers. Mr. Adams was absent, being engaged in connection with the House Committee of Thirty-three in quest of a feasible scheme of reconciliation and peace between the two sections. In this undertaking Mr. Adams made his influence felt. One of the members, a Representative from Kentucky, was with us on the evening referred to. He spoke with praise of the service Mr. Adams was rendering. "He reminded me the other evening," said the Kentuckian, "of the old man [John Quincy Adams] *resurrected*." On our walk to our lodgings, late in the evening, as we passed by the President's house, Mr. Humphrey observed of the master of the silent mansion close by: "When he took up his abode there he felt that he had reached the topmost round of the ladder, but now he would rejoice to be anywhere else."

My acquaintance with Senator Trumbull of Illinois opened to me the privilege of conferring with him freely on political questions. One source of satisfaction in this intercourse was derived from his independence of thought, which, at the same time that he was attached to the Republican party, kept him from being warped by partisan prejudice. I recall a visit to him on a certain evening when Senator Sumner was also present. The prolonged conversation disclosed points of contrast in the mental habit of the two men, coexisting with a considerable measure of harmony of opinion. Sumner had a good deal to say on the legal and moral aspects of fugitive-slave legislation. I do not remember at present special points open to question in his creed, which, on the whole, gave me not so full satisfaction as I had looked for. It was in keeping with characteristics of Sumner that, holding as Webster had formerly held, that the framers of the Constitution intended that not Federal authority, but the States severally and exclusively, should carry out the provision for the rendition of run-away slaves, he still did not, as Webster did, cease to advocate such a construction for the reason that the Supreme Court had decided against this interpretation, but, on the contrary, affirmed in Congress, instead of discarding, the view set aside judicially, and evaded the question put to him by Mason, of Virginia, whether he would *lend support* to the enactments of the *States* to carry out the constitutional guarantee. The warmest admirers of Sumner have pronounced puerile his avowal of the doctrine that the denial of suffrage to the blacks would be a violation of the constitutional guarantee of a Republican government. With an admiration of the varied gifts and virtues of Sumner, they have not hesitated to recognize in him as a marked weakness a vanity showing itself in diverse forms. Versed as he was in so many branches of knowledge, and always a tireless reader in literature—in literature lying even beyond the limits of his own profession, he was not considered by the best trained of his appreciative friends an accurate linguist or thorough in his scholarship in any department of knowledge. His rhetorical habit obliged his hearers and readers to miss in his literary work the charm of simplicity and naturalness. His devoted friend and most competent biographer, Mr. Pierce, points out another trait, that "he never seemed to realize how sharp his blade was," meaning that he carried into debates, even in controversies on theories of prison discipline, a needless severity, a vituperative tone, and disparaging personal references. With all his sincerity and freedom in general from vindictive emotions, a writer far from being unfriendly said of him, that he could not eliminate from a speech the idea that it was an exercise in declamation. It was in him, as it has been in not a few eminent men, a misfortune that he coupled with extraordinary talents a lack of humor.

Senator Trumbull, in the freedom of conversation when he and I were alone together, and knowing that I was with him in valuing Sumner's high abilities and moral worth, frankly, in good humor, adverted to certain minor characteristics not falling under these rubrics. One anecdote I will repeat.

It was a function of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, of which Senator Trumbull was the chairman, to attend to the furnishing of the old Senate Chamber with busts of eminent judges who had sat on the Supreme bench. In the discharge of this office, Senator Trumbull offered a resolution in the Senate that a bust of the late Chief-Justice Taney should be placed there along with the busts of his predecessors. Immediately, Mr. Sumner warmly objected to this measure on the ground that Taney's decision made in the Dred Scott case—a decision generally obnoxious to people hostile to slavery—was too offensive and infamous to render it fit to grant this honor to its author. Trumbull, in telling this story, smiled as he said that it had seemed to him that, even if Taney might have fallen into a legal error, or been extremely blameworthy, it might still be natural to want to see how he looked! The fire of Mr. Sumner's protest, however, led to a *postponement* of the resolution. Trumbull observed that Sumner speedily went to work to hunt up in the Congressional Library, and to bring from its shelves, book after book on the lives and misconduct of iniquitous judges in the past and to deposit them in a huge pile by his desk in the Senate Chamber, his intention being to draw from these some illustrations of detestable judicial decisions, the authors of which might be seen in the pillory and classed with the judge who presided in the Dred Scott case. After waiting for the objectionable resolution to be called up for action, Mr. Sumner, who had taken time enough to compose an elaborate philippic, inquired of Trumbull when the resolution would be called up anew. To this question an evasive reply was made then and, perhaps, more than once. The upshot of the incident was that no opportunity was given to deliver the harangue which Mr. Sumner had been laboriously getting ready to fortify from the contents of the pile of books at the side of his desk. After the gun had been loaded with so much pains-taking, no chance was afforded to discharge it.

At the outset of Lincoln's administration, the absence of a definite, settled policy and of a concurrence of opinion in the Cabinet as to what was best to be done, left room for Mr. Seward to broach occasionally schemes of an eccentric cast that failed to gain the approval either of the President or of Seward's own colleagues, and to venture on predictions having no probability of fulfilment, being nothing better than a product of optimism. Of the projects of the first class the most extraordinary was the confidential suggestion, in writing, presented to Mr. Lincoln just a month after his inauguration, that the question about slavery should be dropped from discussion, Fort Sumter be evacuated, explanations be called for from four offending European powers, and if not received from two of them, Spain and France, war should be declared against these nations, the end aimed at being to divert the attention of the South and North from their mutual alienation and combine them in a union for the energetic prosecution of a foreign war. Thus domestic strife was to terminate and the belligerent sections of this country be absorbed in their common hostility to a common foe. There was some ingenuity shown in a device of this nature. The difficulty lay in its being totally impracticable.

An instance of the optimistic faith of Mr. Seward at this particular time was furnished in the confident prophecy uttered by him at the dinner of the New England Society in New York on his return from a visit to Auburn. On his arrival in Washington, I went to his office with Mr. Humphrey—who was on terms of frank converse with him—where we passed an evening most agreeably. Present with us on that occasion were Governor Andrew of Massachusetts and Senator Anthony of Rhode Island. It could never be a task to listen to Mr. Seward, although one's pleasure was slightly marred by his nasal tone, consequent on the habit of snuff-taking. Professor Shedd, notwithstanding that he was not a stranger to Mr. Seward, once when talking with him, remarked: "You are suffering, Mr. Seward, from a cold." "But a cold," answered Mr. Seward with a smile, "from which I shall not recover."

On the evening referred to, it was pleasant, I am sure, to all of us, to hear him speak with animation of circumstances in his recent trip. In his speech at the Astor House, he assured the company that the threatening aspect of our relations to the South would be all over in ninety days—a declaration regarded with great surprise when sent abroad in the newspapers, as it immediately was. Mr. Seward told us in a lively way how he tarried a little while in

New York on his way to Auburn, and there happened to meet a friend of his—a gentleman well known and highly respected, whose name he mentioned—who expressed great anxiety at what he regarded as the extremely menacing situation of public affairs. "I assured him," said Mr. Seward, "that there is no such danger as he apprehended, but he reiterated his conviction to the contrary. I tried to disabuse his mind of this mood of feeling, all in vain, and at length said that I wouldn't talk with such a damn fool"—a remark which Mr. Seward repeated, as evidently he had uttered it to his anxious friend, in a good-natured tone.

I was so desirous of ascertaining beyond doubt whether Mr. Seward's optimistic predictions really reflected a firm persuasion in his own mind, that, emboldened by his free and friendly manner, I ventured to ask him if his statement that the clouds that darkened the sky, and inspired the belief that war impended, would vanish so soon—in so short an interval—if this statement was a settled conviction. He answered at once: "Yes; my view is that the excitement in the South was at its height the day after Mr. Lincoln's election. What we have seen since is only the *manifestation* of that feeling, which has itself been constantly lessening." I think that none of us imagined that Mr. Seward doubted in the least his declaration as made at the Astor House dinner and as he reaffirmed it to us—whatever might be our distrust of the soundness of his logic. He had, in fact, in talking with Sumner, set the date as only *sixty* days hence, when "all would be well."

In making the journey shortly after with Governor Andrew and Senator Anthony from Washington to New York, I had the opportunity to learn something of their Washington experiences. They were both men of marked intelligence and geniality of manner. Governor Andrew had conversed with Senator Mason of Virginia, who felt sure that the practice of Massachusetts to pronounce free the slaves brought with the consent of the master within the limits of the State would have to be given up and the law authorizing it would have to be abrogated. To this confident proposition, Governor Andrew replied that slavery was not made illegal in Massachusetts by a *statute*, but by a judicial interpretation of the Bill of Rights. To this Mason rejoined that the *Bill of Rights*, then, would have to be altered. The Governor remarked to me that he did not remind him of the fact, as he might have done, that this Massachusetts Bill of Rights, in its contents, was on the basis of the *Virginia* Bill of Rights, drawn up by the Senator's distinguished grandfather, George Mason, one of the noted leaders of the Revolution.

Senator Anthony had met the diplomatic representative of Bremen, and had been struck with what he had said of the undesirable situation of a small political community, isolated, yet in near local relations with larger States. The lesson drawn by Mr. Anthony was the importance to Rhode Island of keeping up the Federal organization, the Union of the States, threatened with dissolution.

horned into a windowless cubbyhole; their "protective-research" files, with extensive data on unannounced White House callers who harbor erratic notions, must be kept across the street. Press Secretary Hagerty's five clerks are crammed into a hallway and another space too tiny to hold a visitor. Hagerty's two news tickers are in his private bathroom. The second floor, honeycombed with ever-new partitions, some of them movable, is now so full of people that an architectural consultant who makes the White House a specialty condemns it as a firetrap.

Like several colleagues, Appointments Secretary Bernard M. Shanley operates in a room with two secretaries who answer about 250 phone calls daily. From this boiler room the dapper Mr. Shanley, whose equipment includes three phone lines, the President's buzzer, two intercommunication systems and a carnation in his buttonhole, manipulates the flow of presidential callers. His job requires agility. Some of the most important callers duck into the premises "off the record," and cannot be exposed to the reporters who populate the lobby. Others must be kept isolated so they won't know who is calling on the President next. Since there is no waiting room, Shanley keeps his VIPs "stacked" in a conference room across the hall, in the cabinet room or in whatever offices of absent staff members he can commandeer.

When Shanley uses his own office as an emergency way station, he may be unable to talk coherently over the telephone because the visitor is at his elbow. "So I leave the room," says Shanley, "and take the call wherever I can find a clear phone."

Presidents have no place near the office where they can meet with more than thirty people without danger to somebody's toes. So the 200-odd reporters who flock to presidential press conferences herd themselves, along with batteries of TV cameras, into the unair-conditioned Indian Treaty Room of [illegible] Building, unchanged [illegible] his-

he has publicly apologized to the correspondents.

The Founding Fathers did not foresee that the President's office was destined to become a huge department of the Government. In 1792, George Washington was appalled at the sweep of the plans by James Hoban, an Irish architect who won the assignment of designing the $400,000 presidential "palace." The first President ordered the size cut down. Even in reduced form, the place was "big enough for two emperors, one Pope and the Grand Lama," according to Thomas Jefferson.

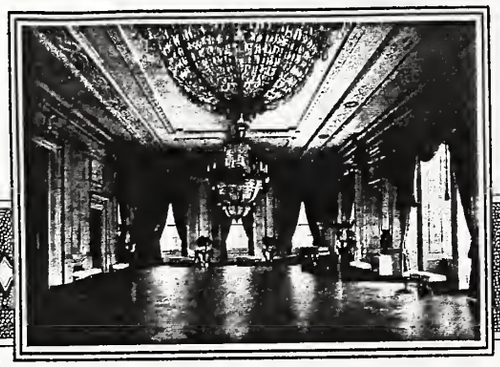
By 1842, however, the White House was bursting with citizens who were free to look in on President John Tyler whenever they felt so inclined. Lincoln was so besieged by favor seekers milling through the halls during the Civil War that he had a side door cut through from his living quarters to his office, so he could sneak to work without being badgered.

In 1873 Congress received a depressing report from Maj. Gen. O. E. Babcock, in charge of public buildings and grounds. He noted that the White House was falling apart: "One large ceiling fell in last year, but fortunately when the room was unoccupied." The place was so damp that three employees had lately "died of pulmonary disease, no doubt accelerated, if not induced, by their continued residence in the building." He quoted from a report of the District of Columbia Board of Health: "The large number of persons having business with the President renders the executive mansion unfit for occupancy as a private dwelling."

Nine years later, Congress got another plaintive report from General Babcock's successor, Col. A. F. Rockwell: "The present mansion is old and dilapidated. Its floors are sunken; its basement is coated with mold."

When Benjamin Harrison moved into the White House in 1889, the basement was a playground for rats. After the President spotted one rodent helping itself from a dining-room side table, Mrs. Harrison lobbied money out of [illegible] the basement [illegible]

East Room of the White House



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The State Dining Room of the White House

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THE many rooms of the White House abound in historic and romantic interest. In the East Room one may stand on the very spot where the coffin of Abraham Lincoln rested and where Nellie Grant stood on her wedding day. Through the window of the Blue Room President Garfield was carried, the victim of an assassin's bullet. In the same halls where the Roosevelt children played, Andrew Jackson once entertained the most miscellaneous gatherings the Capital ever knew. Just beyond the Blue Room is the small chamber where Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation. The magnificent chandeliers, the priceless vases, the gold-lined piano, the rich hangings, the ornate furniture and tastefully chosen rugs—these are but a few of the many things that will interest the visitor.

Social life and state affairs, the making of the nation's policies and American Home Life have all passed in rapid review down through the years within its walls.

MR. LINCOLN'S PRIVATE LIFE.

him through a great door opposite his window, and, hat in hand, came curtseying to his chair, with an obsequious "Mr. President!" If he dared, though

I am responsible." "I want you to order the man's release to night," said the applicant. "I shan't leave here till I get it. In fact, I am the man who

Laval to Rest in Lincoln's 9-Foot Bed

Washington, Oct. 22 (AP)—A huge and historic bed, made especially to fit the huge form of Abraham Lincoln, will be the resting place of Premier Laval during his day at the White House tonight.

Set up in what is known as the Lincoln suite of the Executive Mansion, the bed measures nearly nine feet in length and six feet across. Its comfort is a byword in the White House.

Prime Minister Ramsay Ma Donald slept on it two years ag It has borne other notables, f

MR. LINCOLN'S PRIVATE LIFE.

The *New York World* has the following account of Mr. Lincoln's room at the White House, and his mode of life:—

1865

Washington, May 14.

I am sitting in the President's office. He was here very lately, but he will not return to dispossess me of this high-backed chair he filled so long, nor resume his daily work at the table where I am writing. There are here only Major Hay and the friend who accompanies me. A bright-faced boy runs in and out, darkly attired, so that his fob-chain of gold is the only relief to his mourning garb. This is little Tad, the pet of the White House. That great death, with which the world rings, has made upon him only the light impression which all things make on childhood. He will live to be a man pointed out everywhere for his father's sake; and as folks look at him the tableau of the murder will seem to encircle him. The room is long and high, and so thickly hung with maps that the colour of the wall cannot be discerned. The President's table, at which I am seated, adjoins a window at the farthest corner; and to the left of my chair, as I recline in it, there is a longer table before an empty grate, around which there are many chairs, where the Cabinet used to assemble. The carpet is trodden thin, and the brilliance of its dyes is lost. The furniture is of the formal cabinet class, stately and semi-comfortable. There are bookcases, sprinkled with the sparse library of a country lawyer, but lately plethoric. Like the thin body which has lately departed in its coffin, they are taking away Mr. Lincoln's private effects, to deposit them wheresoever his family may abide, and the emptiness of the place on this sunny Sunday revives that feeling of desolation from which the land has scarce recovered. I rise from my seat and examine the maps; they are from the Coast Survey and the Engineer Departments, and exhibit all the contested ground of the war; there are pencil lines upon them where some one has traced the route of armies and planned the strategic circumferences of campaigns. Was it the dead President who so followed the march of empire, and dotted the sites of shock and overthrow?

Here is the Manassas country; here the long reach of the wasted Shenandoah; here the wavy line of the James and the sinuous peninsula. The wide campagna of the Gulf country sways in the Potomac breeze that filters in at the window, and the Mississippi climbs up the wall, with blotches of blue and red to show where blood gushed at the bursting of deadly bombs. So, in the half gloomy, half grand apartment, roamed the tall and wrinkled figure whom the country had summoned from his plain home into mighty history, with the geography of the Republic drawn into a narrow compass, so that he might lay his great brown hand upon it everywhere. And walking to and fro, to measure the destinies of arms, he often stopped, with his thoughtful eyes upon the carpet, to ask if his life were real and he were the arbiter of so tremendous issues, or whether it was not all a fever dream, snatched from his sofa in the routine office of the prairie State. There is but one picture on the marble mantel over the cold grate—John Bright—a photograph. I can well imagine how the mind of Mr. Lincoln often went afar to the face of Mr. Bright, who said so kindly things of him when Europe was mocking his homely guise and provincial phraseology. To Mr. Lincoln John Bright was the standard-bearer of America and democracy in the Old World. He thrilled over Bright's bold denunciations of peer and "privilege," and stretched his long arm across the Atlantic to take that daring Quaker innovator by the hand. I see some books on the table—perhaps they have lain there undisturbed since the reader's dimming eyes grew nerveless—a Parliamentary manual, a Thesaurus, and two books of humour, "Orpheus C. Kerr" and "Artemus Ward." These last were read by Mr. Lincoln in the pauses of his hard day's labour. The tenure here bears out the popular verdict of his partiality for a good joke; and through the window, from this seat of Mr. Lincoln, I see across the grassy grounds of the Capitol the broken shaft of the Washington Monument, the Long Bridge, and fort-tipped heights of Arlington, reaching down to the shining river side. These scenes he looked at often to catch some freshness of leaf and water, and often raised the sash to let the world rush in where only the nation abided, and hence on that awful night he departed early to forget this room and its close application in the *abandon* of the theatre. I wonder if that were the last of Booth's crimes—to slay this public servant in the stolen hours of recreation he enjoyed but seldom. We worked his life out here, and killed him when he asked a holiday. Outside of this room there is an office, where his Secretaries sat—a room more narrow, but as long—and opposite this adjunct office a second door, directly behind Mr. Lincoln's chair, leads by a private passage to his family quarters. This passage is his only monument in the building. He added or subtracted nothing else. It tells a long story of duns and loiterers, contract hunters, and seekers for commissions, garrulous parents on paltry errands, toadies without measure, and talkers without conscience. They pressed upon him through a great door opposite his window, and, hat in hand, came curtseying to his chair, with an obsequious "Mr. President!" If he dared, though the chief magistrate and commander of the army and navy, to go out by the great door, these vampires leaped upon him with their Babylonian pleas, and barred his walk to his hearthside. He could not insult them, since it was not in his nature, and perhaps many of them had really urgent errands. So he called up the carpenter and ordered a strategic route cut from his office to his hearth, and perhaps told of it after with much merriment. Here should be written the biography of his official life—in the room where have concentrated all the wires of action, and whence have proceeded the resolves which vitalised in historic deeds. But only great measures, however carried out, were conceived in this office. The little ones proceeded from other places. Here once came Mr. Stanton, saying, in his hard and positive way:—"Mr. Lincoln, I have found it expedient to disgrace and arrest General Stone." "Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln, with an emotion of pain, "when you consider it necessary to imprison General Stone, I am glad you did not consult me about it." And for lack of such consultation General Stone, I learn, now lies a maniac in the asylum. The groundless pretext upon which he suffered the reputation of treason issued from the Department of War, not from this office. But as to his biography, it is to be written by Colonel Nicolay and Major Hay. They are to go to Paris together, one as *attaché* of legation and the other as consul, and while there will undertake the labour. They are the only men who know his life well enough to exhaust it, having followed his official tasks as closely as they shared his social hours. Major Hay is a gentleman of literary force. Colonel Nicolay has a fine judgment of character and public measures. Together they should satisfy both curiosity and history. As I hear from my acquaintances here these episodes of the President's life, I recall many reminiscences of his ride from Springfield to Harrisburg, over much of which I passed. Then he left home and became an inhabitant of history. His face was solid and healthy, his step young, his speech and manner bold and kindly. I saw him at Trenton stand in the Legislature, and say, in his conversational intonation—

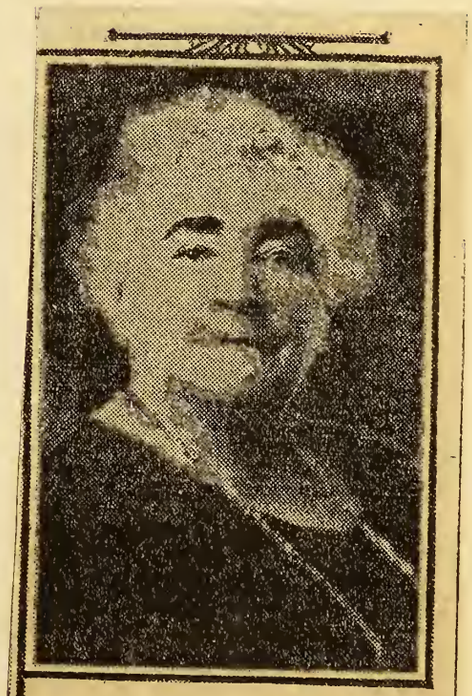
"We may have to put the foot down firm."

How should we have hung upon his accents then had we anticipated his virtues and his fate! Death is requisite to make opinion grave. We looked upon Mr. Lincoln then as an amusing sensation, and there was much guffaw as he was regarded by the populace; he had not passed out of partisan ownership. Little by little afterwards he won esteem, and often admiration, until the measure of his life was full, and the victories he achieved made the world applaud him. Yet at this date the President was sadly changed. Four years of perplexity and devotion had wrinkled his face and stooped his shoulders, and the failing eyes that glared upon the play closed as his mission was completed, and the world had been educated enough to comprehend him. The White House has been more of a Republican mansion under his control than for many Administrations. Uncouth guests came to it often, typical of the simple Western civilisation of which he was a graduate, and while not coarse altercation has ever ensued the portal has swung wide for four years. A friend connected with a Washington newspaper told me that he had occasion to see Mr. Lincoln one evening, and found that the latter had gone to bed. But he was told to sit down in the office, and directly the President entered. He wore only a night shirt, and his long, lank, hirsute limbs, as he sat down, inclined the guest to laughter. Mr. Lincoln disposed of his request at once, and manifested a desire to talk. So he reached for the cane which my friend carried, and conversed in this manner:—"I always used a cane when I was a boy. It was a freak of mine. My favourite one was a knotted beech stick, and I carved the head myself. There's a mighty amount of character in sticks. Don't you think so? You have seen these fishing poles that fit into a cane? Well, that was an old idea of mine. Dogwood clubs were favourite ones with the boys. I 'spose they use 'em yet. Hickory is too heavy, unless you get it from a young sapling. Have you ever noticed how a stick in one's hand will change his appearance? Old women and witches wouldn't look so without sticks. Meg Merrilees understands that." In this way my friend, who is a clerk in a newspaper office, heard the President talk for an hour. The undress of the man and the triteness of his subject would be staples for merriment if we did not reflect that his greatness was of no conventional cast, that the playfulness of his nature and the simplicity of his illustration lightened public business but never arrested it. Another gentleman whom I know visited the President in high dudgeon one night. He was a newspaper proprietor, and one of his editors had been arrested. "Mr. Lincoln," he said, "I have been off electioneering for your re-election, and in my absence you have had my editor arrested. I won't stand it, Sir. I have fought better Administrations than yours." "Why, John," said the President, "I don't know much about it. I suppose your boys have been too enterprising. The fact is, I don't interfere with the press much, but I suppose I am responsible." "I want you to order the man's release to night," said the applicant. "I shan't leave here till I get it. In fact, I am the man who should be arrested. Why don't you send me to Capitol Hill?" The idea pleased the President exceedingly. He laughed the other into good humour. "In fact," he said, "I am under restraint here, and glad of any pretext to release a journalist." So he wrote the order, and the writer got his liberty. It must not be inferred from this, however, that the President was a devotee to literature. He had no professional enthusiasm for it. The literary coterie of the White House got little flattery, but its members were treated as agreeable citizens, and not as the architects of anybody's fortune. Willis went there much for a while, but yielded to his old habit of gossiping about the hall-paper and the teapots. Emerson went there once, and was deferred to as if he were anything but a philosopher. Yet he so far grasped the character of his host as to indite that noble humanitarian eulogy upon him, delivered at Concord and printed in the *World*. It will not do to say definitely in this notice how several occasional writers visited the White House, heard the President's views, and assented to them, and afterwards abused him. But these attained no remembrance nor tart reproach from that least retaliatory of men. He harboured no malice, and is said to have often placed himself on the stand-point of Davis and Lee, and accounted for their defection while he could not excuse it. He was a good reader, and took all the leading New York dailies every day. His Secretaries perused them and selected all the items which would interest the President; these were read to him and considered. He bought few new books, but seemed ever alive to works of comic value; the vein of humour in him was not boisterous in its manifestations, but touched the geniality of his nature, and he reproduced all that he absorbed to elucidate some new issue, or turn away argument by a laugh. As a jester, Mr. Lincoln's tendency was caricatured by the prints, but not exaggerated. He probably told as many stories as are attributed to him, but not all that are attributed to him. Nor did he, as is averred, indulge in these jests on solemn occasions. No man felt with such personal intensity the extent of the casualties of his time, and he often gravely reasoned whether he could be in any way responsible for the bloodshed and devastation over which it was his duty to preside. An acquaintance of mine—a printer—once went to him to plead for a man's life. He had never seen the man for whom he pleaded, and had no acquaintance with the man's family. Mr. Lincoln was touched by his disinterestedness, and said to him—"If I were anything but the President, I would be constantly working as you have done." Whenever a doubt of one's guilt lay on his mind, the man was spared by his direct interference. There was an entire absence in the President's character of the heroic element. He would do a great deed in *déshabillé* as promptly as in full dress. He never aimed to be brilliant, unconsciously understanding that a great man's brilliancy is to be measured by the "wholeness" and cynthetic cast of his career rather by any fitful ebullitions. For this reason we look in vain through his Messages for "points." His point was not to turn a sentence or an epigram, but to win an effect, regardless of the route to it. He was commonplace in his talk, and Chesterfield would have had no patience with him; his dignity of character lay in his uprightness rather than in his formal manner. Members of his Government often reviewed him plainly in his presence. Yet he divined the true course, while they only argued it out. His good feeling was not only personal but national. He had no prejudice against any race or potentate, and his democracy was of a practical rather than of a demonstrative nature. He was not Marat but Moreau—not Paine and Jefferson, but Franklin. His domestic life was like a parlour at night time, lit by the equal grate of his genial and uniform kindness. Young Thaddy played with him upon the carpet; Robert came home from the war and talked to his father as to a schoolmate. He was to Mrs. Lincoln as chivalrous on the last day of his life as when he courted her. I have somewhere seen a picture of Henry IV. of France riding his babies on his back: that was the President. So dwelt the citizen who is gone—a model in character, if not in ceremony, for good men to come who will take his place in this same White House, and find their generation comparing them to the man thought worthy of assassination. I am glad to sit here in his chair, where he has bent so often, in the atmosphere of the household he purified, in the sight of the green grass and the blue river he hallowed by gazing upon, in the very centre of the nation he preserved for the people, and close the list of bloody deeds, of desperate flights, of swift expiations, of renowned obsequies which I have written, by inditing at his table the goodness of his life and the eternity of his memory.

Possibly by Henry Villard

The photo given for a kiss.

Mrs. Bayne at 16.



Mrs. Bayne today, at 82

Lincoln Had First White House Bath

Home Of President Lacked This Equipment Before Emancipator's Election.

Abraham Lincoln was the first President of the United States to splash his way to celanliness in a White House bathtub, the first bathtub having been installed there during his presidency.

This is one of the facts set forth in a report issued by Swart, Brent & Co., New York specialists in water works securities, in which it is pointed out that the per capita consumption of water in the United States is now three or four times the consumption of other countries. In small towns of England the per capita consumption is usually only 20 to 30 gallons of water a day, but in the United States the use of water, even in small communities, is not less than 50 gallons a day. In New York, with a population of 6,000,000 the daily consumption of water, approaches 900,000,000 gallons, or 150 gallons a person.

Not only do Americans have more bathtubs, but they also have more automobiles, larger houses to clean, and are more profligate in their use of water than any other nation in the world. Despite this fact, the average family in the United States spends only $20 to $25 a year for its supply of water, delivered, purified and under pressure.

Most of the water piped to American communities is used for domestic purposes. Generally, domestic consumption of water in a community accounts for 85 percent of the total water used. Domestic consumption of water is virtually unaffected by business depression.

Fairfield Reminiscences by Lillian Thada

The north wind doth blow
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor robin do then?
He'll sit in the barn and keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wings.
Poor thing!

Just the day before our last storms began we saw two robins in our back yard. That recalled to memory the little nursery rhyme above. We also recalled the song with the phrase "Poor robin, walking to Missouri." Our robins couldn't head for Missouri as the storm there was just as bad or worse than here. Anyhow, with the advent of Robin Redbreast spring can't be far behind.

Women's History Month

Since March is designated as Women's History Month, we'll feature some interesting stories from the lives of some of our First Ladies. We'll start with Eliza McCardle Johnson, wife of Andrew Johnson, the 17th President of the United States. She was originally from Tennessee, the daughter of a shoemaker and married Johnson, a young tailor when she was 16 and he was only two years older. It was Eliza who taught her husband writing and arithmetic. With her support, he went on to serve in the state and national legislatures and was appointed military governor of Tennessee during the Civil War, after which Johnson was elected United States Vice President.

Eliza was in poor health when her husband became President after Lincoln's death. Because of her health, she turned over the role of First Lady to her daughter Martha. However, in spite of the nation's upheaval, Eliza dictated that all White House social events continue even during her husband's impeachment trial. She never doubted that her husband would be acquitted. Nevertheless, when Johnson's term expired, she was glad to go back to Tennessee. There her faith and courage paid off because her husband was exonerated and elected to the Tennessee Senate.

Next we meet Lucy Ware Webb Hayes, wife of the 19th President, Rutherford B. Hayes. Her parents were the Dr. James Webbs of Ohio. Lucy was the first First Lady to graduate from college. As a person, she was a serious, intelligent woman who persuaded her husband to oppose slavery. She also had strong views regarding social reform and women's rights. Lucy also had a deep religious commitment which carried over into all aspects of her life.

During the Civil War, she had diligently comforted the wounded, homesick and dying men of her husband's command. When her husband was governor of Ohio, Eliza accompanied him on visits to reform schools, prisons and asylums, showing particular concern for the orphans and the poor.

Lucy was a groundbreaker in many ways in the White House. During Hayes' reign, the White House was known for its frugality. She instituted daily worship in the White House and banned alcohol at White House functions. Lucy started the tradition of the children's Easter egg roll on the White House lawn. Lucy was often teased about her views and nicknamed "Lemonade Lucy." She took it in good humor and was really a well-loved First Lady. After President Hayes retired, Lucy spent years busy with her charity work, suffered a stroke and died in 1893.

The wife of our 20th President was Lucretia Rudolph Garfield. Lucretia's parents, Zebulon and Arabella Rudolph, were very dedicated to education and furthered her

serious and intelligent mind into literature. While attending a religious school in Hiram, Ohio she met fellow student "Jim" Garfield. Theirs was a cautious courtship which lasted nine years before they finally married.

The Garfield marriage strengthened after the death of their first child in 1863. That was at the time that James was beginning his congressional career. Lucretia adapted well to the role of a congressional wife and when her husband was elected to the presidency, her success as First Lady seemed assured. She was not a social woman, but her consciousness showed in her social events and in her plans to redecorate the White House, she conducted research to ensure historical accuracy.

Unfortunately Lucretia fell ill to malaria just five months after her husband's term began. She left the White House to recuperate. Two months later, her husband was shot on his way to visit her. Even though she was still ill, she rushed to her husband's bedside and remained for three months until his death. She was the first First Lady to organize and appear publicly at her husband's funeral. Her remaining 36 years were spent in pursuing her interest in literature and to preserving her husband's records.

Ellen (Nell) Herndon Arthur was never a First Lady even though her personality, talent and beauty helped further Chester A. Arthur's political career. Arthur was still grieving 10 months after his wife's sudden death when he was elected Vice President. Upon President Garfield's death and Arthur's rise to the presidency, he refused to allow anyone to take her place at the White House. She was only 42 and death was sudden due to a pneumonia attack.

Arthur never remarried and he preferred that his youngest sister Mary Arthur McElroy fulfill the White House social graces and care for his young daughter Ellen. President Arthur donated a stained glass window to St. John's Church in memory of Nell and had it placed in the south transept so that he could see it from the White House. He placed fresh flowers before her portrait every day and kept her room just as she had left it.

Ida Saxton McKinley, wife of our 25th President, William McKinley, met Major William McKinley while she was working for her own enjoyment as a bank cashier which was something unusual for women of her day. The two were married and they settled down to a comfortable life as William pursued his law career and Ida gave birth to daughter Katherine. Several traumatic events followed. First her grandfather died, to be followed by the death of her mother. Ida had a difficult birth with her second daughter Ida and the baby died four months later by which time mother Ida was an invalid.

Within two years Ida lost her first child as well and she was seriously ill with what was believed to be epilepsy. In spite of her poor health, she was never far from her husband's side as a congressman and then governor of Ohio. Unlike previous First Ladies who were ill, Ida insisted on fulfilling her role as her husband's First Lady.

President McKinley rearranged the traditional White House seating so that he could sit next to his wife at all social events where he kept a close watch on her for signs of a seizure. When President McKinley was shot, his concern was only for her. That courageous woman showed amazing fortitude throughout her husband's decline and death. She visited his grave nearly every day, and hoped to live long enough to see the completion of his mausoleum, but died four days before its dedication.

These are some of the stories behind the scenes of power and national importance. The position has evolved and is still evolving today since the days of Martha Washington, but one aspect remains the same. They are dedicated women who have given and still are giving of themselves to our nation.

The pictures and biographies came from a calendar published by the National Federation of Republican Women.

10 c

Southern Room

The sitting room was furnished with mahogany furniture (in Martin's Van Buren's Administration) the green curtains at the windows.

Blue Room

Carpenter allowed two bunches [illegible] in it

carpenter [illegible]

Blue Room

Col Ellsworth - laid in state in Blue Room.

The gem of the whole house.
One of the most finely proportioned rooms in
the country.

Lincoln Study

30 × 15 ft

Bible, Shakespeare, etc. frames holding maps.
Large oak table in center
Small table below 2 south windows.
Rug of blue + yellow in an enormous block pattern
2 hair cloth sofas every chairs for cabinet meeting

East Room

Crimson curtained hall built for pleasure
The Showing East Room Kuckly 107
Bullard 22

velvet carpet, garish plush upholstery, fresco's
ceiling. glitting chandeliers, mahogan jumbles.
Bullard 29

East Room

The presidents remains in center of great East Room

Seven windows
3 facing Pennsylvania Ave
3 looking out on Potomac River
Bay windows overlook the Mansion
Four white marble mantel pieces. 2 each side of room
Eight mirrors
3 chandeliers from ceiling
Oil Painting of Presidents in the wall
86 ft long - 40 ft wide 28 ft high
The most exquisite carpet even on the East Room was a velvet one chosen by Mrs Lincoln. Its ground was of pale sea green

[illegible]

Name for [illegible] of the Anderson Parlor

Carpenter b 18

Best of Mr [illegible] by James M. Anderson Parlor below

Green Room

In which he was embalmed Feb 11 5

Green Room

Willie Lincoln's body lay here
Mrs Lincoln never entered Room again

Doch noch anwesend Jun. wohl. Herr 206

Guests Room.

Wells Lunar Dive on it - Kepler, 115

Presidents Rooms.

Bullard 25.

Presidents Bed Room

A small opening just across hall from the room in which Mad Hopt.

Bulley 33.36

LINCOLN'S WHITE HOUSE

RECEPTIONS

IN Lincoln's administration the White House receptions were held despite the fact that the states were engaged in fratricidal strife and the life of the President in constant danger of the assassin.

The receptions of Lincoln's day were far different from those of recent years at the White House. It seems preposterous today to suppose that not one but many of the guests appeared at the receptions wearing cowhide boots, with their trousers tucked into them, and neglige shirts. There were women in ill-fitting, clumsily made gowns, and bowed mothers whose sons were in the trenches. To these the President was especially gracious.

Yet it must not be supposed that the assemblages of state in those days lacked elegance and fashion. The scene at these levees was one of great elegance, and there was a display of costumes that would cause conflict of amusement and admiration at a function today. The women wore lor silk, brocade and satin skirts draped over the wide-spreading hoops, then prevalent. There were panniers and flounces of exquisite lace. There wer tight fitting bodices oftentimes cut low with diamond-shape decollete. The coiffures were also far different from those of the present. The women then were more addicted to curls.

* * *

Lincoln, doubtless because of the deprivations and frugalities of his early life, had no patience with the practice of toying with foods. For this reason no refreshments were served at the White House receptions during his terms. He felt that setting forth of such refreshments was an extravagance and waste, when so many in the country were in need.

An interesting account of one of these levees is given by Col. W. H. Crook, who was present as personal bodyguard of President Lincoln, as follows:

"At 9 o'clock the doors were thrown open. A few feet beyond the threshold stood Ward H. Lamon, marshal of the District of Columbia. Just beyond him was President Lincoln, with Mrs. Lincoln by his side, and next to her, the wives of the cabinet officers in the receiving line.

"As each couple reached Marshal Lamon, he introduced them to the President, who, turning slightly, introduced them to his wife; and then they passed down the receiving line, bowing to each of the ladies. It was all very simple, very dignified and very American. President Lincoln smiled and grasped the hand of each man presented with a heartiness and cordiality which admitted of no doubt as to its sincerity.

"There he stood—tall, lean and broad of shoulders, with a noble countenance—for the time being the lines of care departed and his eyes were lighted with the cordiality of a host who is really glad to meet his guests. And Mrs. Lincoln, her head barely reaching his shoulder, was equally cordial, equally gracious, as she greeted those who were presented. She wore a low-neck dress and hoop skirts.

"Encircling her beautiful throat was a necklace of filigree work, and around her head the wreath of white roses which she invariably wore on such occasions. She was a smiling little lady, graceful although plump, bowing to each of the men and women as the President introduced them, and evidently enjoying every moment as the evening passed.

* * *

"To those accustomed to the formality of receptions during recent administrations, that levee away back in 1865 would have been an amusing contrast. All sorts and conditions of people from every section of the country came up to be presented. Many of the private citizens were in full evening dress, of course, and many of them were men and women occupying high positions in finance, commerce, professional life and society. But in that long stream slowly wending its way to where the President stood were also men and women from the country districts and backwoods and from farms in New England and the middle states and from what we now call the middle west.

"Many of those humble folk, whom Lincoln thought so much of, whom he loved so well and in whom he placed implicit faith as a strong bulwark of the nation, wore dresses and bonnets most unfashionably made and of any thing but expensive material. Among them were hearty, strong farmers' wives, arrayed in their best Sunday-go-to-meeting frocks. Some of them wore mitts, others gloves fitting none too well. And many a woman put forth a hand hardened by toil in the service of husbands and sons who were then at the front. And you may well believe that no hands were grasped more cordially by the great President and his wife than these.

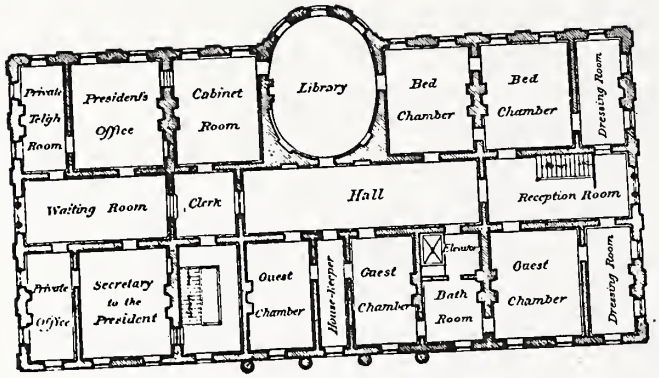
"Once in a while a young daughter would accompany her father and mother, but it made no difference whether she was a debutante from Philadelphia or Boston, or New York, or a tired school ma'am from some little red schoolhouse, or a hard-working farmer's daughter—the President and Mrs. Lincoln greeted her warmly.

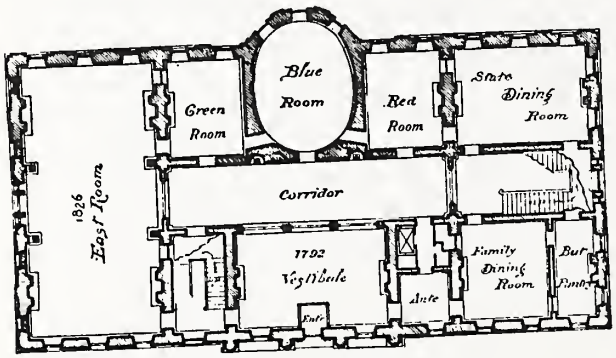
* * *

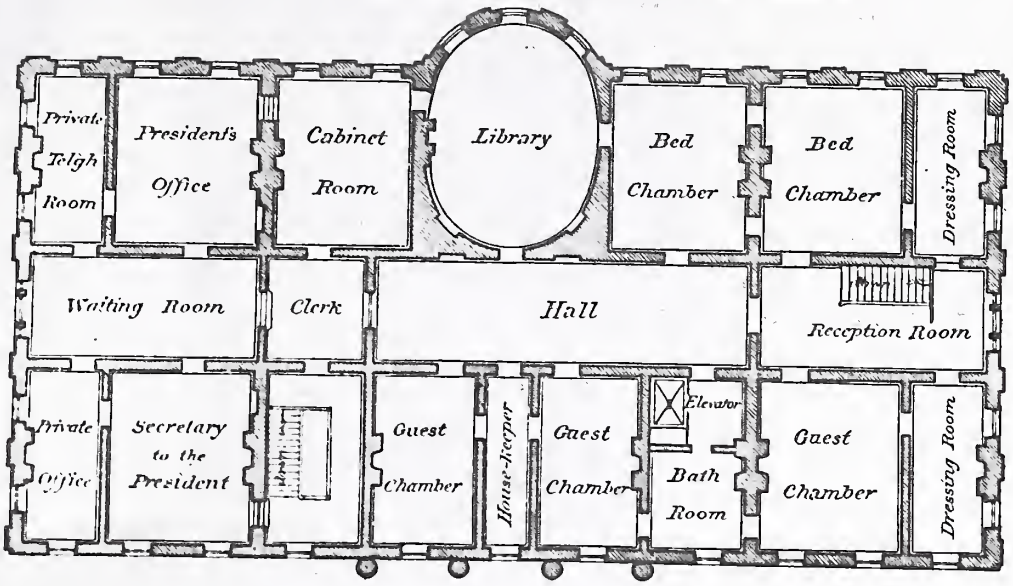
"There came a few along in that slow-moving line to whom the President seemed especially grateful for what he considered the honor of their presence; and these few, scattered here and there, were old women, with bowed shoulders and white hair, dim of vision, feeble of step, whose sons and grandsons were somewhere south of the Potomac, carrying muskets or wandering in swamps, suffering with gaping wounds in hospitals, or undergoing terrible misery inseparable from some of the military prisons. And such women were usually accompanied by husbands or brothers vastly different in appearance from the well-fed, well-dressed men from the great cities, who formed a majority of those present.

"It is a literal fact that not a few of the men presented to President and Mrs. Lincoln at the levee of January 5, 1865, came up to them wearing neglige shirts and heavy, clumsy, cow-hide boots, into which were thrust their trouser legs. They thought nothing of such incongruous clothing at the White House, and least of all did the President entertain such thoughts, for to Lincoln clothes meant nothing.

"When the last of the several hundred guests present had been introduced by Marshal Lammon, the President and Mrs. Lincoln quietly withdrew and went upstairs to their living room. It was then after 11 o'clock, and about 11:30, the guests having all departed from the White House, the President would come down again and go to the War Department, passing through the basement of the White House. As usual, he would make his midnight call on Secretary Stanton, to get news from the front."


Private Telegh Room
President's Office
Cabinet Room
Library
Bed Chamber
Bed Chamber
Dressing Room
Waiting Room
Clerk
Hall
Reception Room
Private Office
Secretary to the President
Guest Chamber
House-keeper
Guest Chamber
Flower
Bath Room
Guest Chamber
Dressing Room


Green Room
Blue Room
Red Room
State Dining Room
1826
East Room
Corridor
1792
Vestibule
Family Dining Room
Butler's Pantry


Private Telegh Room
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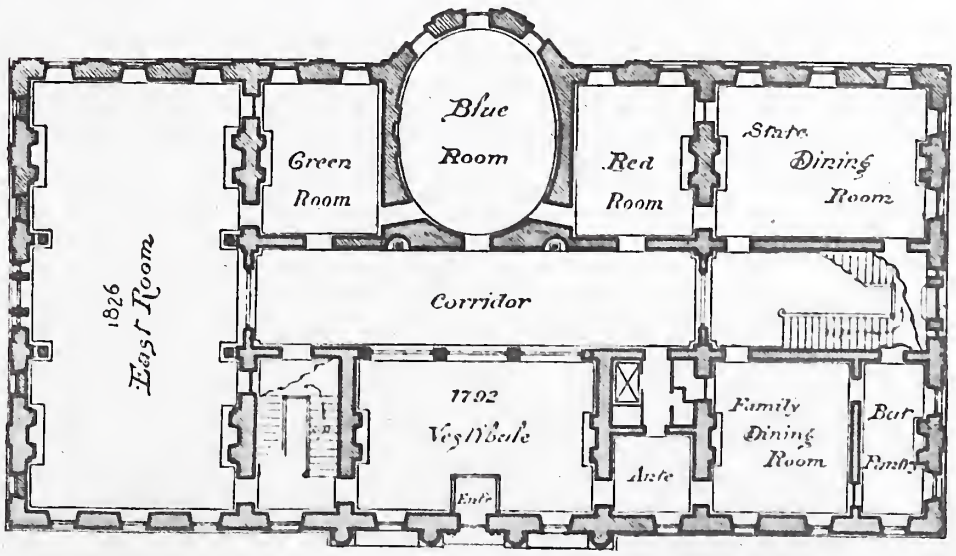
Library
Bed Chamber
Bed Chamber
Dressing Room
Waiting Room
Clerk
Hall
Reception Room
Private Office
Secretary to the President
Guest Chamber
House-keeper
Guest Chamber
Elevator
Bath Room
Guest Chamber
Dressing Room


Green Room
Blue Room
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1826 East Room
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Entr
Aste
Family Dining Room
Bar
Pantry